3 1761 06898124 0

1.00
50

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirofrevjohnj00weit

Your affect. friend
J. J. Weitbrecht

# MEMOIR

OF THE

# REV. JOHN JAMES WEITBRECHT,

OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*ABRIDGED FROM HIS JOURNAL AND LETTERS,*

BY

HIS WIDOW.

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE LATE

REV. HENRY VENN, B.A.,

AND A BRIEF INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. DR. CHRISTLIEB,

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF BONN, PRUSSIA.

New Edition.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1875.

[*The Sale of this Volume will be advantageous to the family of Mr. Weitbrecht.*]

BV
3705
W4
1875

# BRIEF INTRODUCTION.

For many reasons, a few preparatory words from my pen seem in place, as a brief introduction to this condensed Memoir of one whom I am privilèged to call my father-in-law.

Personally speaking, I gladly confess that at a former period of my life, the perusal of the original volume greatly contributed to the issue which led to my intimate relationship with his family, believing as I then did, and still do most decidedly, that the blessing of a father, whose life was spent with apostolic faithfulness in his Master's service, must be the best inheritance for his children.

Again, it has been my privilege to hear from many a reader of the English and German editions—especially from clergymen—that the shining example of this true-hearted labourer amongst Christians as well as heathens, has urged them to greater zeal for God's work, both in its prosecution at home, and in its furtherance abroad. It is by no means a rule, that the

grandeur of outward success excites the truest interest in a missionary's life: in that respect, the hero of this book may be eclipsed by others of more note. The interest in the following narrative lies in the view that is given us of the quiet spiritual growth of "a chosen vessel" into that "hidden wisdom" wherewith God educated His servant for his future calling, in spite of, or indeed, by means of, many hindrances and interruptions.

We are also impressed by realising the wonderful divine love, which caused all things, both glad and grievous, to "work together for his good," and to make him increasingly abound in "fruits of righteousness."

A striking insight is here afforded into the faithfulness, even in that which was least, whereby a servant of God may redeem his space of life, however comparatively short, in the service of the Gospel, so that it continues to be a rich source of blessing to others, even after his death. These are the points which strike the mind, which edify and warm the heart, which win and move the Christian reader, impelling him, as it were, by the impressive force of a living example, and encouraging him to emulate the same strong faith, the same self-sacrificing love to the Saviour, which moved Weitbrecht.

It is from these causes that his Memoir has animated

and blessed numbers, both on the Continent of Europe and in England. For years past it has, like a homely Missionary traveller, refreshed and strengthened the hearts of thousands of labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, and not a few has it influenced to join actively in the work of Foreign Missions, and to redouble their efforts for the spread of Christ's Kingdom at home.

May the blessing from above, to which alone these effects are traced, be accorded to this condensed volume. May it find friendly welcome in many a home, and more especially in the heart of many a *youthful* reader, and may the bright portrait of this servant of God encourage both young and matured Christians to run with patience the same race, looking for the same prize.

THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, D.D., PH.D.,
*Professor of Theology.*

BONN, PRUSSIA, *Oct.* 14, 1874.

# ABRIDGED PREFACE

## TO THE ORIGINAL VOLUME.

---

The large circle of friends to the Missionary cause, whether in India or in Europe, by whom the name of Weitbrecht is held in high honour, will rejoice to receive a permanent record of one of the leading minds engaged in laying the foundations of Church Missions in Bengal. When the question arose, to *whom* the task of preparing such a record was to be entrusted, I had no hesitation in encouraging his Widow, who had been the partner of all his labours as well as of his spiritual life, to undertake the collecting, in Germany and in England, the family records and letters of her late husband, and to interweave them with his own private journal, and with his official Reports to the Society which had the privilege of sustaining his missionary labours. . . . .

The volume itself will abundantly justify the advice for which I am responsible; and I have only to add my humble but earnest prayer, that, as it testifies of the grace which was upon our departed missionary brother, so its perusal may become, through the blessing of the

Lord, a channel of grace to many souls, and stir up some to enter upon the same course which Weitbrecht found to be accompanied by so rich a measure of the Divine presence and blessing.

HENRY VENN,
*Hon. Sec. C. M. S.*

By the express desire of Mr. Venn, the history of the Burdwan Mission was incorporated with the original Memoir. That is not retained. The station has been deeply afflicted since 1866, in consequence of an epidemic fever, which has decimated the population of the entire district, carried off the missionary in charge, and most of the valuable native helpers, leaving a very small number of christians—one old catechist, two pious Bible women, and a schoolmistress—as the only regular labourers. A young missionary goes up on Saturday and returns on Monday. He writes thus: "My hope is strong that the day will yet arrive when the much incorruptible seed which has been sown in Burdwan will spring up and bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of God." It was the wish of Mr. Venn that a condensed Memoir of Mr. Weitbrecht might be prepared. The wish of that honoured friend has been respected, and the present volume is the result. Circumstances delayed its publication, so that *he* has not lived to read it, but his prayers have been offered for as much blessing to follow this, as it pleased God to give to the larger volume, and the price of this will, it is hoped, introduce it into a circle not so accessible to a more expensive work.

# COMPILER'S PREFACE

## TO THE ABRIDGED EDITION.

---

To give as much as possible of missionary incident and missionary experience, from a life which was rich in both, has been the aim of the Compiler, in compressing the original Memoir of Mr. Weitbrecht to its present size. The object kept in view has been to retain those parts most calculated to be practically useful to the reader, and most likely to arouse or increase missionary zeal and interest. Since the work first appeared, great progress has been made in each branch of mission work, especially in two,—the native Pastorate, and advances of the Churches towards self-support, and female education. Some of Mr. Weitbrecht's ardent aspirations have now been realised; for like others of enlarged views and fervent love for souls, he lived in ad-

vance of his time. Female education has now a history of its own. It will be seen in this volume how the debased condition of Hindu women, and their inaccessibility, hindered the progress of truth among the male population. Many earnest cries ascended from evangelists in India in Weitbrecht's day, that the doors of Indian zenanas might be opened. *They are opened now.* Nearly one thousand females of the better classes are under instruction in Calcutta by one agency alone, and there are several others at work. Christian ladies! enter in and take possession, for the land is before you; and may those who cannot go minister of their substance to those who can.

M. W.

# CONTENTS.


| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | The Missionary in Embryo . . . | 1 |
| II. | The Missionary at Work . . . | 19 |
| III. | Zeal and Usefulness Increasing . . . | 34 |
| IV. | Labours—Perils—Blighted Hopes—Deliverance . | 50 |
| V. | The Bow in the Cloud . . . . | 68 |
| VI. | Fellowship — Journeyings — Welcomes — Joy and Sorrow—Farewells . . . . | 85 |
| VII. | The Missionary in Europe—Varied Experiences—Reinvigorated . . . . . | 112 |
| VIII. | The Second Campaign . . . . | 133 |
| IX. | Longing for Spiritual Blessings . . . | 153 |
| X. | First Fruits—Heart Sorrows—Telling Illustrations | 165 |
| XI. | Honour and Dishonour — Sorrowful, yet always Rejoicing . . . . . | 185 |
| XII. | "Chastened, but not Killed"—The Missionary Sick | 202 |
| XIII. | The Missionary Reviving—Dying, and behold, we live . . . . . | 215 |

CHAP. PAGE

XIV. The Experienced Missionary Preacher . . 231

XV. The Ripened Saint . . . . 251

XVI. Still Yearning for Souls . . . . 266

XVII. The Loins Girded—The Lamp Burning—Watching for the Master . . . . 276

XVIII. The Missionary Entering on his Reward . 286

XIX. Victory . . . . . 299

# MEMOIR.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE MISSIONARY IN EMBRYO.

THE 29th of April 1802 was a day opening with grief and closing with joy in the home of a citizen of Schorndorf, a country town in Southern Germany. A little daughter died in the morning, and in the evening a son was born to the bereaved parents, who was at once dedicated to the gracious Giver. That son was John James Weitbrecht, chosen by the good pleasure of God to be one of His missionary servants.

Württemberg, the little kingdom in which Schorndorf is situated, has numbered among her people an unusual number of foreign missionaries, several of whom have gone from this same town. Spiritual life has been nurtured there, as in all the towns and villages of this small but favoured kingdom, not only by faithful Pastors, but by regular devotional meetings, held by pious laymen, in which Scripture is read and conversed upon, and earnest prayer is offered.

The Württembergers are a manly, upright, and very affectionate people, who combine with great simplicity

and much physical and intellectual energy, a cheerful, persevering, patient spirit. These valuable elements of character, when fully called forth, fit them well for the trials and emergencies of missionary service.

The homely citizen of Schorndorf traced his descent from a long line of ancestry,* but this was not the glory of the family. That arose from many of its members being sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Pre-eminent among the latter were the mother and grandmother of the future missionary,—the Lois and Eunice of the children clustering around them,—who formed as they grew to maturity a circle of pious men and women,—a piety which is still perpetuating itself in their descendants of the present day.

The earliest recollections of John James—the central one of five sons of his father's first marriage—were stories of the Saviour, especially of His love to the little ones, which fell from his mother's lips even while her hands were busy with daily duties. To these he traced the first holy impressions made on his infant mind, and he was wont to refer to this when encouraging mothers to drop precious seed into their children's hearts in their tenderest years.

Though but six years old when his mother died, he never forgot the earnest prayer and calm faith with which she commended the five sons she was leaving to her heavenly Father's care, nor a beautiful verse of sacred poetry repeated an hour before her departure,

* One branch of the family is believed to have found its way to England among the followers of the Norman Conqueror, whose descendants are known as the Whitbreads. An old churchyard near Brighton, in Sussex, contains several tombstones of great antiquity erected over members of this family, in which the orthography of the name is almost identical with the German.

and which imparted to his mind even at that early age a taste for heavenly things. Her place was in time supplied by a second mother, who won the love and respect of the family, and whose kind efforts and earnest prayer for her youthful charge were not in vain. The gentle affectionate heart of John James confided strongly in her, and he followed her wish in attending a service for the young on Sunday afternoons, which was blessed to him, for he was very susceptible of religious impressions. His health was not strong, neither were his abilities striking; but he was obedient, industrious, and singularly upright and truth-loving. The ingenuousness and simplicity which won him so many friends throughout his missionary career were even then conspicuous.

In the days of young Weitbrecht's boyhood the modes of life among the citizens of Württemberger towns were very primitive. Among the sons a sound classical education was combined with employment in the garden or the orchard, and the brothers of this family would cheerfully turn from study and Latin conversation with their father to farm work or vine dressing. To this training in habits of practical usefulness, and the subsequent engagement in secular business, may be traced his peculiar fitness for his future vocation. His parents were unconsciously preparing him for a missionary.

Though the buddings of grace were so early manifest in the youth,—though the Holy Spirit of God often strove with him, — though at fourteen he dedicated himself to God in confirmation, and was hopefully regarded by his mother, it was not until his seventeenth year that the full light of grace shone into Weitbrecht's

soul. Many a bitter experience had he to make of his own inward weakness and corruption; many a distressing conflict to endure, and much agonising prayer to offer during those conflicts. But at last the hour arrived, when, kneeling at His table, Jesus manifested Himself to him—imparting the happy assurance that his sins were forgiven,—that full and complete pardon was granted, and that he was united to a loving Saviour, to be separated no more for ever. Then followed "the peace which passeth all understanding," — "the joy which no man taketh from us." Here we have the secret spring of all the persevering energy of his missionary course,—the joy in the Lord, which was his strength through life.

The preaching of the sainted Holfacker, then one of the brightest lights in Stuttgart, was the instrumentality used by God to effect this gracious deliverance for His young servant.

The desire for foreign service arose spontaneously in his mind at a subsequent period. His cousin Pfander* and another friend had already entered on a course of preparatory study, and his father having died, he was free to offer himself; but, fearful of undue haste in so important a matter, he continued in his usual employment for two years, waiting on the Lord to know His will.

### THE MISSIONARY IN PREPARATION.

In 1825 we find Weitbrecht side by side with his cousin at the Missionary College of Basle, in Switzerland, preparing for his glorious enterprise.† His course

* Now so well known as Dr. Pfander, the eminent Mahommedanan controversialist.

† This college was founded in 1817 as a thank-offering to God,

while there was rapid; he soon joined the theological class in the University of Basle, where he matriculated. His deep and unaffected piety, his cheerful manly character and active habits, soon made him a favourite with the students, many of whom looked up to him as a model Christian, and a true missionary in heart and purpose. In summer they often formed a circle around him as they sat together in the garden, and with their Latin and Greek books open before them, conversed with him over their studies, thus gaining help and encouragement, and when seeking it, the wisest counsels for the difficulties of their daily course. In the dark, dreary winter mornings he would rise before day-break and read the New Testament in Greek with some brother needing help, and see that all the rooms were heated before the other inmates rose.

He was ever ready for service—mental or manual, spiritual or temporal, and his tutors loved and respected him greatly. He soon became the leader of a band of young men in the town who met for mutual edification and prayer, and the president of a weekly gathering for adults; held early morning prayers at the prison, and taught Sunday-school classes there.

As soon as he was licensed to preach, he went forth as opportunity offered to proclaim the gospel in the country round. On arriving one day about Christmas at a secluded village in the mountains he found the Pastor's family busied in preparing bread for the New Year. His ready help lightened their labour; and the baking being over, he assisted them in mending and

who had emancipated Germany from the yoke of France. Its position is well chosen as a central point—equally accessible and contiguous for South-west Germany and Switzerland.

arranging their kitchen utensils, after which they set forth together—he to preach, and they to listen to a heart-stirring address from his lips.

Whilst engaged in labours so abundant he writes to his mother thus,—"Would that we were more open to receive the enlivening rays of the sun of grace, that our coldness and darkness might be dissipated, and that divine love might burn within us in a pure, bright, steady flame. I long to find myself looking upwards oftener, and to feel the power of the Holy Spirit so penetrating my whole being that nothing but Jesus may live, and all carnal affection may die in me. These desires form the subject of my daily prayers, and they will of yours, dear mother. Looking unto Jesus we may make progress, and no man is able to pluck us out of His hand."

And to a brother, thus,—

"One of my class has gone to Africa, and I feel afresh how needful it is to have a living Saviour for my own. Wrestle and intercede, with me and for me, dear G——, that I may be sanctified and established through the Spirit and power of Jesus, who does not want clever and learned men merely, but faithful, praying men; students in the university of the Spirit. The work is His; He has helped hitherto, and He will not fail in future. Only let us hide deeper in Jesus."

Again he writes to a younger brother,—"A missionary without a Saviour, without an experience of the power of God on his heart, is a mere nonentity, fit only to be cast out. Let us, dear C——, surrender to Him our entire being, that He may add His mighty power to our will. We will do it, for He is worthy; and every drop of our blood shall be devoted to His glory."

His college vacations were spent in walking excursions, which to him were missionary itinerancies,—enabling him to hold meetings, and distribute tracts. When his soul felt dry and empty he poured out his heart to God in the seclusion of a forest. When refreshing himself at a way-side inn he conversed with a peasant, who, discovering at once a brother from Basle, assembled his neighbours at his cottage, where they continued in holy converse till midnight; John xvi. 12-18 being the theme of their discourse.

After nearly three years' study,* he writes to his mother,—"I have received the call to forsake my kindred and my father's house, and I recognise it as from God. If I can but follow in child-like confidence where He leads, and obey His will in assured faith, all will be well. I am to go to England to join other brethren *en route* to Abyssinia, where we must break up the fallow ground, and not love our lives unto the death.

"For this I am weak and helpless, yet I rejoice, though with trembling. I do not shrink from the trouble and danger which may await me, but I carry with me a tabernacle in which sin still dwells. Yet the Saviour lives, has Himself overcome, and gives His servants the right weapons for the fight and the victory, faith—living faith in Him is the victory that overcometh the world. Pray that this gift may be strengthened and increased in me."

* The usual period is six years for those whose previous education has been of the simplest order. It was at this period customary to send six prepared students annually to the Church Missionary Society to engage in their service, the expenses of whose education was repaid to the College at Basle.

How dear Mr. Weitbrecht's family were to him is evident from these brief extracts, but they were animated by the same spirit of faith and love which influenced him, and were as ready to send him forth as he was to go, though the painful excitement attendant on a final separation needed a fresh supply of strength and grace. Yet, the lively hope of reunion in the Father's house caused them to part even joyfully, and the moving scenes of home,—the farewell words and addresses,—were gladly exchanged for a place in the coach which was to bear him onward to Strasburg, where he held a meeting, and to Paris, where he was introduced by M. Grandpierre to six missionary students—earnest, loving young men, intercourse with whom was reassuring to him.

On the 20th December 1828 he landed in England, a stranger, and imperfectly acquainted with the language, but with a prayer on his lips afterwards abundantly answered,—"May this be a blessed land to me." He had earnestly sought wisdom and guidance for this journey, and the Lord richly bestowed both. Seating himself on deck, he beheld for the first time the restless waves of the stormy sea breaking over the forepart of the vessel and rolling majestically onward,—a speaking picture of the course now opening before him.

A German Jew, whom he met on landing, befriended him in a singularly kind manner, and on his arrival in London he was very warmly received by Mr. Coates, and introduced into the Islington Institution, from whence he wrote to his family,—

"Mr. Bickersteth and others behave to me as the kindest fathers. Mr. Jowett, who has been in the

Mediterranean, allows me to converse with him in Latin, and gives me free access to his family circle. I am directed to study the Amharic and Tigri languages in preparation for Abyssinia, and John Coffin, a youth from that country, is placed under my care. He is to be my grammar, dictionary, and reading-book. I am also perfecting myself in English, in which I am by no means a hero at present.

Oh, dear brothers and friends, pray much for the Holy Spirit. I know assuredly, and continually prove it afresh, that we shall receive Him if we supplicate for Him. Poor helpless creatures that we are! We need Him deeply even for our own guidance and personal sanctification. How much more if we are to become shepherds of Christ's flock, to lead souls to Him! To this end must we study, but we must learn to experience these truths upon our knees. May the Lord be pleased to make each one of *us*, who are all, I hope, united by a spiritual relationship in Christ Jesus, to become burning and shining lights for our Lord."

Again to the same,—

"The things of faith must be written in indelible characters on the heart with the pen of the Spirit from above. Human words—mere elaborate scientific arguments for the truth and divine origin of the Christian religion have no power in themselves.

"We poor worms of the earth, who are but of yesterday, may indeed willingly bow to the word of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting the Almighty, dwelling in the light which no man can approach, and whose throne is the heaven of heavens. Our weak and fallen nature is altogether incapable of comprehending His deep and holy purposes; the philosophy of our religion

must therefore be to accept or receive that which He has been pleased to reveal to us of Himself in His word with reverential awe. Where human reason is at an end, there faith must have its beginning; and whoever ventures to touch God's revealed mysteries with unhallowed hands, is in danger of falling in his pride from blindness to still deeper blindness."

He had scarcely become quite at home among his brother students, who showed him much love and kindness, when he had to leave London with John, whose health failed. He found the lad self-willed and ignorant, but regarded this as a stepping-stone to his future efforts amongst a people who only follow their own inclinations, and thanked God for the useful though hard discipline. Most difficult was it at times to feel and act lovingly to this perverse spirit, and to manage him by mildness and patience; but he learned the lesson on his knees.

He thus writes to his family,—

"My residence is healthful and pretty; the prospect seaward splendid. When I mount the rocks and look down I fancy myself in my native valley, and long again to cultivate a garden of my own. I have missed the May meetings I had so longed to attend, but I have a dear friend here in Mr. Lyte the clergyman, whose society and preaching instruct and edify me. The Sundays are delightful.

"I am also doing well in Amharic and Tigri, and am beginning to translate the Gospels. John is a hindrance rather than a help, but if I can teach him to read Amharic, and God gives me his soul as the first fruits of Abyssinia unto Christ, all my labour will be repaid.

Supplicate with me for this mercy, dear brother, and ask that I may be faithful over a few things."

In August he writes,—"After seven months' trial with John I am again among beloved brethren and friends, preparing in earnest for my ordination, and taking lessons in Arabic from Professor Lee. The committee perhaps overlooked the value of my time in their desire to benefit John, but they now see that it was a useless experiment, and are most kind and considerate.

"My residence in England is in every respect a blessing to my soul, and I am thankful to have been led here. How happy are the children of God who are guided by His hand, and blessed in their going out and their coming in. Even the slight circumstances of their daily life are among the all things which work together for good."

On Trinity Sunday he was ordained deacon, with thirty-six other young men, chiefly from the English universities. He writes,—"The Bishop of London kindly allowed me to give my answers in Latin, as easier to me than English, and encouraged me to hope I should soon be admitted to priest's orders, as he was well satisfied. He conversed much with me at dinner about Basle, and evidently thinks highly of our dear college.

"The act of ordination in the English Church is very solemn. Four presbyters lay hands on the candidates as well as the Bishop. Many pious young men from Oxford and Cambridge held out to me the right hand of fellowship with true brotherly love. Thus, a new song of praise has been put in my mouth to Him who has

helped me, and my heart rejoices. Perhaps in six months I may go forward; possibly cross the continent, and once more see dear Basle."

This time of comparative silence and seclusion had been like imprisonment to the ardent spirit which had so delighted to proclaim the Master's love and grace. Now, having learned the blessed lesson which comes less often through the strong wind that rends the mountain than through the still small voice which enters the ear in retirement, it was again set free, and he preached his first English sermon to the poor in a workhouse, his text being, "And Enoch walked with God," handling his subject with that clearness and spirituality which was his peculiar gift, and which made his addresses so acceptable.

*February* 1830.—He writes, "I walk with Jetter and Fjellstedt from one end of London to the other hearing medical lectures, witnessing anatomical experiments, and gaining new light on many points connected with the interior and exterior condition of this wonderful machine of ours, and of the wisdom of Him who constructed it. Such is the effect upon a believer, while a philosophising mind may be led by this study away from God to a haughty confidence in material things, and see *Him* not in the most marvellous work of His hands.

"My health is not good, dear mother, but I enjoy being curate to Mr. Bickersteth on Sunday evenings, when I read prayers for him in his chapel. I have been ordained priest, with forty-seven other young clergymen, in St. Paul's Cathedral,—a very solemn day to me, and one of rich spiritual blessings. Many dear brethren have to pass through much inward trial and darkness,

but Jesus gives me the sweetest sense of His peace, and fills my heart with cheerfulness. It is the greatest happiness on earth to be so closely united to our dear Saviour. When He reveals Himself in us, a sense of His love entirely subdues us.

"My future has become uncertain. Unfavourable accounts from Abyssinia have led to a re-arrangement. Jetter and Fjellstedt are to go to India, and I have been selected for Greece, the sphere I have long secretly desired."

Later, he adds,—"Another change is now proposed, but I was most considerately told that, if a fresh disappointment would be too painful for me, the committee would not press it. Feeling that we are quite unable to judge of the future, I cast the whole matter on God for guidance, and in earnest prayer pleaded my simple desire that, *above all things, His will might be done.* I was told how much labourers are needed in Calcutta, and signified my willingness to go at once. So, adieu to Abyssinia after all my labour in preparation, and to Greece after all my longings. Only let me get to work, and be used as an instrument in promoting the glory of my Lord."

## THE MISSIONARY ON HIS VOYAGE.

India being decided on, he commenced the study of Bengali, the fourth language to which he had applied in prospect of different spheres of service, and on the 27th of August, after a parting meeting with his beloved brethren, and a farewell prayer with Mr. Coates, he embarked for that land where, twenty-one years of labour having been completed, he was to rest in hope.

His journal enables us to trace the workings of his mind under new influences, and to note his advancing preparation for his great work. In the fly-leaf we find two striking paragraphs. "Great men employ every moment of time usefully. There is nothing with which they deal so carefully and parsimoniously, for they know how rapidly it is hastening past them." A second paragraph follows, which contains a striking expression of his own guiding principle as long as he was spared to fulfil the ministry with which his Lord had entrusted him. "It is not our only business to preach at stated times, or to take care merely to fulfil our prescribed duty, but to win as many souls for Christ as possible, and to bring as many sinners as we can to repentance; and to build them up with all our power in that holiness without which no man can see the Lord."

He was on shore the first Sunday enjoying a beautiful sermon on the heavenly rest, and on board in the evening meditating on the mercies he had enjoyed in England, and realising the communion of saints, in the assurance that many were pouring out their hearts at that very hour with him and for him.

His ship now became his parish. A letter from the mother of the captain commended her son to the notice and prayers of the missionary passenger, and he "watched for his soul." But the captain was a polite man of the world,* and only allowed one service on Sunday, with permission to go among the sailors, who also came at a fixed hour to receive books, and a kind word of advice, or exhortation, or warning as might be needed.

* Captain Young died some years after in India in the faith and hope of the gospel.

He had a difficult path to walk with the passengers; but one young man formed an attachment to him which lasted through life. He remarked, "With those on board Mr. Weitbrecht was generally very popular, but this arose more from his pleasant manners, cheerful disposition, and general information than because they appreciated his intrinsic worth and value as a minister of the gospel."

In this as in all voyages, storm and calm alternated, and he sometimes lay in his cot only able to feel solace in the thought that Jesus knew the inward longings of a soul hungering for grace when unable to pour out its desires in words, and in the consciousness of being pleaded for at home in hours of loneliness. In preaching the Lord gave him liberty and boldness, but wherever he turned unbelief and darkness aroused his deepest sympathy, causing him to cry, "Strengthen my faith lest I become languid."

Sitting on deck, he says,—"The clear sky, the balmy air, the starry heavens, the ocean playing with its waves, elevated my mind, and drew my heart to that land where, after a few days more of earthly toil and sorrow, I shall see Him whom my soul loves though so feebly here."

*Sept.* 27.—They made Madeira. He landed, and found Christian friends, with whom he enjoyed intercourse, and made excursions to the mountains. The myrtle, the orange, and the lime tree were in blossom, and the fragrant odours reminded him of Eden. Alas! for the wretched inhabitants, though he found some dear faithful ones like lilies among thorns. To an assembly of these he preached.

Returning to the ship he read with deep interest the

account of Heber's last days, and deeply mourned his own inferiority to the zealous bishop, feeling humbled to the dust by the comparison. Their circumstances were strongly contrasted,—honour in one case, dishonour in the other; but it was the holy faithfulness so conspicuous in Heber, and which he thought wanting in himself that so grieved him.

The great heat of the tropics caused bilious fever, and he also suffered much from inward temptation; but the Redeemer visited him, and imparted strength and consolation. Some swallows had followed the ship and settled on the mast at night, twittering their cheerful notes, not anxious for the morrow. "Like them," said he, "let me be awake, and diligent in present duties, giving thanks with a joyful heart as I sail onward in my heavenly course. These birds put me to shame. I have had a blessed evening hour—a spiritual supper. Jesus was very near. I could love Him ardently, and converse with Him as my Friend."

Christmas, a season consecrated by sweet and holy memories of childhood and home, was to be kept on board with mirth and revelry, no service being allowed; but the sudden illness of a passenger caused perfect stillness, and he retired to his cabin and sung a hymn of praise to his precious Saviour, with a lively realisation of the old truth in new power, that Jesus had been born, lived, and died for him—a glorious fact in connection with his missionary calling, filling him with longing to be as a loud awakening trumpet to the consciences of the heathen.

*December* 26.—He preached on John iii. 6. "My sermon," he writes, "cost me many a sigh and many a pang. I felt poor, ignorant, almost like a culprit, and

could only groan and cry, and go right down into the valley of humiliation."

"Truly," he continues in a letter to a brother, "the path of a missionary is a thorny path. Among Christian friends at home the heart may burn thus to serve the Saviour, and fancy it delightful, as, indeed, in one sense it is; but ripened views cause us to look deeper and learn the reality of things by experience. Separated from beloved ones, cast adrift, deprived of usual privileges, exposed to scorn and contempt, we prove how much or how little of true faith we possess,

"Had I not during this voyage realised that Jesus is too faithful to forsake the most unworthy of His members or to leave my soul in adversity, I had been in despair; but I can always trust Him, and am taught that, in seeking holiness, I must rely implicitly upon Him. I have painfully learned during these weeks the insincerity of the best men of the world, and that believers have to shine as lights before them. May Jesus be all in all to us, dear G——; have courage, have faith, we shall overcome at the last."

The nearer he approached to the shores of India the more earnestly he prayed to be made a blessing there, and on New Year's day he dedicated himself afresh to the sphere of duty opening before him. "How much," he writes, "has Thy eternal love done for me. Now joys, now sorrows to draw my heart to Thee. Let my whole being praise Thee."

He had applied diligently to the study of Bengali on the voyage. His Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament lay always at his side, and his hours of study were truly profitable. Nor was he without hope of having been made a spiritual blessing to some on board, which filled

his heart with thankfulness. His farewell sermon from the text, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," enabled him to express his deep interest and fervent hopes on their behalf.

A day or two more passed, and his feet trod the soil of India.

In the fulness of his heart he longed on the first sight of Hindus to proclaim to them the Gospel of Jesus' love. "Not for worlds would I return," said he; "it is my desire to spend my whole life in this work, and to seek nothing but the increase of God's glory, and the making known of His salvation."

A warm welcome awaited him in Calcutta; and a few hours after landing, he united with twenty Hindu believers in a hymn of praise to their common Lord and Redeemer.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MISSIONARY AT WORK.

We have traced the MISSIONARY IN EMBRYO, IN PREPARATION, and ON HIS VOYAGE. A condensation from the journal of his first trip will introduce us to

### THE MISSIONARY AT WORK.

"*February* 7, 1830.—It was a cool, pleasant morning when I embarked with brother Sandys. The scenery on the river bank is very pretty, and many things strike one observing them for the first time; numerous pagodas appear, communicating with villages inland, faced by handsome flights of steps (ghauts) descending to the water's edge. These are built by the rich as an act of merit, and crowds of Hindus were bathing at their foot, both to purify their persons and to wash away their sins in this holy river.

"Women purchase sacred flowers from the priest and offer them to the goddess (Gunga), making puja or prayer to her as they send their small nosegays afloat. Alas! a deceived heart has turned them aside. At intervals are pretty European houses standing in the midst of gardens full of gorgeous flowers, interspersed

with groves of tamarind, mango, and other beautiful trees, the rich foliage descending to the edge of the stream, and at full tide into the water.

"We saw the blazing funeral pile consuming the body of some Hindu of high caste, and the corpses of the poor, which are cast entire into the water, floating down the stream with vultures and crows feeding upon them. At noon, on passing Serampur, our eyes were refreshed with the view of missionary dwellings and the spire of a Christian church, a solitary but delightful contrast to the hosts of idol temples. We were gladdened by the same sight at Chinsura, two hours later.

"We afterwards proceeded by land in palanquins, to me a novel and amusing mode of travel. Forty men were employed for each of us—eight for each stage, including torch-bearers, as one travels by night; the distance was forty miles. The mission station of Burdwan was our destination; here brother Deer received us with joy; and the boys' and girls' schools were examined. The children are heathen, but answered questions on the historical and doctrinal parts of Scripture readily and correctly, encouraging hopeful anticipations. Corrie, the friend of Henry Martyn, was with us; and on Sunday, after Bengali service, I for the first time celebrated the communion with native Christians.

"On Monday I started with brother Deer on an excursion in company with a pious officer, on whose elephant we rode, our palanquins following. I observed a temple of Juggernath which had been shivered by lightning and the wooden car destroyed, an accident attributed by the priests to the anger of the god. The Rajah of Burdwan gave them a car of silver, and afterwards repurchased it, thus satisfying their avarice and

making atonement. Crossing a mountain torrent to the west—a wide river in the rainy season, but now nearly dry—we encamped in a mango grove, and I much enjoyed my first night in tents. The silvery rays of the moon shining between the palm trees and the perfume of the mango blossoms delighted the senses.

"In the morning we mounted an elephant, whose every step seems to give you a rough push, most tiring to the uninitiated, but soon becoming enjoyable. As we passed through a village, the people came out to look at us, so we halted; brother Deer made a pulpit of the elephant's back, and addressed them on the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

"On Sunday morning we kept quiet; our Hindu hut became a sanctuary. We had service together, and enjoyed a blessed Sabbath in the Bengali jungles. Captain Vetch is a dear brother in the Lord. In the afternoon preaching was heard in the villages with great attention.

"If a European cook had to prepare a dinner with no kitchen but the ground, no fuel but green wood, and no utensils but a few earthen vessels, he would feel at a loss; but a Hindu digs holes in the damp clay, surrounds each with a low bank of earth, fills them with leaves and sticks, which he ignites, fixes his primitive vessels on the fires, and savoury meats are soon steaming, and in an hour ready for a repast.

"Near this spot a suttee was arranged some two years since, and the poor widow was placed on the pile with the body of her deceased husband. The flame blazed up, and the wretched victim jumped down and escaped to her cottage. The European magistrate followed to

protect her from the infuriated Brahmins, and prevent them from forcing her back. Finding this difficult, he applied a lighted cigar to the priest's arm, who cried out with pain, but was told he must feel what burning was to make him willing to set the widow free. This practical lesson had its effect; the Brahmins shrank away, and the widow was rescued.

"Mr. Deer preached constantly, while I listened. One day a tremendous rain soaked us through in the midst of a forest; the thunder roared, the lightning struck the ground beside us, so we dismounted and stood exposed till the storm ceased. Then making our way to a village, we begged shelter in a shed where the people sometimes sung to an idol. It was at first refused, but on Mr Deer promising to sing too, inviting the people to hear, it was granted, and they came.

"We sang a hymn, read a chapter, and conversed, while they listened, and left this new house of prayer exclaiming they had heard marvellous things It was the first time they had ever seen white men, or knew there were such people as Christians. The place was infested by bears and tigers, but we slept soundly under the care of our heavenly Protector.

"*April 25th.*—After crossing a river winding through fertile fields, we reached Bancura, a town of eight thousand inhabitants, said to be one of the healthiest spots in Bengal. The country is undulating, the soil rocky, and to the south are fine hills. The pleasing, unprejudiced character of the people who listened to his preaching with singular attention delighted Mr. Deer. Dr. Check, a resident, would liberally support a mission, and give a house for a missionary if one could be sent here. I preached in English on Sunday after-

noon, and afterwards visited a dying woman who was trusting in Jesus.

"On our return journey, we visited a large idolatrous establishment, erected and maintained by the Rajah of Burdwan. It consists of one hundred Shiva temples, forming a square, twenty-five on each side, and a central court."

This excursion gave Weitbrecht an insight into the character and habits of the Hindus, and the best way of gaining access to them, so that he returned with fresh vigour to pursue his study of the language, to which he applied from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. His evenings were occupied in English preaching, or attending services held by older missionaries in Bengali.

He was much affected in April by the sudden removal of Mr. Adam, after an illness of four days. "Last week," he writes, "this noble young man was in full vigour, going about to preach the everlasting gospel, and was daily seen carrying the message of peace to the heathen; *now* he is gone. His missionary zeal has humbled me to the dust; he loved his Saviour supremely, and was entirely devoted to His service. Many tears flowed at the grave of this servant of God, 'who in his youthful prime (he was only twenty-seven), out-stepped the bounds of time.'"

In May it was decided by the Calcuttta committee to locate Mr. Weitbrecht at Burdwan,[1] with directions to

[1] Burdwan is seventy-two miles north-west of Calcutta. It is the chief town of a zillah or province containing more than 2,000,000. Large towns and villages of from four to forty thousand inhabitants abound, especially on its western side. Bancoorah or West Burdwan has 1,000,000. The mission at Burdwan was begun by a

make monthly visits to Bancura, sixty miles to the west, and quarterly excursions to Culna, an out station, lying on the river forty miles to the east. His buoyant spirit rose at the prospect of this extensive sphere, though many a hard struggle lay before him,—many a conflict with the giant powers of darkness, still holding such terrific sway in heathen India.

In June we find him at his post, inhabiting a low damp building, used for a boys' school on week-days, and a place of worship on Sundays; his bed, &c. placed behind a screen. Here he studied by day and reposed by night, going for his meals to Mr. Deer's house.

Reading with his pundit in the midst of an uproar made by above one hundred Bengali boys prepared him to speak in a noisy crowd afterwards, and he did not suffer in health by this hard discipline. A house had been provided for him, and lent to a gentleman, who refused to vacate it, but "none of these things moved him."

The committee wished him to give an English service to the residents, who showed him much kindness; and the health of Mr. Deer failing, before the end of the year he had also to become pastor of the native flock, superintendent of schools containing hundreds of boys, and evangelist to the heathen. "A seyere trial of faith," writes he; "many duties, many responsibilities, and so little feeling of energy." Yet, in his correspondence no undue discouragement is perceived.

pious officer, Captain Stewart, who laboured incessantly and most usefully. Burdwan was given to the English by Meer Kassim in 1760. The rajah is now simply a rich nobleman. The present one is liberal and loyal. His predecessors were great supporters of idolatry. In 1820, one of them spent £120,000 on a pilgrimage to Juggernath

*Aug.* 10, 1831.—He writes,—"Mercy and peace is my salutation to you, dearest brother; the earnest desire of a sincere, loving, brotherly heart which yearns for tidings; a letter from home would be more precious than gold. My spirit often takes wing, and alights in the far-off land, where loved ones think of and pray for me. But we are pilgrims hastening to our true native country, and each day brings us nearer to our *home*. How much to tell off and to praise for when once we get there!

"My first hot season is over. I have borne it well, and am usually fresh and able to work. The pliability of my constitution suits this climate, though I soon sink under too great exertion. I have entered on a beautiful country, and hopeful sphere of labour. The risk I incur is no cause of anxiety to me. I rejoice in my calling and daily experience that the Lord hears the cry of the humble, and helps us out of our distress. Pray that I may be enabled to bear the cross after Jesus."

In a letter to Mr. Coates he writes,—"Mr. Deer has baptized at Culna three converts, one a young Brahmin, the son of a guru (spiritual teacher), thus confounding their craft, for they have said hitherto, 'Have any of the rulers believed on him?'"

"We have a car of Juggernath near here, which has just crushed three men under its wheels at the annual festival. We saw the corpses—a frightful spectacle; one with the thigh broken, another the knee, a third the head; and a widow sitting by in deep silence. The scene was a speaking one, but the people were unconcerned. We tried to show them their misery, and to point them to the true God.

"As soon as I have begun to go out into the highways

and the hedges, which I hope to do after I have been a year in the country, I shall send you my journals. Till then I cannot feel that I have begun my real missionary work."

Corrie had told him that a little, attended to carefully and perseveringly, would produce more fruit than labours which were at first too widely diffused. In writing to him he says,—"I am doing what I can for our converts. I know how diligently Schwartz assisted his native helpers, praying with them before they went out to preach, and expounding with them on their return—a good lesson for me. I give the Christians here a Bible lesson on Saturday, and when I know Bengali better I hope to help them more. Our Christian boys, though slow, give promise of usefulness."

By the close of the year his plans were matured. The English school in the town of Burdwan, commenced by Mr. Perowne, an English missionary, was resuscitated with a good master at its head, and new energy was infused into the vernacular department. Flourishing schools were formed at Bancura, where a good catechist was located to inspect them daily and to preach among the people, while Dr. Cheek conducted a service for Europeans when no other help was available.

In the midst of these labours good news from home called for a joyful responding. "In bodily health and vigour I have decidedly improved, dear brother, and in my spirit I have been refreshed, comforted, and strengthened day by day. The bread of heaven has fed me, and the water of life has slaked my thirst. Anxiety, under a deep sense of unfitness for my great work, has given place to peace and joy, and manifest

blessing on my feeble efforts has confirmed both. Thousands of poor blind idolaters surround me, and I can speak to them of Jesus' love, though not so fully as I long to do.

"By great pains and efforts I have acquired a correct pronunciation, but there are eight letters which differ so slightly in sound that, if not rightly learned at first, it is almost impossible to acquire them afterwards. My pundit told me many missionaries failed in this point, and it remained a standing barrier to their usefulness.

"Time is hastening; our eternal home is nearing. Ask that my work may be blessed. Sweet as it would be to me to see you all it is still sweeter to do that work."

Thus ended the first year of labour—a true sample of future years. In commencing a second, he writes,—"I will begin it leaning on my Beloved, who has led, and will go on to lead, me through the desert; strengthening me to do His will, and working in me to will and to do of His good pleasure."

In January he records the baptism of eighteen converts and a visit to Culna, where all was going on well under the European Catechist, with whom he made a missionary tour, the details of which manifest the confidence and freedom he had already gained in addressing the people. Passing down the river, he called on Corrie to confer with him on his work, and to spend an evening with this venerable servant of God. "How refreshing and delightful," he adds, "is the light of grace shedding its bright beams around us. What riches can the Lord put into His own elect, making them vessels of mercy to their fellow creatures."

In February he received a visit from Mrs. Wilson, "a

noble woman with few equals, entirely devoted to the Lord's work among the heathen, creating a spirit of joy and gladness wherever she goes." She examined the female schools scattered through the villages, advised their centralization, and passed on with him to Bancoorah, where her zeal and love led her to try and benefit all classes. She encouraged the ladies there to interest themselves for the heathen, as was done at Burdwan.

A most profitable Sabbath was passed. Conversation on God's word drew from Mrs. Wilson remarks so striking that increased desire to follow Jesus was aroused, and she started in the evening leaving a delightful impression behind her. At Kishnaghur she found fifty girls in the school, thirty of whom were Brahmins, and the others of good caste, a circumstance unparalleled then though happily no longer uncommon.

With much to encourage, causes of disquietude were not wanting, leading him to write,—"I deeply feel that, without full confidence in Jesus, I cannot go on. I have no need to ask what I shall pray for when I kneel down, my needs from within and without are so great that I cannot find words to express them." The two special trials of young missionaries, the language and his solitary position, he felt most painfully, the latter sometimes overwhelmingly, from his peculiarly social disposition and the remembrance of the loving circle in which he had grown up.

He writes,—"As we enjoy the greatest of all honours, dearest brother, so we must be content to bear a proportionate degree of suffering and sorrow. My English school progresses and Passion Week brought a visitation of grace to my soul. I could commit all my cares

to Jesus in believing confidence, especially all concerning the mission, and was powerfully comforted and made to feel I should be helped on. I went with joy and strength to my duties on Easter Sunday to deliver a testimony of the risen Saviour, and to celebrate His dying love with my people."

"A valuable letter from Rhenius, that missionary of missionaries, has been most impressive and valuable to me. It shows the ripened Christian and experienced warrior." We subjoin this letter :—

"*March* 19.—My dear brother Weitbrecht, you are, I believe, hard at work at the Bengali. I wish you help from on high. We must work while our day lasts, for our night also will come, when we shall not be able to work. What 'thy hand findeth to do, do quickly.' Our Great King's business requires haste. But do not neglect your body, or rather your bodily health, which we are apt to do when we begin business.

"Our sphere here is large, and the Lord blesses us, or, rather, blesses the people, with His light, so that many forsake their vain idols. With this sweet there is also enough bitter. Persecutions as of old are very trying to many, and make my heart ache, especially when we see the people intimidated by them, and some of them returning to heathenism. Well, we must take up our cross daily and follow Jesus. He loves the souls of men more than we do, and therefore He will do all that is necessary to save them, and not allow the enemy to do more mischief than he sees fit and right.

"We have nearly nine thousand souls under Christian influence. More than ninety catechists labour amongst them. The schools are more than one hundred. Still, in some parts the people are mad upon their idols.

May the Lord in mercy soon deliver them from this horrible system. With *our* might nothing is done, but all by the Spirit of the Lord; for His gifts let us earnestly pray.

"In the meanwhile may we truly labour for Him. Has He not laboured for us? We remember particularly to-day our Saviour's resting in the grave. How sweet must have been the rest of His holy soul from the pains, sorrows, and agonies of the cross! May we follow Him in labours until death, when we shall also take the same sweet rest! for 'there remaineth a rest to the people of God;' and our work in faith for Him will not be in vain.

"May the Lord bless you abundantly, and be ever gracious to you and your fellow-labourers. — Your affectionate brother in Christ, C. RHENIUS."

A few lines from another friend, the Rev. T. Dealtry, of Calcutta, touch on an important point, that of never conceding to the demand of the parents who wish any portion of Christian truth held back in missionary schools. . . . . "We have a remedy for the soul's disease, and, to give the poor heathen anything short of that, is to mock their misery—to trifle with their condition. Had Europeans conscientiously taken your high ground there would have been far less difficulty in the way of converting the heathen. Go on, my dear friend, in the straightforward path you have chosen, and depend upon it the power of God and the promise of God must fail before your labour can be in vain."

*Journal.*—"I went with my catechists to a village to baptize a man, and chose as my position an open place near a Shiva temple. We formed a circle, sang a hymn,

and received our convert into the congregation of Christ's church in presence of a wondering multitude, who were addressed from 1 Peter i. All seemed to pass off well in this first public baptism in a heathen village, and I went home encouraged, the Christians remaining to spend the day with their new brother.

"At four they left and went twelve in number to the next village; sat under a tree to rest and sing a hymn. A crowd gathered round them, who abused and threatened them; then rushed forward, beat them unmercifully, and shut four of them up. Two who got away hastened home to tell me. I was obliged to complain, as the poor fellows were held in durance. Had they only 'beaten them and let them go' we should simply have regarded it as a mark of victory.

"The magistrate quickly dispatched a body of police, who reached the village at midnight, liberated the prisoners, and arrested the offenders, whom I visited in confinement, spoke to them of their sin, and, when they seemed penitent, interceded for their release.

"Oh, these poor people! I am quite overcome with pity and grief for them. My heart enlarges towards them, and I would fain take them up in my arms and lay them in the bosom of Jesus, who alone can break the fetters with which they are bound.

"Would that I could love more, suffer more, struggle more. In my hours of relaxation I read Martyn, that *hero* in the fight, whose faithfulness, humility, and perseverance to the end shames my supineness and half earnestness. I am sometimes ready to faint under the unbelief, selfishness, indolence,—the army of unclean things within,—and can only cry, Jesus, have mercy on

me. Awake, and arouse me, that I may run without weariness and labour on."

Then follows a detail of engagements, preaching, conversation, and every means he could devise to attack Satan in his strongholds.

"Dispensing the word of life at the festival of Juggernath, two young men were impressed, and came to me for further instruction. One of my school-boys standing among the crowd said, 'Look, Sahib, what a multitude! Many are called but few chosen.'

"'Are you chosen, my boy?'

"'I hope so, by God's mercy.'"

*July*.—"I baptized six persons, and preached on the words of Peter to Cornelius when he received the first heathen family into the fold of Christ. I tried to show Jesus to my hearers in all His loveliness. My heart warmed as I spoke, and the words seemed to find entrance."

He soon after baptized a young Mussulman of twenty-six, who spoke Persian, Hindusthani, and Bengali.

To his brother he writes,—"I am now studying Sanscrit, for we must fetch our weapons of war from the camp of the Philistines. No language has ever cost me so much labour. In this dark land we resemble wanderers in a gloomy night who grope about to waken the slumbering. Here a faint glimmer seems to dawn . . . . by degrees we shall become more practised; and, as we near the goal, our prospects will brighten and our steps quicken."

There were now four hundred and fifty boys under Christian instruction at Bancura, which was visited monthly, and many more schools at intermediate stages between the two stations, which were inspected in pass-

ing. These local efforts were sustained by benevolent friends. The plan was to examine a school every morning, and to preach afterwards to the crowds around. It was sometimes needful to cross a river on a raft made of solah, tied together together with thin slips of bamboo, and balanced on six light earthen vessels. This buoyant conveyance is steered by men swimming beside it, the passenger sitting in Turkish fashion.

The conversations held and the addresses given on these occasions to his heathen auditors show how ready he had become in dealing with them, and how faithfully he taught and warned them.

One day, in the midst of a rapid stream, a boat-load of people, some fifty in number, became alarmed; he at once asked them whether in case they should be drowned they had hope for eternity. Some thought they had, others not; so he explained the nature of a true preparation for death as the current carried the boat along.

Soon, after preaching to a numerous audience from the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," one feelingly exclaimed, "Sir, all you say is true. We have no rest for our souls, no hope of eternal life." "Surely," he adds, "their misery will touch the heart of our great High Priest, and lead Him to manifest His saving power. If He could feed thousands with a few loaves of earthly bread may I not hope it will please Him to feed them with heavenly bread through my feeble efforts."

## CHAPTER III.

### ZEAL AND USEFULNESS INCREASING.

About this time the old Rajah being very ill was carried to Culna to die beside the sacred river, on the virtue of which he placed all his hopes of salvation. He left twenty million of rupees in cash in his vaults, a practical illustration of the rich fool. Mr. Deer had made an unsuccessful attempt to show him the true riches.

The devastation of a dreadful gale in October was a temporary hindrance to Mr. Weitbrecht's usual engagements, but he was soon preaching again with increased freedom of utterance, and exclaiming, "How I long to give the Saviour with His whole heavenly kingdom to these poor Hindus. Some welcomed us readily as we stood before their houses, gave us mats for our feet, and sat around while I explained John xiv., begging us to return again and preach whenever we could. Ezekiel xxxiii. refreshed and encouraged me as one of the Lord's watchmen, and was a fresh call to faithfulness and perseverance."

On visiting one of the schools he found the teacher of it, a good and diligent man, had just died of

cholera. The aged father and three brothers of the deceased came weeping around him, bringing two infant orphans. He read 1 Pet. i.; spoke of the frailty of man, the privileges of the Christian here, and the precious inheritance reserved for him in heaven, leaving the spot with prayer that the touching event might awaken some responsive chord.

The same evening he held a communicants' meeting, and on the following Sunday had a blessed season in commemorating the dying love of Jesus, preaching on Rev. i. 1, "Behold he cometh with clouds," and a second sermon from Rev. vii. 13, to bind up the broken hearts of some weeping parents, over the open coffin of whose sleeping child he had prayed and sympathised a few days before.

The cooler season filled him with fresh vigour, and he visited native gentlemen who politely welcomed and conversed with him, always on the grand theme. He also went forth among the deluded idolaters at their annual festivals for the first time, being now able to speak fluently.

At the Kali-puja he describes the crowd as giving way to revelling and the wildest extravagance, parading the highways with fanatical pride, praising the virtues of their bloodthirsty and horrid goddess. As he stood speaking before a monstrous and disgusting image of this popular deity, an old Brahmin with bloodshot eyes abused him so vehemently that he was compelled to be silent. In another village he met with more courtesy, and as he watched the offerers bringing their rice, fruit, flowers, &c., he induced the priest to listen to his conversation with some attention.

At the Kartik-poojah among the carpenters who fab-

ricated the image for temporary service, he asked one just finishing his work if he really believed that a youth sitting on a peacock—the way in which Kartik is represented, was a fit emblem of the great Creator. "The Christian worship may be better," said the man, "but as we are of a different colour, and of little understanding, we want to see our God."

These scenes greatly depressed him, and he gladly departed on his quarterly visit to Culna, where a promising convert was ready for baptism. On his return he received notice of the arrival of four brethren from Basle who soon reached his house full of desire to see him, and to be encouraged by his kind words. They had so much to hear and to tell that he was carried back for awhile to the scenes of childhood and youth, and was cheered beyond expression,—baptizing and preaching with increased delight.

His brethren visited his schools and preaching places, and took encouragement for themselves from his success; but a sorrow tempered the joy of all, for two days after their arrival the most beloved member of his small English flock entered into her eternal rest. She was one of the precious souls who during his ministry had been guided into the fold of Christ, and he preached her funeral sermon from the beautiful assurance of Jesus' lips, "I am the resurrection and the life." For seven months before her illness she had given her whole attention to the female school, visiting it almost daily, thus attracting the interest of the Rajah's daughter, who offered money for its support. A new lesson of blighted expectation from the great Teacher for His earnest servant.

A few days later he met the son of a pious English

mother who had given him a solemn commission to be faithful to the souls of her children in India, and he did all he could to induce the wandering sheep to return to the Father who had thus met him with an invitation of love and mercy in the jungles of Bengal. He gained his heart by his tender winning manner, and heard from him afterwards. The final result he had to leave.

With his five brethren he celebrated a delightful Christmas preaching in Bengali on the joy of the angels and the happiness of mankind caused by the birth of Jesus. One of his friends addressed the English congregation on a similar subject. The six together formed a choir, and opened the service by chanting in full chorus, "I will arise," &c. Before the sermon one of the solemn German chorales resounded through the small church, Captain Vetch having composed an English hymn to suit the metre. After the sermon the little band of believers united in the communion, tasting in their own hearts some of that joy of which they had been hearing.

He concludes his journal of the year by a summary of the wonderful mercies of God who had so graciously assisted him in the arduous beginning of his missionary course, tracing all his strength for duty and all his success to His blessing, and renewing his consecration with prayer for aid under six heads. 1. For troubles give faith and hope; 2. For discouragement patience and perseverance; 3. For the poor heathen love and pity; 4. For the work of the ministry Divine unction; 5. For private devotion humility and confidence; 6. In combats victory, through the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. He then buckled on his armour, and prepared afresh for the conflict, beseeching his

great Captain to go before him. "Come what may," he writes, "I cannot perish, for I have Him for my Guide, Counsellor, and Friend. My heart is elevated in contemplating His sovereignty. He reigns; and I lay all my hopes and desires in full confidence at the foot of His throne.

He soon had to prove His faithfulness, standing beside the bed of his Mussulman convert, whom he nursed through a fever caused by distress of mind arising from an attempt made by his own brethren to poison him. Too many such attempts have ended fatally.

*Journal.*—"*January 12th*, 1833.—The brethren have left me. Leupolt and Knorpp for Benares. The sun was just setting when we renewed to each other our resolutions to serve the Lord with faithfulness and zeal, and if it pleased Him to bless our labours, to win souls for Jesus. The tie of brotherly love was more firmly knit, our words were solemn, and we were all deeply touched, seeming to realize the presence of angels with us under the lengthening shadows of the trees. At the entrance to the high road, they entered their palanquins and we separated." One only of these attached and sympathizing friends (Leupolt), is still holding his post valiantly. The subsequent course of each manifested that, not only had they realized the presence of angels, but that the great Angel of the Covenant accompanied them to the end of their course.

We next find him busy among a crowd of ten thousand Hindus at an annual fair on the banks of the Damudu, preaching with his catechists and distributing tracts; throughout the cold season he continued his itinerating labours on a wide scale; it was

the work he most delighted in, and for which his bodily and mental energy, readiness and cheerful spirit, so fitted him.

In February, he accompanied Captain Vetch on a tour, similar to that of two years before, being now himself the preacher. He was remembered and welcomed, and delighted some friendly villagers by helping them to fell timber, laying a tree prostrate with a few strokes. A sahib entering thus into their employment, found his way to their hearts, and they readily listened to precious words, founded on Jesus' invitation to those who "labour and are heavy laden," so suited to their feelings and circumstances at the moment.

Seeing a native school of thirty boys writing on leaves, he tried to substitute printed gospels, which their teacher promised to read to them. A haughty priest pressed forward and shook his head at the Christian padre (missionary), then, with a jealous look, left him alone to preach and apply the truth.

He was now cheered for a season by the presence of a fellow labourer, Mr. Lincko, who listened as he preached, while the people heard and inquired how they might come to God. "Oh," said he, "that the north wind would, by its penetrating blast, convince them of sin, and a breath of the south wind fan the flame, and so soften their hearts, that the spices might flow forth in this our garden."

On his next extensive excursion, he introduced himself to the missionary at Chinsurah, Mr. Mundy, L. M. S. a true brother with whom he had much pleasant and profitable intercourse, leaving on Mr. Mundy's mind the impression of "an angel's visit." He also called on the chaplain, Mr. Boswell, and remarks, "The fear

and love of God is most deeply felt by this dear young man who quite lives in Him. He has just lost his wife, and his Christian bearing, his childlike prayers full of unction, gave me an evening blessing." "My own heart," wrote Mr. Boswell, "was at that time, full of sorrow, and united with the sunshine of his, there was a tendernesss and sympathy which made his visit peculiarly welcome and enjoyable to me."

He had long desired to call at Serampore and see the venerable founders of that mission, the *first Englishman*, be it remembered, who bore the blessed tidings of redemption to India's shores. On touching at this interesting spot, he was received with such warm brotherly love, as to impress him deeply with the kindness of these dear Baptist missionaries. He saw their work, and the hopes and anticipations expressed by Dr. Marshman cheered his spirit.

Walking in the evening in the botanical garden of Dr. Carey, he witnessed an interview between an ambassador from the Emperor of Burmah, under the shadow of a golden umbrella, eating the betel-nut from golden cups, and the venerable servant of God who stood leaning on his staff like the patriarch Jacob. He enjoyed an hour's conversation with the valiant old soldier who had so faithfully borne the burden and heat of the day, and who was looking forward with joy to the rest awaiting him in "the golden country."* He referred to the great moral change which had come over European and even native society since his first arrival in India.

From that time, Mr. Weitbrecht seldom passed Serampore without halting to greet its missionary circle. These

* The Burmese mode of alluding to the unseen world.

visits renewed touching recollections of the sainted Martyn. The pagoda used by him as an oratory, still stands close by at the entrance to Aldeen where his friend David Brown resided, an object of deep interest to the missionary traveller, as he ascends the sacred stream of the Ganges.

He also saw on this tour Mr. Duff, then a young and very zealous missionary. The noble Institution, destined to become such a blessing to India, was just springing into life. Like the grain of mustard seed, it then seemed insignificant, but its inherent vitality gradually developed, and it is now a large and goodly tree whose branches have struck root, and produced untold effect on the minds of India's youth.

Reaching home, he was met by the news of the death of Captain Stewart, to whose pious zeal the Burdwan mission owed its origin. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," was the text of his funeral sermon, in delivering which he observed a stranger listening with intense attention. "You, sir," said the man, when the service was over, "spoke words of comfort to my dying wife two years ago at Bancura, and then prayed with us all. She soon slept in Jesus, and from that hour I became a humble suppliant at the foot of His cross, where I found pardon and peace."

This refreshing dew-drop strengthened him for a coming trial—the sudden removal by cholera of a devoted native couple, and another pious woman, valuable helpers in the female schools; they left none to supply their places, and the work was blighted. "Jesus calls, I am going to Him," said the dying wife, and all that her stricken pastor could add was, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

In writing to Mr. Woodruffe, Clerical Secretary of the C. M. S., he says, "We brethren who live not too far from each other, have agreed to meet three times in each year for mutual encouragement, consultation and prayer, to stir each other up to diligence and perseverance. We do see blessings, yet have our trying hours when we must walk by faith alone, and keep aloft amid dreary scenes by a cheerful, hopeful trust in Christ and His promises. When I remember the brotherly reception you gave me on my arrival in England, my heart is drawn out to you in love, and often do I pray for you. Bear me thus in mind. Ask blessings for my soul, and the glorious work with which I am entrusted." The plan above referred to was matured some years later, and resulted in the formation of regular missionary conferences, now become so universal in India.

*Journal.*—"A man who attended church with my deceased teacher asks for baptism. He had long been a leper, and prayed and wept before an idol for relief; doing this, he fell asleep, and dreamed that a man pointed out to him some herbs which would heal him. On awaking, he found the plants, applied them, and was cured. He spoke with simplicity and every appearance of truth, and said his desire to become a Christian arose from gratitude to the God of whom I had preached, and whom he believed to be the Almighty who had really directed his cure."

In April, he visited a line of villages along the Damuda, and one day fell in with a wedding-party. The bridegroom saluted him, and the guests circled round, so he opened his book, and inquired for the father. "He is blind." "He can hear, I hope, for I

have good news to tell him." He was led forward, and said his age was one hundred years, adding, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." Several women were present, and the poor old man, who had been blind for thirty years, listened with folded hands to the glad tidings that Jesus, the true Light, was ready to shine on all who sought Him. The crowd was most attentive.

To a clergyman in England, Mr Walker of Purleigh:

"Your welcome letter, breathing brotherly love in every line, refreshed and encouraged me. Thank God for the blessing of spiritual communion! If we derive so much joy and happiness from fellowship here, what will it be when we shall see Jesus, through whose love shed abroad in our hearts friendship affords that blessedness which now we taste. What will it be when we find each other in His presence, serve Him without any mixture of sin, enjoy Him without any alloy of sorrow. It is well worth while to love Jesus, if only for the peace springing from His communion, how much more when contemplating what is to be revealed. We press onward rejoicing, not heeding distance, seeing only Jesus the centre of our hope and affection, the object on which we shall at last look, and find our joy fulfilled—equally near to every one of us. I am sometimes conscious of new vigour and increased boldness in bearing witness of Christ's salvation—the sweet fruit of the prayers of my brethren at home. I love them for the aid they thus render me; the Lord return all into their own bosom.

"Though I cannot see you, dear friend, my heart is with you; my spirit takes flight to your peaceful parsonage, and I pass over afresh the scenes I witnessed

there. Yet no missionary ever felt happier in his labours than I do. I have found favour both with Europeans and Hindus, just because of the prayer which has been offered for this special blessing. . . .

"So you have translated Bengel, the very book that was lying beside me when your letter arrived. I like the style of it. Every sentence has weight, and conveys some truth to the heart or understanding. And dear Holfacker too, the man who brought me and numbers more to Jesus when I was half in the dark.

"Farewell, dear friend; tell your people I am preaching morning and evening to the poor heathen in towns, villages, schools, highways, and hedges, and have baptized a little flock. Could they see what I do, their hearts would melt as mine does in compassion for them."

*Journal.*—"*June* 1833.—Was present at a festival at the Palace, where a fine, handsome, intelligent youth of fourteen, an adopted son of the late Rajah, was recognised by Government as his lawful successor. His dress was literally covered with gold. A few days later, I introduced myself to his father, head-steward of the late Rajah, and was politely received. I presented him with a Testament, and conversed on its contents. He allowed me to address the household.* I gave them a clear compendium of the truths which concern men's salvation, and applied them as they listened with silent attention. How graciously the Lord permitted me to make known my message on this my first visit to this influential family.

"I was introduced to the youth, who was magnifi-

* Similar opportunities were given him to preach to this large household from time to time, as long as he continued the rajah's tutor.

cently dressed—in his own apartments. He seemed so intelligent and interested, that I promised to repeat my visit. 'I like to hear a sahib speak my mother-tongue.' said he. I told the father our need of a good building for the English school. 'Build it,' said he, 'I will pay for it; we will all contribute.' The babu was as good as his word, and the hall was built.

"I was afterwards requested to become English tutor to this young nobleman, and consented by the direction of our Committee, devoting to him the hour from two to three daily when at home. One hundred and fifty rupees a month will be regularly sent me as salary, which shall be discreetly disbursed for missionary purposes. Schwartz was placed in a somewhat similar position. May I be equally faithful with that holy man!"

"*August.*—My soul languishes. I long for help, feeling so poor and miserable. This state lasted until the evening, when I could pour out my heart with a torrent of tears before my Saviour, and experienced unspeakable consolation. O for a more constant inward communion with Him that nothing may interrupt. What a mercy to be allowed to make full use of Christ among the cares and occupations that are so apt to hinder it.

"In going to a village to preach, I met a number of convicts returning from their labour on the roads. The thought struck me that the sweet comfort of the gospel would soothe these poor fellows in their misery. I stopped them, read part of the Sermon on the Mount, with simple explanations. They sat around me laden with chains, listening with wonder to this message of compassion and love from One who was willing to save

even them. Again on a tour with Captain Vetch, who likes, when on his journeys, to be accompanied with a messenger of peace. Above sixteen hundred Hindus were assembled at one of their horrid ceremonies. 'Jesus had compassion on the multitudes,' and gladly would I have told them so, but could obtain no hearing, so went to an elevated spot, and gave tracts to all who came to me."

To Mr. Jowett, Corr. Sec., C. M. S.:

"I shall never forget my kind reception in your family while yet a stranger, and unable to speak English. You request me to tell the Hindus how you in England mourn over them. My Sanscrit pundit, a stout-hearted Brahmin, was much affected by this assurance; but these poor people cling to their idols. They read, feel the truth, are convinced and acknowledge that Jehovah alone is God, yet remain hard, and do not desire grace. But we must go on till water spring up in the desert."

*Journal.*—"*September.*—Made a tour to Beerbhoom, where I found a dear Baptist missionary, a retiring, faithful man, whose house, dress, and surroundings are more lowly than I have ever yet seen, and with these externals is united humility of heart. I addressed his converts, saw his schools, and preached with him to the heathen.

"With this brother, Mr. Williamson, he came into intimate relationship on succeeding visits to this station, where he continued to go when able to break the bread of life to the European residents.

*Journal.*—"*October.*—The young Rajah assumed his name, titles, and official robes in the house of the commissioner, a civil functionary presiding over the

judges in three distinct districts. He handed the mandate of his elevation to the lad in the name of the Supreme Government; and, when he was attired in the prescribed garments, hung a string of pearls round his neck.

"The procession was princely; elephants in pairs, splendidly caparisoned, and ornamented with flowers, preceded; the Rajah's horse, led by servants, followed; then a company of infantry and mounted body-guard; behind them, liveried servants with gold sticks. Then the Rajah, borne in a chair richly gilded, and surrounded by his suite. A salute of twenty guns was fired, during which the youth, who behaved with admirable dignity, gave his right hand to all the government servants present."

On a visit to Calcutta in December he passed some profitable days with Bishop Wilson, whom he had known in London, and warmly loved and venerated. He valued intercourse with him highly, and always found it edifying. He was then for the second time invited to settle at Calcutta, but declined.

He writes, — "I have now nine schools, seven hundred and fifty-four scholars, besides the English school and the branch schools. I gain support for them from kind friends." A letter from Mr. Boswell in 1834 alludes to these schools. He writes,—"I went to Burdwan for a few days; preached on Sunday, and on Monday was present at the annual examination of nearly eight hundred boys assembled under trees in the mission compound. Three hundred youths of the first classes formed a square; the teachers in their white garments standing in the centre. They came forward in order, and I proposed questions, which were trans-

lated. I was astonished and delighted at their prompt answers, their knowledge of the historical, doctrinal, and moral parts of Scripture, and the ease with which even the youngest could read the Testament. My honoured friend Corrie had led me to expect great things at Burdwan, and my expectations were fully realised. There was a delightful community at the place, who valued the missionary for the truth's sake, which they loved; but the *whole station* honoured him; and there was a meekness of wisdom and power of love in all his zeal which made those who could not enter into his schemes of good admire him. I found him a thoroughly practical man. A great plan would suggest itself, and, having well considered it, his whole soul was thrown into its execution. He was then full of hope as to his glorious enterprise; even radiant as a rising sun, and his eye never dimmed as to its ultimate success."

*Journal.*—"I have now spent three years in India and entered on a fourth, assured that the Lord will never leave me nor forsake me. His love constrains me to *live*, and if called on, to *die* for Him. I have often painfully realised my solitary position, and prayed for faith and patience to wait till He shows me the heart which He has chosen to be united with mine, and the companion He intends for me on my pilgrimage and in my work. He has now opened my way to a union with a beloved helpmeet—a precious gift out of His own gracious hand."

In March he was married by the revered Corrie, in the presence of many friends. He was particularly touched by the affectionate attention of Bishop Wilson, who placed his bride beside him at tea, saying,

"I regard my missionaries as my own children." Writing home, he says,—"My outward circumstances have undergone a very pleasant change, and my friends pronounce me happy and blessed. Truly my heart is filled with a heaven of joy, and I longed for your presence at my wedding to partake of it. The roughnesses of my course are now smoothed—the difficulties are lightened — the bitter is made sweet by being shared with a kindred spirit. We see eye to eye, and I commend my wife to your prayers." And to her family,—"I would realise the bounteous Giver in the gift bestowed in answer to long and earnest supplication, and would ask you to beseech Him to help us to love each other in Jesus, that we may be preserved from that idolatry to which the human heart is so prone.

## CHAPTER IV.

LABOURS—PERILS—BLIGHTED HOPES—DELIVERANCE.

"*March* 12.—I had the joy of introducing three adult Hindus into the fold of Christ, and I have again a schoolmaster sent me, Mr. D. Rozario." The humble-minded faithful man referred to remained five years, and was singularly blessed in his labours.

When at Burdwan, Mr. Weitbrecht usually mounted an elephant, lent by the Rajah, at six in the morning, and visited one of the neighbouring schools—spending there two hours, and returning at ten to breakfast, after which came secular business and study. At two a palanquin carried him to the palace, and at four he dined; then he gave a singing lesson to the boys, and at sunset went to preach, except on Wednesdays, when he held service for the Christians. After tea, he read, and wrote his journal or letters. Friday morning, he prepared an English sermon, and on Saturday evening held a devotional meeting. This routine was varied by circumstances, and his missionary excursions were frequent.

A devastating gale of the previous year had left hundreds of orphans. In the hope that a home into which such children could be received would do more

to raise and educate Hindu females than day schools had effected, Mr. Weitbrecht erected an orphan house, which was soon filled with suffering girls. Many were too far reduced to rally, but the survivors formed an ever increasing sphere of encouraging labour which was peculiarly blessed.

Among other bridal visits had been one from the Rajah, who on leaving had presented a nuzzur or gift of four hundred rupees, according to oriental custom. This and other spontaneous donations from kind friends covered all the outlay for the building, and support for the orphanage was always freely given in future years.

In May an alarming attack of illness checked his labours; but, as soon as returning strength allowed, he began a course of lectures on evidences with the Christian youths, at which one from the English school attended. Under deep conviction this poor fellow desired baptism; but timidity and cruel treatment at home delayed his decision for two years. Another more simple-minded and child-like young man yielded his soul to Christ, and was baptized before the assembled congregation, witnessing a good confession.

This dear youth, who was remarkable for his uncommon Scriptural knowledge and lovely Christian character, died of fever a few months later, to his pastor's deep sorrow.

The journal is full of interesting incidents and details of tours. He re-visited the village where a convert had been baptized near a Shiva temple. His wife and family had now become Christians also. After a rural entertainment, they assembled two hundred persons under a large tree to hear the gospel. In another place he was shown a hideous representation of the

village idol—Bol Ram, with fourteen arms, and an iron bludgeon, with which he was said to have slain many mighty kings; and a plough which had enabled him to form hills and valleys, and to render them fruitful. While the priest related these feats of valour a multitude gathered, to whom the missionary preached tidings of a more mighty Conqueror.

A visit from the Rev. Krishna Mohun Banerjea is also alluded to, and his conversation with the Rajah, who could not believe it possible until he saw him that a Kulin Brahmin had become a Christian. Martyn once said, "If ever I live to see a Bengali Brahmin converted to God I shall see the nearest approach that I have ever yet witnessed to the resurrection of the dead." Thank God, such conversions are no longer rare.

*Journal.—July* 22.—"Arriving home from Bancura I found my dear wife so reduced by fever as to be hardly able to speak, and two days later she seemed to be entering eternity, but gave me an assurance of her inward happiness. I spoke of God's great love for His children, and of the compassion with which Jesus regards them in their deepest need; and prayed beside her till a heavenly peace possessed my soul, which seemed to communicate itself to hers. The Lord heard prayer, and raised her up."

On a tour just afterwards, he writes,—"The last two evenings I have had delightful moments. My soul over-flowed with contrition and gratitude. The depths of my own evil heart were revealed to me, and I could understand something of the sovereign grace, the free, infinite love of Jesus, and could converse with Him with openness as one friend converses with another. How sweet, that while absent from each other, we can

meet at the throne of mercy. May the Lord by His Spirit, help us to come often and draw freely from the fountain of life. The attraction homeward is strong, but the Lord's service stands pre-eminent."

A narrative condensed from letters to his wife, absent for change of air, follows :—

"We have been mercifully spared in one of the most awful visitations of God's providence I ever witnessed. The embankment of the Damuda broke in three places on Sunday, and the country has been deluged. The sound of the roaring waters reached us while sitting at dinner, and I sent out to gain intelligence which confirmed our worst fears. I secured necessary provisions, cleared the kitchen, stables, poultry-yard, &c., bringing all live stock to the verandah. Soon the advancing waters filled our large tank, and the report put me in lively remembrance of the falls of Schaffhausen. Soon our house was surrounded by the furious element, and I hastily made a ladder that we might ascend to the roof, as we calculated that it would enter our rooms by eight P.M.

"In my distress and anxiety I entreated the Lord to spare us, and opening Bogatsky, the passage met my eye, 'God is not far from every one of us, the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' These precious words were an unspeakable comfort. The ladder was now fixed, the mats taken off the floors, the linen from the presses, furniture and books secured. We passed an awful night. The lamentations of the people, mingled with the roaring of the waves, the bleating of the cattle, and the falling of the cottages were heart-rending. How vividly could I realize, as I stood on the flat roof, the solemn time when the earth was destroyed through

the wickedness of man. No pen can convey an idea of the scene.

"In the morning, I saw some one on an elephant making his way through the raging torrent. It was the judge who, fearful for our safety, came at the risk of his own life to carry us away, but I could not leave my native flock. The bridge trembled under the elephant's feet, and a short time after he recrossed, it fell in with a tremendous crash. May the Lord bless this dear friend.*

"Towards evening, our hearts were filled with joy and gratitude; the water had fallen an inch or two, and we brought the things down and took tea below. Soon after, the stable walls fell, and now, two days later, the devastation is apparent; every building but our house and Linckè's, levelled with the ground. Mrs. Cheek wrapped up bread, rice, &c. in cloths, and had them flung across the chasm of the broken bridge; the misery is indescribable, and I feed the people all round. I shot a jackal in my bath-room amid a host of centipedes, and a cobra in the venetian, erecting its head and hissing at me frightfully. I also destroyed another beautiful but deadly snake. We are, thanks to our best Friend, quite well, only hoarse and worn out with fatigue and anxiety."

This visitation, so awful and productive of so much suffering, was over-ruled for good. Much active sympathy was shown. The mission compound was re-arranged, and in a few months a pretty village of neat cottages fronted by gardens, formed a right angle on

* He died a few months afterwards. He had entirely supported one of the most flourishing schools, and otherwise aided missionary labour.

two sides of a fine tank. A church and a cemetery and other needful offices were suitably placed, and found ample room, the area of the compound being twenty-three acres. Around it a strong embankment secured the premises from danger of a like calamity.

In the midst of the distress caused by the inundation, one of the most pious and zealous helpers of the branch mission at Bancura passed away. It was to his efficient assistance in regularly visiting and examining them, that the flourishing schools there owed much of their prosperity. Many a blessing was given in answer to his prayers, while his sympathy and hearty interest encouraged the missionary in his periodical visits. Dr. Cheek had removed for a time to Burdwan.

*Journal.*—"I have been attacked in the public papers, and told that our orphanage, begun in vain glory, will never prosper. All is a necessary discipline sent in tender love; the adversary can only insult as long as He permits, and being persecuted, I will suffer it."

*Extract from letter.*—"We have, I assure you, dear brother, our share of conflict and trial which belongs to and forms part of our walk by faith. Jesus went through suffering to glory, and so must we; but, refreshed by the water of life, we shall endure the heat without being burned. Let us only be concerned to become purified while we are in the furnace. There will always be clouds in the firmament, but the sun can pierce them, though while they lower, we long for the mansions of peace and rest."

His views on an important point connected with mission work, occur in the journal of this date. "We are not justified in introducing people into the pale of the Church, merely to give them the opportunity of

further improvement. It is of the utmost importance, that a newly established congregation in the midst of a heathen population, should consist of those who feel the power of the truth, and evince their faith by a consistent life. Such converts are a crown of rejoicing to us, while those who manifest no real interest for their souls are a grief and a burden."

To Mr Jowett,—"Our girls' orphan school already numbers thirty-one. The building contains bed-rooms, domestic offices, store rooms, an hospital, and apartments for the matron. A piece of ground for play is enclosed around it, in one corner of which is a tank for bathing, supplied from the large one. The channel which conducts the stream is arched over, and gives the place a picturesque appearance.

"The girls not only learn to read, but are trained in domestic employments and industrious habits, and do all the work of the school themselves. As they grow older we will take them into our own house instead of men-servants, and thus prepare them for wives for our converts. The Lord is smiling upon our efforts, and we have the joy of seeing that what was begun in faith is supported by His hand. If the heart is set on promoting His glory and saving souls it is a little thing with Him to raise the means.

"Our house is now exceedingly damp, and we all suffer. We can keep no mats on the floor—they get rotten in a month. Almost every one of our congregation has fallen ill, and our daily work is to administer medicine to them and our heathen neighbours. I am so glad I studied the art of healing in London. Imperfect as my knowledge is, I can turn it to account.

Every missionary would do well to obtain this knowledge if he can.

"At Bancura we have now a regiment, and some pious officers, who have given me a supply of blankets for our orphans. The poor drummers were so grateful for my efforts among them that they subscribed to the mission, and Mr. Lang has begun an English school at his own expense. Our station catechist, James, is efficient and zealous, and the work prospers. Our schools, now under Mr. Linckè's care, have suffered from the effects of the inundation, but we still have five hundred and fifty boys, here and at Bancura with two hundred and forty-five in our English departments, all sustained by the liberality of friends, Hindus, and Europeans. My flock here now numbers eighty-nine ; the women have particularly improved this year.

" The Indian world is interested in the moral and religious improvement of the natives, and schools are patronised by all ; but few recommend the preaching of the gospel. Those who do so are Bible Christians.

" The bearer of this is our beloved father in Christ and venerated friend Corrie,* a pattern of a missionary in humility, zeal, devotedness, and self-denial. His loss to us is great. May those who succeed him resemble as closely their Master Christ.

On the 6th of January 1835, a party of four, three of them invited by Mr. Weitbrecht to join him, set out in the name of the Lord on an extensive excursion. It was Epiphany, the day kept in remembrance of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles—a cheering thought. Three sat on an elephant, the fourth was on

* He went to England to be consecrated Bishop of Madras.

horseback. Brief extracts from letters give a few incidents of the tour.

"*January* 9.—The Lord prospers us. We are daily making known the way of salvation to hundreds, sometimes to thousands. Our tent is just large enough to hold our three palanquins, in which we sleep. The fine scenery and pure air revive us; it is so cold I can scarcely hold my pen.

"Now for a sketch of our progress. First to Kundakos, where we preached. Then to Indur, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants. We addressed groups in every direction, and went on Thursday to such another town, distributing tracts to the number of two thousand daily, for we always find many people who can read. We have every reason to take courage and go on in the name of the Lord. Oh, to be kept in a humble devout frame of mind!

"22*d*.—Our fame spread before us, and we were everywhere asked for books. At Bishenpur we saw some idol temples, on the outer walls of which were representations of Hindu deities, and various historical parts of their mythology. The palace resembles an immense square. On touching an old cannon resembling an alligator with my foot, a priest told me I was offering insult to a god. We divided this large town between us, and hundreds listened to our preaching with evident surprise, and with few exceptions seemed glad to hear us; but the place is a nest of idolatry, crowded with temples, where Satan is worshipped in various forms. We distributed one thousand tracts, which were received with the greatest avidity.

"Mr. Lang was encamped near, and joined us in the

evening. He was suprised and delighted to witness the attentive crowds who listened to our message. I stood upon the embankment of a well, aud the pressure was so great that the thatch of a long verandah near came down upon the people; and their interest and silence showed that every word was understood. It was a blessed day, and will long be remembered by us all. At night a tiger visited our neighbourhood, and carried off three cows. The next day we lost Häberlin in the jungles, and were much alarmed until he reappeared.

"Near the town I observed a dwelling belonging to a descendant of the family of the Rajahs of Bishenpur. A chair was offered to me, and the Babu, with a pretty child in his arms, salaamed to me. I spoke, and he at once responded, referring to his high descent and present humiliation—depending on the liberality of the British government. I expressed my sympathy, and a crowd having gathered round, I addressed them on the uncertainty of worldly grandeur; beseeching them to seek a treasure in heaven that fadeth not.

"We passed through a noble forest of tall trees, interspersed with abundance of ebony. Gigantic creepers united tree to tree — hanging in the most graceful flowery pendants, forming beautiful arches, and giving the place a most picturesque character. At the next town our addresses were received with more surprise and delight than we had yet witnessed. Lacroix was always much liked. The Rajah, a fine youth of fifteen, seemed pleased to see us. Twelve young men followed us to our tent, desiring to know more of the way of salvation. One said, 'Sir, we have read the book you gave us, but cannot fully understand it; will you tell

us how we may know God? I gave them an epitome of the creation, fall, and redemption; entreating them to accept the offered Saviour, the good news of whose advent had reached them in their solitary forests. They left us much interested, and deeply impressed.

"The next Rajah we met offered us a nuzzur of five rupees in true oriental style. We touched it in token of acceptance. He was very polite, and visited us in full dress, asking many intelligent questions. At Bancura we had three very busy days, and at Sunamuki also. The pitching of our tent in the evening and taking it down in the morning, with our daily wanderings through fertile vales and dreary jungles is a striking picture of our few days on earth.

"*29th.*—At another town of twenty thousand, preaching through its length and breadth to hundreds and hundreds the blessed gospel. Numbers visited us in our tent, among them Brahmins and Pundits, with whom we held interesting discussions."

So it continued till home was reached, after travelling two hundred and fifty miles, distributing sixteen hundred tracts, and preaching to multitudes who had never heard the gospel before, and alas! did not soon hear it again. Mr. Weitbrecht fully purposed to revisit these places to water the tender plant which seemed ready to spring up, but from the pressure of other calls he could never repeat the journey on the same extensive scale.

To his wife's mother.—"*February 28th.*—The crowning mercy of God in this eventful month, dear mother, is the birth of a little daughter. At no period of my life has anxiety been so fully succeeded by thankful joy. Oh, that I could place this loved babe in your arms.

May the dear Redeemer take it into His own care and keeping, and fit it for His fold above.

"When the Lord was bringing clouds over the earth we saw the bow in the cloud, and remembered His covenant, to our great consolation. Now that the sun shines in his brightness we can rejoice in his beams, and sing the loving kindness of our God. Through His mercy it is that we are united not only in the closest natural ties, but in His love. The rajah came to see us, and put two gold mohurs into baby's hand, an oriental mode of congratulation."

*Journal.*—"*March 15th.*—Jogot, a convert from the English school, has been baptized, and two or three others wish to follow. They visit me, and are evidently anxious; telling me that when they are with me they are convinced, but their minds are again filled with doubts by the cavils of the Brahmins. 'Read this book,' said I; 'study it on your knees, thus you will gain light, see God, and dispute no more.'"

Poor Jogot was soon decoyed away by heathen relatives, and was lost sight of for ten years. A letter to him which follows is a sample of the tender affectionate way in which Mr. Weitbrecht dealt with converts:—

"You little know the grief your departure has caused us. I feel sure you have seen in the light of truth that Jesus alone can save—have tasted the happiness of following Him, and are convinced of the holy purity of the Christian religion. Why then return to the pollutions of idolatry?

"Oh! my dear Jogot, I could shed a flood of tears over you. Have you indeed forsaken Him who loved you unto death, chose you as a monument of His mercy, and to whom you devoted your whole heart and life in

baptism? Remember from whence you are fallen. You have been tempted by Satan, who assailed you in an unguarded hour. Will you remain among wolves? Do you think we have given you up? By no means. Our fervent prayers follow you; and my hope is that, finding no rest, you will return with a contrite heart.

"As a friend who loves you, and seeks your eternal happiness, I call, in the name of Jesus, Return, wandering sheep—return into His arms. His voice invites you, and if you come we shall gladly forget all, and not reproach you. Yea, there will be joy in heaven.—J. J. W."

*Journal.*—"The Rajah asked me to distribute gospels and tracts to his visitors and servants; he assisted me, and on hearing some read aloud, expressed his approval of their contents. Twenty-five gospels and two hundred tracts were not half enough for the numerous applicants. The thermometer stood at 102° Fahr. in the palace.

What a precious truth that there is a land where the sun shall no more smite the weary traveller. I feel to be fading away like the grass of the field. Afterwards, preaching in a village, I was so much derided and ill-treated, that I had to remember the meekness of Jesus, and went home with a heavy heart."

"*June.*—On a little tour. I had great boldness and joy in God, and many commended the word. The catechists were so encouraged, that they came like the disciples to their Master, saying, 'The people here will soon believe.' We united together in earnestly beseeching that so it might be. I then wrapt myself in my mantle and slept.

"Next day at Plassey, a youth (who afterwards became

an eminent convert) pelted me with mud, and held me up to derision. In another place I was received most hospitably by a gentleman who was too corpulent to rise. He was eating cream, honey, butter, and milk, and caused the same to be placed before me with unleavened bread. While I was refreshing myself, a congregation gathered — even the schoolmaster dismissed his boys that he might come. I preached till I was tired on the Prodigal Son.

"A walk of ten miles on a cloudy day in July produced inflammation of the brain, which, in an acute form, caused the death of Mr. Adam. As I lay on my couch, feeling as if insects were traversing my brain, and an iron band being tightened round my head, I perceived how dearly we may pay for imitating the apostolic mode of acting. How gladly would I go on foot as they did; live on the simplest fare, and in the poorest native huts, if possible."

He suffered much from the fear of becoming useless as a missionary, but the Lord heard his cry in the day of his distress; and though his head was permanently weakened, after a month he resumed his usual work. "We have need of patience," he says, "but it is our privilege to commit all our ways to Him, and He will not make the cross heavier than we can bear. Even little daily trials He shares."

Returning from a trip he encountered a dreadful tempest. In crossing a river, the bearers having forded a part of the stream, put the palanquin down on a sandbank and called for a boat. For a full hour none appeared; the short twilight had faded into dark night; the rapidly rising current forbade return; the sandbank was nearly submerged; it was a moment of intense

anxiety, and he called on the Lord for help. As he did so, a small boat appeared; it just held the palanquin, and was shot across by the stream towards a steep bank, from which a mass of earth fell and nearly swamped it. All scrambled up the bank, however; and about nine P.M. he was uniting with his wife in a song of praise for delivering mercy.

*Journal.*—"*October.*—Out among villages, where many come to me as inquirers who seem sincere, but experience teaches caution. How poor are a missionary's exertions if not powerfully aided by God's Spirit. I prayed for this very earnestly with my catechists. While conversing with some Brahmins, others sat at a distance sneering at my Saviour, my Bible, my efforts—ignorant that to Jesus all power is given in heaven and earth. I read Martyn. Dear Martyn! how I love his tender heart and intense love for his Saviour. It raised my mind to holy aspirations for the same spirit. I can feel with him in his griefs and sorrows, being tried by an unbelieving world much in the same way.

"To some kind villagers, who, seeing me tired, brought me milk for refreshment, I read the twenty-third Psalm. Expatiating on the strength I had derived from their hospitality, I invited them to receive the Good Shepherd. Seeing a poor man with three beautiful children obliged to beg his bread, I asked him to give them to me for our school. 'I love them,' said he, 'more than my own life, and would rather die than part with them.' I could but admire him for this, though sorry not to get these sweet children for my wife to train."

*Extracts.*—"*January* 1836.—I have been preserved in a most dangerous moment. Returning to a friend's

house after evening preaching, I noticed some plaster falling, and looking up, I saw a beam twenty-one feet long giving way. 'Run for your lives,' I said to my friends; they did so, and had barely crossed the threshold when the beam fell with tremendous force, crushing the furniture, tea-service, &c. How the thundering mass sounded through the house! We devoutly praised the Lord, who had thus delivered us from destruction. Another beam over a bed was also found to be rotten, and might have fallen any night. The white ants have done all this mischief.

"30*th.*—I am most singularly situated in a little room which just holds my small cot, and allows me to sit at the end to write; but I have had crowds to address, and have been much helped in prayer that the Lord would open a door for His gospel amongst them. I awoke with such sweet feelings of peace that I had enjoyed a real rest in this dirty, smoky hole. The dew had distilled on my bed during the night, and my pillow was wet with it. Oh, that it might be emblematical!

"*February.*—Reached Jotkondo. Many laugh and mock; such is unregenerate man in all lands. I had a precious hour of meditation after preaching, deeply affected by the awful darkness which covers this nation. My mind dwelt on the glorious part of our Saviour's history, from His resurrection to the effusion of the Holy Spirit. What a stream of brightness and comfort flows in upon the soul from such truths. A young man visited me in the morning asking for a Bible; he was so polite, open, and candid, that he reminded me of a lily among thorns. 'Can you not remain a few weeks in our village, sir?' said he. While going on to bear witness for Jesus, I was cheered by the thought

that the more diligently we proclaim the gospel, the more we are preparing the way for the coming of the Lord. In my solitary evenings I enjoy His presence, and am sure He is blessing me. I have got so used to shifts and troubles that I do not mind them. I shave without a glass, and so well is my hand acquainted with the path it has to travel, that over hill and dale my razor never misses its way.

"Marching from village to village, making my night quarters in some smoky hut, I feel a satisfaction I cannot describe, because it is the work of the Lord, and He will not let the testimony of His grace be as water spilt on the ground. One might spend months on the track I am taking, and the truths I declare seem to find such an echo in the hearts of my hearers, that every day is of value. The preaching of Christ's gospel cannot be in vain.

"As I beheld the crowds coming up from the Ganges, I entreated the Lord to hasten the day when multitudes would thus flock to Him. The heat is increasing. I rise at four, march at five, and have the day before me to do my Master's business. I have thought of a plan this week to go through the whole district, visit every village, call upon the gentry, distribute gospels and tracts, and preach till we can say the word of truth has been made known throughout the whole territory of the Rajah of Burdwan."*

Mr. Weitbrecht was soon after laid aside by a lingering fever. When recovering, he writes,—"Mercy was mingled with this cup of sorrow. I have had kind friends, an attentive doctor, a dear wife to nurse me, and was enabled to possess my soul in patience, and

* This plan was subsequently matured. See close of volume.

to feel that the chastening was in love. Once more going to preach to my people, I baptized a young man of twenty, a nice, sensible, intelligent Hindu, and we again mingled our praises together in the house of God."

After a visit to Calcutta, during which he heard the brethren speak *with deep regret of the fact that so small a number of them were actually engaged in preaching the gospel*, he says, "I sat in a little boat, to return home, and as it glided up the stream, I spent the evening in silent meditation on past days and future prospects, and my work as an evangelist. I felt the nearness of Jesus, longed to be holy as He is holy, and to show my love in following Him from suffering to glory. I do so desire to be more like Jesus, and feel that to become so, more of the refiner's fire will be necessary. On New Year's night I could not sleep, and found great enjoyment in reviewing the joys and trials of the past year.

"Mr. Duff remarked to me that if he had to choose between persecution and the pressure of this climate, he would gladly choose the former, for in such a case one could give a strong cheerful testimony to the truth; while in our position, the faculties both of body and mind become completely exhausted, and the most fervent and joyful zeal appears to melt away. It is even so."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

To Mr. Jowett.—"A friendly correspondence with you, my dear brother, enables me to give you an intimate insight into my doings, and will, I hope, elicit replies for my comfort and encouragement which I shall appreciate very highly. I have long felt that the tuition of the Rajah was too heavy a task for me to perform to my own satisfaction. My health weakens, and other work, more decidedly missionary, multiplies. Mr. Greenwood, an English clergymen, has accepted the office, and will also preach to the Europeans on Sundays. I have promised the Rajah's family, at their particular request, to continue to visit them; they repose great confidence in me, and are always ready to listen to my advice. I trust my intercourse with them has been beneficial. A Hindu youth, whose studies are directed by a minister of the gospel, will gain ideas he little thought of before, and while we enlighten the mind, we can ask the Lord to touch the heart.

"Real conversions are still rare. A true awakening would be happiness indeed. I am lecturing in our English school four times a week on history, geography, and divinity; for the latter, I take the Epistle to the

Romans. Some verses are read by the pupils, an analytical explanation is given, the doctrine illustrated from other parts of Scripture, and then compared with Hinduism in its leading features, the absurdities of which thus became apparent. I then dictate the leading features of what has been read in a few comprehensive sentences, which are copied and learnt by heart, and repeated the next day. The lads listen with deep interest, and ask questions. The great point with me is their conversion. While I am unable to accomplish this in one soul, the privilege is sweet by which I can say, 'Lord, help me. I am going to instruct the young; bless the instruction,' or, 'I am going to preach the gospel of Jesus; accompany my testimony by thy Spirit's power.' Labouring thus in His name we may be happy. The cause is His, not ours. May we be faithful unto death. Our reward will be great, and our rest sweet. Sometimes faith and patience are sorely tried; at others we are refreshed and comforted. This must be. All the saints in glory trod the same path."

*Journal.*—"*May.*—Welcomed two dear brethren from Switzerland, De Rodt and Gros. All their expenses are paid by Dr. Cheek and Mr. Lang, who will support them. I am going with them to Sunamuki where they will live in the house Mr. Lang built. I shall make over my school to them, visit and encourage them as I pass to and from Bancura. In sickness or need, they will always have a home with us.

"*September.*—Gros's health has failed, and as he speaks French, he is preparing to go to Mauritius where there are prospects of usefulness. Dr. Cheek supplies him with all he needs and pays his passage." *

* He died in Mauritius. De Rodt, after having acquired the

To a sister.—"You ask us about our schools. There are ten here and at Bancura, with eight hundred boys under instruction. They convey the knowledge of salvation to all who attend them, and have produced a great change in the native mind throughout the district, where thousands of young men settled in life know the Bible and understand our preaching. We have also an English school. . . . . I am preparing for baptism a Brahmin, whom I met going on a pilgrimage, and I have a family at Bancura ready to be received; we have some encouragement, but I often think if we were more holy, self-denying, and zealous for the glory of God; if we felt the misery of the heathen more deeply, we should see our work prosper more. Pray much for us; our sweet little girl already speaks three languages, and we have two little Hindu girls about her own age in our house."

To Mr. Jowett.—"Brother Linckè, who has been with me nearly four years, and has had charge of the schools, has been removed. I must not be left alone. One or two brethren, men of good education, sound understanding, able to labour well, and to proceed manfully under any emergency, should be sent from home as soon as possible. We have cause for encouragement and for humiliation. Our flock of native Christians is more like a flock of Christ than ever it was before, and I have had the joy of seeing the Spirit of God at work, particularly among the young. There is increasing mutual attachment; their hearts are more open for spiritual conversation; family devotion is en-

language and missionary experience, removed to Calcutta, and laboured very efficiently, till he died, in 1844, of fever, contracted on an itinerancy.

couraged and appreciated. I have opened a service once a week for those learning English in our school. Christ is the subject; for the preaching of His cross alone can conquer their hearts. The work is too much for one. My health is giving way."

To his wife's mother. — "Our sweet child is in heaven, and the joy of our house is gone. From the first day of her illness we prayed that this solemn season might be sanctified to our souls; and when we saw her life in danger we entreated the Lord to spare her; pleading our desire to devote her to Him, and bring her up for His glory, but asking for all in submission to His will. The change in her character was surprising. She had always been sweet, amiable, and obedient, but occasionally passionate; now, she was all meekness and patience; talking in the most engaging way, thanking us for every bitter draft we were compelled to give her, and acting more like an angel than a fallen child of man. We truly believe she was sanctified by the Holy Spirit for the trial and for glory.

"As we saw the disease advance, oh, how we wrestled with the Lord, kneeling side by side at His footstool, no longer for her recovery, but for grace to glorify Him in the fire, and for strength to bear the cutting affliction. When faith began to fail, and heart to sink, we united in more earnest prayer. Never did we find the word of God so precious; never was its power more gloriously displayed in us. After five days of suffering she fell asleep, and her spirit was conveyed to the arms of Jesus. I at once read Ps. ciii., and 1 Cor. xv., knelt down, and thanked God for His powerful help in this sore distress; entreating a sanctifying effect on our

souls, our work, our people. We had a refreshing sleep, and on waking her mother said, 'She has been one night in heaven.' 'No,' I replied, 'there is no night there.' This cheered her wonderfully.

"We rose, gathered new strength by prayer, and from Rev. xxi. 17; assembled our orphans round the couch of our sleeping babe, and spoke to their hearts; then did the same for our adult flock, and comforted the nurse, a very affectionate Hindu woman, who loved the child as her own, and whose heart seemed so impressed that we trust it will issue in her conversion.*

"In the evening, to my surprise and thankfulness, a lovely boy was given to us, who, I trust, may become a holy preacher of the gospel. The whole week had been cloudy, and a few drops of rain fell, it then cleared, and the last cloud disappeared—an emblem of our short affliction. Our sky had lowered, but in the gloom a bright ray of hope and life illuminated our souls. I preached on Sunday from words that had sweetly cheered us,—'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

To a brother.—"We sympathise with you in the gracious visitations you have experienced. Such seasons must be remembered for life, when we can say with the full consent of our hearts, 'Now I have found the blessed ground where my soul's anchor may remain.' Blessed, godly sorrow which leads to Jesus! Nothing can make Him so dear as when we truly feel we are vile, and all our righteousness but as filthy rags. As your self-knowledge deepens, your hunger after and your love to Jesus must increase. Very much depends on a vigorous outset. May you receive grace to be very

* There was reason to believe this hope was fulfilled.

decided, to aspire, wrestle, pray, for a high degree of spirituality and godliness. Many have too low a standard of vital religion, hence we see so litttle apostolic holiness and purity.

"You wish to devote yourself to the glory of God. He will teach you how, if you follow His leadings. I have derived unspeakable benefit from doing so. While in England I studied hard for Abyssinia, and was then asked to go to India. It was very painful, but now I bless the Lord that I was sent here. I could mention other instances; one more,—I long prayed that the Lord would give me a wife suited to me. In His wonderful providence He sent one. I need not describe her, or the way in which she was conducted to my arms.

"You mention our little girl. Her education here is finished. She was in many respects an extraordinary child, and progressed wonderfully. Then her sweetness—her sprightliness—how she refreshed my spirit in many an hour of weariness; but the Lord gives strength to the weak. Abraham, no doubt, ascended the mount with a heavy heart,—of that heaviness we have felt our share,—but we experienced something of his faith, and hope by-and-bye to dwell with him in the heavenly Canaan. We are going to dwell in tents. I shall preach from village to village."

*Journal.*—"*November* 14.—Took the schools in hand again as dear Linckè is gone, but D'Rozario will help me. *20th.*—Dear babe baptized. Oh, may he be filled with the Holy Ghost. Children are a loan from the Lord, perhaps to be given to Him soon again. Tears of sorrow steal down our cheeks as we think and speak of her who is gone.

"*21st.*—Called on six native gentlemen, and had

interesting conversations with some of them. One had just lost his only son. I sympathised with him, and explained to him the delightful views which the gospel of Jesus opens into a better world, pointing out the blessed state of those who can look forward in full hope of immortality, and the triumphant feature our religion assumes at the brink of the grave. As I spoke, warmly referring to the support I had experienced during my late bereavement, the tears trickled down the Babu's cheeks, and he could scarcely speak when I left him.

"*December.*—While preaching a man said, 'The missionaries who preach the gospel are such blameless, kind, and meek men.' He then told the bystanders that he had once thrown dust at Dr. Carey, who bore the insult with unexampled patience, not saying a word against the ill-treatment. How the heathen look at the conduct of those who preach! It struck me very much.

"On my way down the river I called at Serampur, and found Dr. Marshman deeply afflicted.* I comforted him with those words we had found so precious in our late bereavement, reading Hebrews xii. The dear old man continually repeated, 'Looking unto Jesus.' I commended him to this sympathising Saviour in prayer, and as I went he took my hand, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'The Lord Jesus has sent you, dear brother, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to speak a word in season to one who is weary.'

"*Christmas-day.*—Went with dear Lincke to his villages, and held an interesting service under the

* By the tidings of a sad calamity which had befallen his daughter (now Lady Havelock) and her family.

canopy of heaven. The poor people are dreadfully persecuted, and were much beaten that very afternoon by the emissaries of the land-holders, who detest Christianity. Thus, though there are few Brahmins or idol temples, Satan has his tools. The people are simple and ignorant, but willing to be instructed. Our canoe was the excavated trunk of a tree. The man who paddles is at one end, a passenger in the middle, and another behind. In Calcutta I addressed crowded congregations three times in a chapel that cannot be used for want of preachers.

"*January* 1837.—I struck out eastward, and at Tribini saw a Hindu woman, a perfect skeleton, brought by her own son to die on the cold stones of the river ghaut. He poured the holy water down her throat. I was shivering with cold, and turned from the sad scene to preach to a crowd in a neighbouring garden. Some scoffed; others commended, and wished to hear more.

"10*th*.—Came to a place called by interpretation the 'city of everlasting happiness.' I told the people how glad I was to be in a place I judged by its name to be very delightful, and congratulated them on living there. They expressed their gratification at my visit, but added that true and abiding joys were not found in their village. I begged permission to tell them where such really existed. We went on in a most friendly manner till a haughty Brahmin disturbed the beauty of the discourse by his sophistry.

"I walk from village to village with the catechists, and being yesterday tired and thirsty with the dust some kind people handed me a lotu full of the juice of the sugar cane, which refreshed me exceedingly. At Konchal started early, and walked nine miles; was richly

blessed in communion with my heavenly Father, and wrestled hard for the poor souls who hear the gospel and despise it. I have had delightful enjoyment in this trip in private devotion. May I ever feel the Lord so near my soul!

"'Here are Jesus Christ's men,' said the people at the next village on seeing us. I at once gave them a solemn address, and testified against their idolatry. Ignorance, prejudice, worldliness, love of sin, a religion suited to a carnal mind are only to be removed by that Power which raises the dead. 'Son of man, can these dry bones live?' The answer, 'Lord, thou knowest,' is most comforting, the word of the True and Faithful One.

"At the next place, in deriding me, they used almost the very expression, 'what will this babbler say?' It was painful, but though we suffer reproach the gospel continues to be 'the power of God unto salvation.' In the evening, some Brahmins who had been kind to me came with five others evidently convinced of the truth, and said they were ready to embrace Christianity.

"Reaching home I was told of the removal of a young lad whose personal experience of the love and grace of Christ were remarkable in one so young. 'To-morrow morning I shall be with Jesus,' said he on bidding good-night to his companions, and then clasping his hands he commended his soul and body to Him. We had looked for a useful life, but must rejoice in his blessed death.

"*February 26th.*—Preaching with De Rodt; sometimes encouraged by attention, at others, finding the people very bad and wicked; but neither of these things move us. The gospel must be preached, and an

honourable calling it is for such a poor fellow as I am to proclaim it. This is the birthday of the dear child with whom such joy was given us for a little season. I cannot think of her without longing to be matured for the heaven where she dwells. My boy is extremely dear to me as the gift sent to comfort us in our deep sorrow.

"*Bancura.*—A very delightful season; all prospering, and sweet enjoyment for the inner man.

"*March.*—A meeting with the native Christians at home. I spoke with each separately, and each one related to me his experience in a very simple manner. The sacrament the following day was a very solemn season. A sudden death among them has been blessed. We have formed a plan to visit them all regularly in their cottages on moonlight nights, finding it impossible to go to them in the heat of the sun, and at sunset we are out. These visits seem very useful. My services at the bazaar chapel are attended by many Hindus as regularly as if they were members of a church congregation, but my mind and body have lost all elasticity, and I feel void of strength and energy."

Under a sense of deep depression from weakened health Mr. Weitbrecht wrote at this time urgent letters to Basle entreating the Society there to take up a position in Bengal, offering money and a promise of support from friends if brethren came. He also wrote in the Calcutta periodicals to stir up the Indian public. These efforts issued in a Basle mission being formed, but it was located on the other side of India in a still more desolate part. It has been richly blessed.

"*April.*—Alas! James at Bancura is no more. On Easter-day he was in full health at the service held

by the pious officers. On Monday he was seized with cholera; in the evening his spirit was with Jesus, and he sees his loving Saviour face to face. A pious officer visited him in his sickness, and read the service over his grave. He had been eighteen years in the fold of Christ, and four years alone at Bancura, where he had four hundred boys in beautiful order, and has been a blessing to many. He was highly esteemed both by natives and Europeans. I feel his loss exceedingly; but it is for us to be still and adore God's wisdom in the darkness. We have so few native helpers who can be fully relied on, and who manifest a hearty interest in their work.

"*May* 20*th*.—Mr. Williamson has sent me a pious couple to take charge of the orphan-school, very nice people.

"21*st*.—A dear young Christian woman has exchanged earth for heaven after a few hours' illness. We were in her cottage all day, nearly melted with heat.

"*Sunday*.—I baptized another young convert, and Koilas, a pupil in the English school, declares his faith in Jesus.

"*June*.—I baptized Koilas, whose friends were preparing to remove him, and his anxiety was great. His uncle brought men before our house to carry him off by force, but retired on my earnest remonstrance. His father and grandfather also came; their grief was touching. 'We fed and clothed him,' said they, 'and hoped to be supported by him, and to die in peace with him to perform our funeral obsequies; now all is blighted; the honour and happiness of our family has passed away, and we are plunged in an ocean of misery.' They then used other means to induce him

to retract, and finding him steadfast finally instituted a suit in court against him, which would inevitably have caused distress to us all. I was therefore advised to send him away immediately after his baptism, and did so the same night with two of our people by way of Culna to Calcutta, where brother Linckè received him.

"Another youth renounced Hinduism with Koilas, but was seized and imprisoned, and has not since been heard of. Our English school is nearly emptied for the present, but will soon fill again. The Rajah sent for me, and asked how I could account for these youths becoming so attached to our religion. 'The truth is so powerful,' said I, 'that when impartially considered, it must conquer.'

"*June 15th.*—That sweet boy who was given us seven months ago to console our hearts is now his sister's companion in the bosom of Jesus, and we are childless. As I witnessed his distressing struggles and heard his moans, my anguish was indescribable, and I could realise what the father of the faithful must have felt when he heard the command, 'Take now *thine only son Isaac whom thou lovest*, and offer him up,' &c., and when the patriarch bound him, and took the knife to slay his son. *We* shared the anguish, while Abraham was alone. We gave our child up to the Lord willingly by His grace, and entreated Him to shorten his sufferings, which He was pleased to do. As we laid him by his sister, we thought of the great day of our Saviour's triumph, and realised the assurance that these 'momentary afflictions' will then be seen to have worked out an 'exceeding weight of glory.'

"We would adore and praise God in this hour of

sorrow; and while frail nature is writhing and bitter tears are flowing, our souls are filled with peace, and raised above the passing grief by a sweet token of the presence of Jesus."

Mr Weitbrecht's health nearly sunk under this bereavement, but he was strengthened and comforted by a letter from one of his most esteemed brethren, Mr. Häberlin, just then leaving India.

"My dear brother,—I am told that you feel the loss of your dear boy so much, that your body is suffering. I can well understand how deep the wound must have been that was cut into your very soul by the removal of your son; but, my dear brother, suppose your dear wife wounded you by accident, would you cease to love her, or to trust her, or look at her suspiciously? You would not, I know, and why? Because you love her, confide in her, and could not suppose she would willingly injure you. Shall He who is more to us than wife or child be trusted less than the frail creature? You would smile again at the offending wife; will you not smile at the afflicting God? I know you will—yea, I hope you have already cast away all desponding, half-distrusting thoughts, and resumed the cheerful aspect of a child of heaven, which is your wont; and that in the index to the human soul, the countenance, your friends may again read the habitual joys of your inner man.

"May God be with you, and comfort you with the best comforts, even His own presence, and may you be purified as gold that has passed the refiner's fire! Let not the secret workings of God with you enter as stings into your soul, but entrust your children, which in reality are not yours, to Him who is better able to care for them than you.

"Believe me, I can and do sympathise with you in this trial of your faith, but God's ways must be good, because *He is good*. Oh, if we could but more realize the presence of our Saviour—if our life were more thoroughly interwoven, as it were, with His—if we sought but to know, and in all things to do, His holy will, our tears would be changed into a libation, our sorrows into joys; and instead of lamenting and hanging our harps upon the willows, we should be singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving to our God. . . . . May we both be faithful to the end! Remember me in your prayers,—and believe me, ever your attached and affectionate brother in Christ, J. H.

"*July*.—At Bancura. The pious officers are doing their best to supply the place of James, and the schools are carried on better than I ventured to hope. The Society does not now recognise this as an out-station, but as long as I can sustain the work by the help of friends I will. On returning, I visited De Rodt in his solitary bungalow. I felt my bereavement afresh as I entered the deserted nursery on arriving at home; yet the Lord is very gracious, and fills the empty space with His richest blessings. His smiling face is seen through the cloud.

"*August*.—We have had a visit from dear Bishop Wilson. He gave a simple little address in our Bengali chapel on the day of his arrival, which I interpreted. On Sunday, a beautiful and stirring sermon in English, on the words, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' The hidden power inherent in the preaching of a crucified Saviour which draws sinners' hearts to Him came home to my mind with striking

force as he set it forth in his eloquent way, and served to stimulate me again in my work.

"The Bishop examined all the schools, vernacular, English, and orphan, and expressed his pleasure warmly and affectionately. At dinner, he said 'this has been one of the happiest days of my life.' His closing sermon was on being influenced by the Spirit. At the confirmation, I had to translate the service impromptu with the Prayer Book before me, not having remembered that our people were ignorant of English. It was the first time I had seen confirmation in the English church; I thought it very solemn.

"*September.*—I am struck with the crowded and atttentive congregations in my bazaar chapel, which I have furnished with benches and a raised platform. Being in the centre of the town, and surrounded by native dwellings, it is not possible to admit a current of air, and I get so bathed in perspiration, that I am thankful to walk home quickly to avoid taking cold. One evening I trod on an immense cobra, which raised its head and darted towards me. I ran for my life, and thanked the Lord for fulfilling His promise, 'If ye tread on any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you.'

"*20th.*—Oh, may it please God to enable my dear wife to continue in India three or four years longer, though the doctors advise me to send her away at once. To leave my work, or part from her, seems a greater trial than my faith is equal to; yet I am so firmly convinced that all this discipline belongs to our needful portion here below, that I can bear it with more patience and resignation than formerly, and thus I hope, I can distinguish that the Lord carries on his work in my soul; and though sometimes I am exceedingly depressed

by my want of spirituality, I have delightful seasons of communion with God, and feel more and more the immense advantage of continual intercourse with Jesus. May I always, in the simplicity of faith, cast all my cares on Him.

"There is no piety among the Europeans around us. I think I never prayed so much for them before. Will not the Lord answer? I am sure He will, but we must wait His time. It is a hindrance to our work, and I told our judge so when he asked why we were not more successful.

"*October.*—On a tour with D'Rozario, we met an old pupil of our English school, now native judge or Munshi of Selimabad; a well-informed, polite, and very agreeable man. We were his guests, and he showed us his library, Scott's Bible, some volumes of sermons, Hume's England, Locke's Essays, and some smaller works. His conversation proved that he read these books, and in referring to the time when he had seen his mother carried to the river-side to die, his remarks were just such as a christian would have made. We closed our evening by reading Isaiah lv., which I explained, inwardly beseeching the Lord for a blessing on our kind host, and then we knelt and united in prayer for the conversion of the Hindus.

"*November.*—Mr. Sutton, of Cuttack, has sent us ten orphan children with a most brotherly letter, in which he says, 'You have tasted the cup of sorrow, dear brother, so have I. What missionary has not? It is a part of the price we must pay for the high privilege of preaching among the heathen, the unsearchable riches of Christ. The more I meditate on St. Paul's account of the formation of the missionary Church, 2

Cor. vi. 3-10, the more wonderful it appears. To me, *the most distressing feature in missionary work is the very little actual preaching of the gospel to the natives.* Anything and everything but that commands attention.' My heart responds to every word this dear brother writes.

"*December.*—Abroad in extensive tours far away to the west. Hundreds have heard the gospel, and as this is work in accordance with our Saviour's injunction, we will look for His blessing."

"*January* 1838.—On the last evening of the year, I reviewed it with all its mercies and heavy trials in my little tent, and laid my desires for us both before the Lord. The hour we are accustomed to spend together, I spent alone in communion with Jesus, and it was made sweet to me."

To his brother in Germany.—"The Christian Sabbath is an unspeakable privilege, and a day of blessed refreshment. Those who allow themselves to be robbed of it, deprive themselves of the most precious jewel which the mercy of God has bestowed on us. The day is a connecting link between earth and heaven, and helps us to realize our right of citizenship, if we can enter with zest into its holy employment. In this heathen land it is the only outward distinction of our faith.

"I rejoice with you in anticipating the glorious future. Let us keep it in view; it will make our thorny path easy. The oil in my vessel often seems almost spent, and I have to make many humiliating experiences, and am in the midst of the heathen. You are in a happy home, surrounded by Christian friends in a healthy climate. Think of these things, dear brother, when ready to droop and faint."

## CHAPTER VI.

FELLOWSHIP—JOURNEYINGS—WELCOMES—JOY AND SORROW—FAREWELLS.

"*January* 21*st.*—This morning, at four A.M., we opened the door to dear Leupolt, who said, 'I bring you a friend who is a brother indeed.' Dear Wybrow and he had travelled all night in an open chaise, and were delighted to take breakfast by a blazing fire, which was quickly kindled. A most happy week followed; schools were examined, congregations visited, and a beautiful little sermon preached by the kind, humble-minded Wybrow, in imperfect stanzas to our people. His readiness is astonishing,—he has only been in India a few weeks. The palm tree was the subject of his discourse, and he was well understood and will never be forgotten by his hearers. I interpreted the body of it, but he interspersed touching illustrations from nature which all appreciated.

"He went with me to the bazaar, and witnessed how the heathen listened to the preaching of the gospel. I baptized five orphan girls whom we believe converted, and five infants at the same time. He blessed the Lord for the work of His grace, and commending us all to Him in prayer, left us refreshed by the sweet communion.

"*February.*—I saw on a tour this evening the burning of a Brahmin widow's corpse. A Priest, probably her son, went round the funeral pile, holding a lighted torch. After some ceremonies, he ignited the wood at the head of the corpse, which was wound up in a red silk shawl. Clarified butter and incense were thrown into the flame, and a tinselled fancy boat near represented the ferry boat in which Yama (Charon of the Greeks), conveys the souls of the deceased over the river of death to the shores of immortality. Afterwards, I had a long discourse with some Shaktus, a sect who worship the persuasive divine energy, convincing them that what they regarded as divine, was in reality the work of a higher Being, more exalted and far more excellent than all created things.

"The next day I had crowds of hearers at a Gossein's house where I was accommodated. I slept there, and left at day dawn. The morning star and voice of the turtle-dove engaged my solemn meditation, and I preached to the villagers on these beautiful emblems of Christ's kingdom. An intelligent, well educated Munshi politely invited me, gave me dinner, and made me as comfortable as he could. Read with him part of Rom. viii., and conversed with him upon it, but being seized with illness, had to hasten home.

"*April 7th.*—A new mercy has been vouchsafed in the gift of another little daughter; thus the mournful sadness we have so long felt has given way to the voice of joy and gladness. . . . . While we rejoice others mourn, and we mourn with them. Dear Knorpp and his wife are gone. We are also surrounded with famine, pestilence, and death. For nearly two years the heaven above has been as brass, and the earth beneath

as iron; such are the judgments of God on this dark land, but the inhabitants do not learn righteousness. In the north-west the river is so choked up with the corpses of the starved that men have to push them down the stream with long poles. The effluvium produces pestilence, giving a finishing stroke to the appalling misery. Government and private benevolence unite in supplying relief as far as may be.

"*20th.*—I am corresponding with Basle to interest them in the Coles of Chota Nagpur. I have met with these people on my tours west, and long to see Christian teachers among them.*

"*25th.*—I am employing the distressed people around us in excavating our large tank three hundred and thirty feet square to the depth of sixteen feet; the earth deposited over the compound raises it two feet, and I am making drains to draw off the water from the surface, and improve the healthiness of the locality. The tank will furnish wholesome water for our people.

"*May.*—The Lord gives me strength to preach eight or ten times a week to the poor heathen, and I do believe the Holy Spirit is here and there bringing home the truth to their hearts. I sometimes feel exceedingly drawn out towards them, and trust I am really a blessing.

"*June.*—My dear brother Rhenius is gone. He was without doubt the most eminently blessed missionary of modern times.

"*16th.*—Baptized an orphan girl, servant in our house, who never retires without kneeling in her little room to pray and read the Bible.

* He was not successful at Basle, but a few years later missionaries from Berlin took up this work, and were much blessed.

"*July.*—At Calcutta attending the Bishop's visitation at his special request. He was most tender and generous, and prayed so affectionately for us both, and for our work; so did dear Boswell and Wybrow, fervently and sweetly.

"*September.*—We had a delightful and profitable conversation together on the state of our souls, and our progress in holiness. Found much to humble ourselves for. We live in a dangerous atmosphere. There is a constant weight. Climate, worldly people, idolaters, and our own wicked hearts to help on these causes, incline us downwards instead of upwards. It is a blessed thing to speak often with each other on these all-important subjects. We find it so.

"24*th.*—The Rajah called. He was not well pleased at some remarks I made about Christianity, but afterwards commended me for meekness in not answering again, and allowed that we had the advantage of Hindus in the spirit our religion teaches."

To a brother-in-law.—"What you quote from the Memoir of H. Venn is appropriate to us. Often do I wish we had such a saint near us, to find that edification in his society from which we are debarred. But these privations are among the bitter portions which we must expect, and for which Jesus indemnifies us. You little know how difficult it is to keep up the tone of piety when all outward help is withdrawn. Yet, without spirituality, what is a missionary, and how can he work with vigour?

"*October.*—Dear Pfander has come, after ten years' labour in Persia and Armenia, from whence he and his brethren have been driven by the Russian government. I have tried to arrange with Mr. Macleod for Pfander

to go and form a mission in Central India, but he does not see his way clear to do this. He is preparing a valuable work for the use of learned Mussulmans.*

"*6th.*—Anundo, the father of James, has joined him in a better world. During his short illness he said,—'I am a sinner; I know it, but Christ died for sinners, and through Him I hope to be saved.' He was simple and unsophisticated, but consistent; and his knowledge, though small, was enough to comfort him in his hour of need, and to make him desire death rather than life.

"*December.*—Welcomed dear Wybrow, who was with us over two Sundays, and preached most refreshingly. His expositions and prayers at our family worship are a rich enjoyment to our thirsty souls. On going through the village, speaking a kind word to all, the women clustered round him, and he tried to give them a little exhortation. A catechist's wife took up his imperfect expressions with quick intelligence, and interpreteted all he wished to say. 'What a happiness,' said he, 'to hear a humble Bengali woman thus eloquent in the true faith.

"On the 25th our dear brother left, and I accompanied him. We rode on horseback, and spent the afternoon in preaching in the villages. Once seeing some hearers very attentive he could not forbear, and said, 'Dear brother, I must say a word to them,' and,

* This was the celebrated Mizan el Hugg, so useful with similar following works in producing conviction and conversion among the class which tried Henry Martyn's patience so deeply. Pfander and three other brethren eventually joined the Church Missionary Society, and laboured in North-West India. Central India was taken up by another band of Germans, who all quickly died there. Missions were established there by the Church Missionary Society, and the S. P. G. some years later.

though in broken accents, he bore a faithful testimony; and from that time he spoke a word whenever he had an opportunity. On Sunday we conversed on Heb. x., and in prayer remembered my dear wife, brethren, and mission.

"One day two interesting boys came to us, whose simplicity at once made its way to our hearts, and we proposed to them to come to Burdwan for education. One offered us his kid, the other some milk. Their parents were kind people, the head of their village. Walking with them they said, 'See, sir, the largest of these houses is ours.' One remarked, 'If we go with you our friends will be sorry, and cry.' These people knew little of idolatry. Wybrow told them of the love of God in Christ, and cordially desired that they might learn to worship Him.

"The next morning I parted from this beloved brother. The scenery was sublime. Mount Porsenath with his three crowns looked down majestically upon us. While the tent was striking we went into the bush and poured out our hearts before the Lord; it was four o'clock and bright moonlight. The people warned us of tigers, but none were permitted to disturb our last moments of brotherly communion."

Returning home, Mr. Weitbrecht visited the collieries, and, mounted on a heap of coal, addressed two hundred of the poor miners. It was Sunday, but these poor people had no Sabbath rest.*

"What a responsibility," he writes, "for their nominally Christian masters. Little girls carrying loads of nearly eighty pounds, and their skins so penetrated with coal dust that they were actually black in body—

* This has been changed since.

and oh how polluted in soul!" He records another escape from death. A sick sergeant earnestly begged a visit from him. The messenger brought a vicious horse, which threw him against the jagged stump of a tree; but, through God's gracious providence, he fell a little on one side of the dangerous object, or must otherwise have been killed. He was much shaken and bruised, but continued preaching until he reached home.

To his wife.—"*January 1st*, 1839.—How many seasons of spiritual refreshment have we enjoyed together in private during the year now passed, and how many blessed opportunities of proclaiming the gospel among Christians and heathens. Much do I find that is humbling on my own side. but much more that causes me to exclaim, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' as I enter on this my ninth year of labour.

"I feel you will be uneasy at receiving no letters, but in the jungles there are great impediments to literary pursuits. I one day saw a Cole in court swearing by a tiger skin he held in his hand, as the Hindus do by the waters of the Ganges. The truthfulness of these mountaineers is remarkable. Several of them who had given evidence in court were attacked on their journey home by a tiger, which killed one. The others recollected they had not spoken quite correctly on one point, and hastened back to correct their mistake, regarding it as the cause of their companion's misfortune.

"On going to a village at four P.M., the people assembled and showed me a central place, where I preached, and some of them afterwards asked very important questions, encouraging me to hope that the Lord will enlighten their minds to receive the truth.

My next pulpit was beside an encampment of two hundred bullocks, so placed as to form a large triangle in double rows, with their heads turned towards each other. These closely drawn lines are for protection against tigers, but they sometimes manage to break them and to carry off a bullock or two. The mustard and linseed they carry from the jungles is piled up in the centre, and beside the heap the people cook and eat. We had very attentive hearers, and on the whole a delightful season amongst those who had never heard of the true God before.

"In my evening devotion I was richly blessed. Had a deep insight into my peculiar sins and wretchedness, and could lie low before God and seek for grace to live a more holy life, deeply feeling that I am not so spiritual as a missionary ought to be, and therefore not the missionary I wish and profess to be. May the Lord help me to make progress.

"At Shaldan my congregation were much surprised to hear that the God who created the world was their Father and Preserver, and that they might ask Him for all they needed without the help of any lower deity,—that the secret of becoming pure and holy was to go to Him with a deep sense of our wretchedness. That the truth reached their hearts in some degree I saw from the kind way in which they said to each other, 'This is a good man; did ever a European sit down and converse thus with us?' Oh, that the Lord would send redemption out of Zion for these poor people! We halted under the tree where you cooked us the nice supper, and walked on from three A.M. Every jungle flower gave out a fragrant smell, and every bird sang cheerily after the refreshing shower of yesterday."

To Mr. Jowett.—"You will have heard of the movement in the Krishnaghur district, which I used to visit as an out station (see page 24). I have been there, and preached very much among the villagers, whom I thought on the whole sincere, though very ignorant. A severe famine has softened their hearts, and Christian kindness wrought on them, which seems to have led to a willingness to embrace the truth. Banerjea was with me—a very interesting companion.* He takes the same view as myself.

"I assisted in baptizing five hundred individuals, and if they are well taught, I hope they will prosper, though we must expect some falling off. I returned home, rejoicing in the blessing vouchsafed, to brother Deer, for though it cannot be expected that people so little instructed have all embraced Christianity from the purest motives, I trust a number of them love the truth and care for their salvation.

"I have sent Mr. D'Rozario and three of my Christian teachers to assist in the work, and have let my chief catechist Peter, a very pious man, go till they can get others, as much depends on good teaching in the outset. My European catechist Alexander, has gone from Culna, and most of his people with him, so that place will be given up as an out station. Many of the converts are Mahomedans—poor people formerly Hindus and not attached to their faith—but the larger and better portion are Kurta Bhujus, or worshippers of the Creator—a remarkable sect, who have discarded idols and caste, and are on the increase everywhere. One of them an intelligent Brahmin, attended service here one Sunday, and informed me afterwards that there are some

* A native ordained clergyman.

two hundred thousand of them in Bengal, and some in Patna and Benares. They are most numerous along the river, in the tract where Mr. Forsyth, a very devoted missionary, preached diligently for some years early in the century; and Chamberlain of Cutwa, so admired by dear Corrie later. The sect has probably sprung up in consequence of the light diffused by these two men. It derives its name from Khushbora, a village near Hughly. The leader is supposed to be endowed with divine qualities; love and benevolence are essential parts of their system, and all classes and castes are received into brotherhood.

"Several converted girls in our school have been married to good young men. We have added an infant school for the little ones of our Christians, the first that has been attempted in Bengal. My last convert, Koilas, is now a teacher in our English school, and receives visits from his pupils on Sundays, when he reads and explains Scripture to them. I teach him Greek and Hebrew, as he wishes to become a minister, and has talent. Can you not send us a schoolmaster in place of Mr. D'Rozario?

"*May.*—If it were not for the secret power of prayer, I could not keep up, but the sublime truths contained in Rev. xxii. sustain me. My spirits suffer from the weakness of my body, and my throat is much affected. On Easter Sunday I baptized a youth of great promise, who was decoyed away by his friends a few weeks after, and Koilas was only rescued by the power of God, for his mother and grandmother got him home and almost overcame him. 'It was dreadful, sir,' said he with tears, on his return to our house. Poor fellow! how we felt for him. Thus the dearly-won fruits of our

labour are allured by Satan, and the most hopeful as to future usefulness are drawn away. The foundations of the walls of Jerusalem must be laid in troublous times.

"I have paid repeated visits this year to some villages where the people show an earnest desire for baptism, and are well informed in Christian doctrine; but they are not prepared to give up all for Christ, and I cannot engage to find them employment when cast out, as they will be. They must trust God for that. It is very painful to see them withdraw from the very threshold of the entrance to Christ's fold. Most trying to the faith.

"After preaching from the words, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me,' with poor Hindus listening eagerly, as if they felt something of the drawing, I came out bathed in perspiration, longing most earnestly for their conversion, and made my way home through vivid lightning, which saved my life by enabling me to see an object that would have destroyed it."

To his wife.—"When the thunder-storm has burst, the clouds disperse. I have a letter from dear Häberlin, with such good news in it like an angel of mercy from a better world. I have been praying much for my dearest wife to Him who loves you more tenderly than the tenderest husband. May He be very gracious to you during our separation, and may Jesus reveal to us both more of His love, frame us more entirely into His own likeness, and impart to you consolations and joys with which a stranger intermeddleth not! He humbles His people to prepare them for great blessings, and to fit them to receive peculiar manifestations of His grace with deep self-abasement. I could never wrestle with

Him with greater fervency than I do now. Death appears as nothing to me. I could depart with joy. Heaven with Jesus in it is everything.

"Koilas's letter interests me, he appears so truly in earnest about the conversion of his countrymen, and his desire to do good seems increasing.

"Our blind catechist has just come to me with an affair of the heart. He wants to marry Kinni before he leaves for Krishnaghur, and she is willing to share joy and sorrow with him, and may be a blessing to the newly baptized females. It is an old attachment, and I have promised to marry them. Dear Wybrow's people and Thomas have reached. Wybrow quite loves Thomas, he proved so faithful and true. He said, in his own beautiful way, 'I am sure that though all men forsook me, yet would not he.' How pleased he would have been at the devout behaviour of the old Hindus in my congregation last night, and to hear the sighs they heaved."

To his wife.--"Blind Hori (the catechist) gave the girls a farewell address after his marriage that melted all to tears. He and Kinni are gone to be useful, I hope, in the Krishnaghur district.

"*21st.*—No preaching—a fearful headache. I walked the room in agony; every pulsation shot a piercing stroke through my brain. Yet others with still more shattered health hold on, and I hope we have still more work to do before we rest for a season. We will not leave before our Father sends us away with His own passport. Who would preach here if I went? I deeply feel my own insufficiency, and know the Lord can raise up a fitter instrument, but till He does so, it would cause a sad breach in the mission if we went. Often do I

pray that the Lord will not permit us to leave this unhappy country before the seed we have sown spring up in greater abundance.

"*25th.*—Dear Inspector Blumhardt is gone, after twenty-two years' service, and training one hundred and fifty missionaries. Few have prayed or laboured more, even night and day, though of delicate constitution. May my death resemble that of this dear man of God, who lived and moved in the element of love to God and man.* It is impossible to calculate his loss. My brother's health unfits him to return as tutor to Basle.

"*September.*—Mr. Greenwood has left very ill, and sickness is all around us, so that a physician for the body is more called for just now than one for the soul. I have to take my wife to Calcutta for advice; the great trials of the past year or two have shattered her nervous system. At Calcutta attended dear Greenwood's funeral. The Rajah behaves most generously to the widow, continuing to support her. We are to go on a trip to Benares. Dear Wybrow has sent Lincké to fill my place. He tenderly sympathizes, and had I not decidedly declined, would have arranged for our going home."

To a brother.—"When you described the pleasure and comfort you derived from your visit to and repose in the bosom of your family, we felt that such a privilege once a year would be sweet to us too. Yes my brother, though a missionary being engaged in the most sacred cause is watered himself while he is watering

* Friends who knew Blumhardt and Weitbrecht regarded them as possessing much similarity of character, and both laboured in missionary work, one at home and one abroad for about the same period.

others, yet he keenly feels the want of sympathizing Christian friends, who can enter into his peculiar trials. With the exception of a few pious persons who do not always cross our path, people rather depreciate than encourage our efforts, and find out all the defects of our converts. Worldly men, who never inform themselves of the truth and know nothing of conversion, boldly affirm that there is not one real convert in Bengal."

"*Dec.* 1*st.*—Left Calcutta. 10*th.*—Reached Berhampore, where we were loaded with such things as were necessary by the dear brother Lessel and his wife. We read together Schwartz's life and Henry Martyn's journal. His heavenly-minded effusions always do my heart good, but the cheerful spirit of Schwartz is what we want in this depressing climate.

"We reached Rajmahal, and admired the beautiful country; visited the ruins of various fine buildings. One room is constructed of white, another of black marble. The hill scenery was most romantic. The view at Pirpointe was charming, but the navigation difficult. On a hill in the midst of a wood we saw a Hindu temple with a spire resembling a Christian church. The rocks of Colgong looked as if they would dispute the passage of the river with us. We went on shore, and walked up to a house on the top of a hill; higher hills reared up their heads towards the south, and the winding river flowed majestically on in two branches.

"Came to Bhagulpur on Christmas-day, and found a brother missionary, Mr. Leslie of Monghir, who had been holding service in the judge's house. In the evening every one in this large station assembled to a

second service, and we enjoyed a delightful season, finding several christians. On returning to our boat, we could not enter for the abundance of all sorts of provisions which had been sent down for us. It was hospitality without grudging. Some years ago Mr. Christian, a missionary who laboured here, went into the hills too early in the season. Himself, his wife, his children, catechist, and seven servants all died of hill fever, and lie together in the little burial ground. We heard Mr. Leslie preach at Monghir, and we visited the hot wells of Sita Coon, celebrated in Hindu mythology. Afterwards ascended a hill, and enjoyed one of the most perfect prospects I ever beheld. The Ganges winding through the vast plain towards the north and west; detached hills in the south-east, and smaller ones mingled with abrupt masses of rock between them and our position. A few villages were scattered at irregular intervals, surrounded by green fields of wheat and barley, with beautiful groves of mango and palm trees interspersed. In the distant south a chain of hills stretched towards Birbhoom. The cattle were slowly wending their way home in large herds, and the curling smoke arose from the roofs of the thatched cottages. All was illuminated by the bright rays of the setting sun.

"*January 1st*, 1840.—Our present position on this first day of the year reminds us that we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth. We are travelling in a boat upon a mighty river; that river is hastening to the ocean as we are towards that of eternity. May our journey through life resemble this river in another respect! It is the main cause of the great fertility of Bengal. May our souls be so abundantly watered by

the river of life during this year that we may be made the medium of communicating refreshing streams to the poor Hindus.

"*6th.*—At Dinapur we met several old friends; pious officers who had been at Bancura, and passed the evening with them in profitable conversation. On Sunday at Chupra, where I held service, and baptized the judge's infant child. In the evening, at an indigo planter's on the river side. I gave them a sermon; they had not heard one for years. Returning, we had a little farewell meeting with a lady whose boat had accompanied ours. The intercourse has been blessed to her; our evenings together have been sweet and profitable, and we part with sorrow.

"Our journey is happily finished. Benares is in sight, and we shall soon be with dear brethren. If this is joy, what will it be when life's journey is finished, and the New Jerusalem in sight, and when angels shall stand ready to convey us as faithful servants into the congregation of perfected saints?

"Benares is a place wholly given to idolatry, containing one thousand Shiva temples and two hundred Mahometan mosques, one of which was built upon the ruins of a splendid Shiva temple by one of the Mahometan conquerors. The massive walls are partly standing, and are seen under the more simple modern structure which the conqueror's pride raised upon them. We visited the most famous of these temples which are built of stone, and claim admiration for their exquisite sculpture.

"We ascended one of the minarets built by Aurungzebe—a splendid monument of the Mahometan dominion—from whence we had a fine view of the city and

its narrow streets. The houses are four and six storeys high, and in consequence, one can hardly pass through the tortuous avenues, nor do the rays of the sun penetrate in many places. The Church Missionary Society has four preaching chapels in this vast city, and the brethren preach twice a week in each. Two native catechists assist them.

"The Boys' Orphan Institution interested us much. One day Leupolt took me to preach in a part of the city inhabited by Bengalis; and another day we visited Sonaat and saw the ruins of one of the ancient temples, which existed when Budhism prevailed in India. There were many stone images lying about. I removed the heads of two of the most perfect specimens, and will take them home with me. We saw a new temple, the marble sculpture of which, and the painted ceiling, are exquisitely beautiful.

"Figures of the god Hanyman in a recumbent position carved on the ghauts, impressed us deeply with the idolatrous character of the place. Crowds of pilgrims were bathing at these ghauts. On an eclipse of the moon, twenty thousand Hindus rush into the river at once at a given signal, producing such a swell as upsets little boats. The brethren at Benares are a united band though of three different societies; the love and kindness they one and all showed us was overpowering.

"*April.*—Again at home, having in our journey down called at Kishnaghur to encourage and advise the new brethren. I have rested my throat during this trip, and it is stronger.

"*May.*—All this month toiling in Bengali villages. The people show much interest, and my hopes rise and

fall alternately. I sat down in the villages and tried to show them how happy they might be, if, instead of continuing idolaters, they would turn to the true God and worship Him as their Heavenly Father. I one day received a letter from seven respectable men desiring Christian instruction, and adding there were two hundred ready to join them. I sent off two catechists to the spot to inquire into the movement. Alas, it is the old story! I feel sure they do desire Christianity, but, 'what will become of us when cast off,' is the cry. Prayed earnestly with Linckè for an out-pouring of the Spirit, and meditating on the words, 'ye are come unto Mount Zion.' I thought why may not a child of God live half in heaven even now, if he do but recollect in what a close connection he stands to Jesus and the redeemed."

To Mr. Coates.—"*June 12th.*—The dear Wybrows have left Calcutta, a cause of deep regret, for Mr. Wybrow can preach in Bengali with readiness and acceptance, and would be the very man for Burdwan. I have derived some temporary benefit from my late trip, but my constitution is affected, and I feel as if my lungs and chest were becoming weaker every year."

"*July.*—Being overwhelmed with anxieties, I opened my treasury and read, 'The Lord went before the children of Israel; by day in a pillar of cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire.' This comforted me. Didst Thou, O Jehovah, afford Thy protecting presence to those who so often rebelled against Thee? then Thou surely wilt be with Thy people now who have been washed in the red sea of Thy blood.

"*August.*—Baptized another grown up girl who had been savingly impressed by Mr. Wybrow's sermon.

"12*th.*—Visited the Rajah, and sat by him while he gave audience to a number of Brahmins who came in to bestow their blessing upon his Highness, by holding flowers to his forehead and repeating a few words in Sanscrit. This led to an interesting conversation, may the Lord give me wisdom and boldness to speak a word in season to this amiable young man! I often pray for his conversion. Were he even formally to renounce idolatry, and withdraw his support from it, it would have much influence in hastening its down-fall in this district, and in all Bengal.

"Koilas has just told me of an interesting scene that took place the other day in Calcutta. Banerjia invited all his converted brethren to dine with him, and forty well educated young men, mostly of the Brahmin and Kashto castes, sat together round his table, which was headed by his nice, intelligent young wife! What a cheering scene in a heathen land!

"Heard of my dear sister's death after a brief missionary course in Sierra Leone. Her lovely character left an impression, and a little negro boy was one day found sitting on her grave weeping with a sad heart for the friend who had talked to him of Jesus, and prayed with him to the good God. This unexpected news reminds me of the change which may soon take place in me. May I ever stand ready.

"*October.*—Commenced a long and circuitous tour, taking in Birbhum, Bhagulpur, Malda, Kisnaghur and Calcutta. On my journey down the river, I went on shore where we had seen a poor Hindu casting his father's corpse into the river, and copied the epitaph from a little tomb there. Here are the lines:—

'Dear little babe, thy spirit fled,
Thy tender frame lies here,
And o'er thy loved remains we shed
The bitter, bitter tear.
But faith within the Saviour's arms
Views thee removed from pain;
And faith the sting of death disarms,
And says, we'll meet again,
When we through Christ shall be like thee,
Heirs of a blessed eternity.'

"What a delightful effusion of faith in Jesus to find on the shores of the deified Ganges.

"On reaching Kishnagur, I found all the missionaries at the station: proposed to them to have a weekly prayer meeting together, and at once began. I shall go out with them and preach, for it is right to embrace this opportunity where instruction is so much wanted. The Christians are sadly persecuted,—one was lately murdered. The brethren are glad that I can go with them to the villages, and are all most willing to receive advice from an elder brother.

"As I preached, morning, noon, and night, and saw how willingly the converts listened, I longed to see able, pious, and devoted teachers among them. Before leaving, I had another meeting with the brethren. Six German missionaries praying with each other in German brought home to our recollection the blessings enjoyed with beloved friends in olden days. Poor fellows, it is all uphill work with them at present for want of the language.

"*December.*—A delightful conversation with Pfander. We recapitulated to each other the dealings of God with us during our missionary life. I preached at Agurparah to Mrs. Wilson's girls, and then bid him adieu.

Reaching home, found my beloved wife and family all well, and we united in praising the Lord.

"30*th.*—Last Sunday I preached from the words, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' The next morning, I heard of the departure of my beloved Wybrow. I had unconsciously preached his funeral sermon. He was called to his reward on the 19th. What a loss to India! What a mysterious dispensation! He was seized with fever while in the Christian village near Gorruckpur. How I tried to prevent his going to that unhealthy station. I had a presentiment of what would happen—alas, how soon realised! Truly the lot has fallen to him in pleasant places, for he was ripe for the heavenly glory. Soon we shall meet before the throne of the Saviour, whom he so resembled. What a meeting it must have been!—the soul disenshrined from the body receiving from the Redeemer's hand the crown of glory! He was very dear to us, and our affection was mutually strong. But we are all near the grave, and a little while will unite us again for ever!

"It is a solemn time. Hughes, Evans, Piffard, Parsons, the beloved Pearce, and still more beloved Wybrow—all gone home this year. May the thought of these dear ones awaiting us lead us to hasten to the goal they have already attained!

"Children of God who receive a sweet foretaste of heaven are like a person in prison who views a beautiful landscape from a distance,—he longs to be free, and rejoices that the day of release is approaching.

"*January* 13*th*, 1841.—Went to a large fair with Linckè and the catechist under much bodily suffering. I could not speak long together, but distributed tracts

and gospels among the ten thousand immortal beings who had met to honour Krishna."

One is reminded in such entries as the above of his expression in a letter to his mother,—"I will not seek days of ease, but strive to proclaim the gospel faithfully to the poor idolaters among whom my lot may be cast." When he was remonstrated with, his reply was, "It is better to wear out than to rust out;" and had it not been for the timely arrival of a dear relative, who saw the reduced state into which he and his wife were brought, he would not have taken the decided step of retiring for a season, but would have died at his post. But his Master had more work in reserve for him, and He employed the earnest expostulations of a friend to lead him to a perception of his duty, which was to seek rest and recovery in his native country.

"*January 20th.*—On a long mission tour. I sat down in an open building, where I found many respectable persons assembled. Three Gosseins conversed with me on the being and attributes of God, &c. They maintained that what the Shastres taught must be true, because they are so ancient and believed in by millions. But at last they submitted to my arguments, and requested me to tell them what I believed to be the true religion. I read Luke xv., and commented on the parable of the prodigal son, setting forth man's guilt and God's mercy in pardoning sinners.

"'Such words have we never heard before,' said they. Soon after, I heard the owner of the house explaining that I was a great Guru, and that the three Gosseins had been confounded, and left with 'grass in their mouths,' an expression signifying the most abject submission. They came again, followed by a crowd; one

said, 'Although you speak against our gods, we like you, you are so kind; please tell us more.' I then read the two first commandments, and testified most freely against idolatry. They tried to answer, but could not. I entreated them to return to their and our Father, and set forth the true atonement. Having spoken three hours, I was exhausted; but new hearers coming in, I put my catechist Peter forward, though I feared these great Gosseins would not listen to a man of such humble birth. But they approved of all he said, and begged him to expound another chapter in the Gospel, being evidently pleased with him. It was one of the most useful days I ever spent in the service of my Saviour.

"I have now a nice little tent, given me by dear Wybrow; formerly I found shelter in dirty corners of native huts and serais. While at dinner, six Brahmin lads came and sat down at the door, asking for gospels, and to be told the true way of salvation. 'We are tired of our own worship,' said they, 'and wish to become as you are. Will you not take us with you? 'Have you parents?' said I. One had a father, another a mother, &c. 'What will they say?' 'What can they say? we are resolved.' They listened to Peter with deep attention, having read tracts given years before by Linckè. Oh, if the Lord would open a door in this populous place, among these intelligent, influential people! Lord Jesus, let Thy kingdom come with power! Riding along the bank of the Damuda, my heart was raised in hope, and poured out its desires for this glorious consummation.

"*February 1st.*—I found a mount, which was an excellent pulpit, and as I preached on the love of God

to sinful man, the voice resounded through an avenue most agreeably. A number of sick were afterwards brought before my tent, just as impotent folk were brought before the Saviour, and 'He healed them.' I could not do this, but I told them of His love and mercy.

"On the 6th we reached a large place, and sat down before the house of the zemindar. Here was a perfect establishment of a wealthy Hindu. An enclosed court-yard, containing about twelve hundred maunds (a maund is eighty pounds) of rice, a Shiva temple, a place for dancing during idolatrous festivals, and a small school. In a corner, four Sunyassees engaged in their morning worship, unclad, and their persons besmeared with ashes, looking like demons. It was said to one, 'Your appearance shocks me.' The proud devotee retorted, 'I have similar feelings with regard to you. I dislike your clothes, and abhor your hat!' We had a long conversation, but no encouragement.

"In another place, a wealthy landholder's servant asked if we would not lodge at his master's. I asked him to show us the way, and he led us into a court-yard with a range of houses and respectable natives in the verandah. Two young men came forward and received me, and I at once turned the discourse to religion. They were very obliging, and endeavoured to make us comfortable. I chose a spot for my tent, and in half an hour a servant brought us a kid, a large fish, flour, eggs, fruit, oil, butter, rice, and a request to mention anything we wanted. We had many visitors, and much discussion. Some of the boys came to be examined in English. The head Baboo invited us to his room in the evening. He was a tall, venerable old

man, with a frank and kind manner. He said he had seen me twice at Burdwan.

"I recommended him to establish an English school, which he promised to do. I then inquired into his religious views. A young man who was present, would, he said, speak for him. The conversation was interesting, and we parted, thankful for this opportunity of speaking for Jesus to these wealthy landholders.

"*April.*—All of us suffering; my wife dangerously so. I preached on Good Friday from the words, 'It is finished,' and derived unspeakable comfort from them.

"*June.*—I have been out again on a tour, but life is become almost a burden, and I have nearly resolved to go home. I daily entreat God's gracious direction, for my heart almost fails me when I think of leaving the spot where I have sown in tears so many years.

"*July.*—I feel the lowering influence of the climate so much, that I believe I could not stop longer without imminent risk, and our committee have promised that my old and faithful schoolmaster, D'Bozario, shall come and assist Linckè as catechist. Thus the Lord is making my way clear, and I see it right to prepare for our departure.

"*October.*—Dear Bishop Wilson has come, and as soon as I saw him, kneeled down to ask a blessing on his visit; twenty-one native Christians were confirmed, a young Mussulman baptized, and some converted orphan girls. We dined at the Rajah's, and the Bishop held a long and interesting conversation with him."

"*November.*—Preached a farewell sermon, during which many tears were shed, and left dear Linckè overwhelmed with sorrow.

"*December.*—At the Bishop's, as he wished us to spend our last few days with him. He is most kind, and his chaplain, Mr. Pratt, is a dear friend and brother.

"10*th.*—Left India with the prayers and benedictions of all our brethren. As the last outline of the shore faded from our sight, we bid farewell to Bengal, the land where we have laboured and prayed and suffered eleven years. It seemed like leaving an old friend. Thus it will be at the hour of our departure from this world; past scenes will recede from us, and only a faint outline present itself, while the immortal spirit will hasten to eternal happiness and peace, where changes and trials are things unknown.

"14*th.*—We are four missionaries and one chaplain on board. We take service in turns, twice on Sunday, and meet daily for prayer in the cuddy. There is much union and good feeling; all the passengers take an interest, and the sailors attend on Sundays.

"21*st.*—A profitable conversation with Lacroix on the sad fact that many of us lose our spirituality even while engaged in our work. He lamented it, and said, it was one principal reason that had induced him to visit Europe to refresh his spiritual faculties, and warm his heart by intercourse with devoted Christians at home.

"25*th.*—Christmas day. Almost under the line, and near the same latitude where I celebrated this day eleven years ago. How much have I seen and experienced since then! yet even I, a poor sinner, can say with all my vileness,—

'Preserved by faith, by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand;

I prove the strength of Jesus mine,—
Jesus, upheld by Thy right hand!
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.'"

On their arrival in England, Mr. Weitbrecht went to visit the son of the Bishop, the Rev. D. Wilson, and the venerable father of Mr. Pratt, by both of whom he was welcomed with much affection. As he sat with Mr. Pratt, an old clergyman entered who saluted him joyfully, but was not recognised. "Do you not know me?" said he. "Tu non recordaris olim mecum Latine collocutum esse." "Recordor," he replied, for this question recalled his kind friend Mr. Jowett, who helped him on his arrival in England in 1828.

"*April 6th*, 1842.—Met a most friendly and affectionate reception from Mr. Coates. Mr. Venn took me to his house, and had much conversation with me.

"*May.*—Rejoiced in the gift of a sweet little daughter, our sixth child. We have left three in Burdwan resting in hope.

"20*th.*—Visited Mrs. Admiral Young, whose son commanded the ship that took me to India, a very pious and very aged lady, who interested me much."

In June, Mr. Weitbrecht embarked for the Continent. We give brief extracts from letters to his wife of what occurred there.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSIONARY IN EUROPE—VARIED EXPERIENCES—REINVIGORATED.

*Extracts from Letters of the Summer of* 1842.

"*June.*—I am again in my native land, after fourteen years wandering. Passing through Holland, I heard the most famous organ in the world at Haarlem. I shall never forget that hour's entertainment; the warbling of birds, the human voice, the ringing of bells, martial music—all produced in perfection, and then a hailstorm with thunder! which gradually ceased, and the birds sung again. It was overpowering. That spot on the Rhine where Vanderkemp the famous missionary lost his wife, and himself barely escaped drowning, and the hill where Cæsar was encamped before the valiant Hermann destroyed his troops and delivered Germany, were places of deep interest to me, as were the old idols in the Leyden Museum which our forefathers worshipped.

"As the beautiful words 'Praise ye the Lord—sing unto the Lord a new song,' engraved on the pinnacles of the first Prussian church met my eye, I felt they were for me, and prayed for a tender, thankful heart. I reached Elberfeld late, and was told on arrival that my

uncle was absent; but at once a side door opened, and a young man stood before me, who said, 'Though your uncle is on a journey, your brother is at home.' The sweet smile assured me it was the one I had left as a lad, and we were at once locked in each other's arms. The delight of that unexpected reunion deprived me of sleep, and the Sunday was a day of indescribable happiness. We looked at each other, talked to each other, and felt better able to realise the higher joy to be tasted when—the victory won—we shall meet in glory. Pastors and other friends crowded in, and the hours passed in sweet communion.

"On Monday I pursued my journey; the excellent Counts Von der Recke and Volmarstein were on the steamer. They read my journal of the voyage home, and at parting, warmly expressed the glowing christian love of which their hearts are so full. The stone heads from Benares, which I am taking to Stuttgart, formed a text for conversation on missions with various passengers, especially two Prussian officers.

"Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the scenery going up the Rhine—the castles of the Middle Ages occupying the most charming positions.

"It was a beautiful evening when I reached home, and on entering my paternal dwelling, I met the beloved circle of relatives assembled round the dying couch of my venerable grandmother of eighty years. It was indeed a solemn moment. Her sight and speech were gone, but her spirit, though on the portals of eternity, was awake, and when told I had come from India, the pulsations of her heart increased. I sat for three hours beside the calm and peaceful form, and read 1 Cor., xv. and Psalm xxiii.; we sung at intervals

beautiful hymns, and then conversed together on the happiness of dying in Jesus, and the glory and blessedness awaiting the believer from the moment of departure. I commended the spirit of this mother in Israel to Jesus the Conqueror of death, and soon after she fell asleep. She had loved me tenderly from childhood, and her letters, full of divine power and unction, have often been a precious refreshment to my soul. She taught me to say,—

'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

And this was her own creed and practice. Her lamp was burning, she was ready for her Lord, and is now among those who have washed their robes and made them white in His blood.

"*July 8th.*—At the dear mission house at Basle with beloved brethren, by whom I was received most cordially. The old spirit of love still reigns here. We sung under a tree in the garden the hymn we had sung fifteen years before in the same spot. My holidays are turned into working days, but they are *holy* days. My head is already stronger; I can bear more fatigue.

"*20th.*—I am at a bath four thousand feet above the sea. The waters and fine mountain air seem to invigorate and renew the whole constitution. The prospect towards the snowy mountains is indescribably lovely. Passing through Berne, I saw De Rodt's father, a venerable nobleman, and held delightful intercourse with his relations. The riches, comfort, and high standing of the family, in contrast to the dear, humble, unassuming brother, who makes so little of privations and annoyances, raised him still higher in my esteem.

"In a missionary meeting held in a village courtyard, we felt the power of the Spirit; a niece of the pastor's was brought home to the Lord, and, blessed be God, this is not the only instance of conversion. At the close of the address, two young Swiss ladies collected one hundred francs for our orphan school. We had a similar meeting among the bathing guests, when the master and servants all attended, and there is quite an interest among the two hundred and fifty visitors on missionary subjects. Praise the Lord for using a poor, worn-out labourer to stir up people, even in a Swiss mountain watering place.

"*August.*—On a walking tour. On Sunday, held service in the Grimsel Hospice, taking part of Isaiah lv. and applying it by allusions to the fountains, valleys, and hills around. The keeper, a pious man, and one of the guides, encouraged me. Another Sunday, held a meeting among a number of Swiss peasants, many of them pious.

"Returning to Berne, was met by tidings of my dear babe's death, which fell heavily on my heart, but it is the Lord's doing. May His name be glorified in us! The sweet blossom fell so early, and we have now four children in heaven. After I had a little recovered this stunning news, went to speak at a large missionary meeting in Berne after Professor Tholuck, and was wonderfully helped."

To Mr. Coates.—"People seem prepared to take an increased interest in missions, and details here being less known than in England, I have everywhere an open door, and have attended and spoken at the anniversaries, not only of Berne, but Zurich, Lausanne, &c. Thousands in Württemberg are waiting for me, and my

wife having joined me, I decide to remain over winter. One hundred and fifty clergymen will shortly meet at a conference in Stuttgardt, when I hope to commend our work to their attention. It is also proposed to hold a public missionary anniversary there, for the *first* time, when I intend to be present, and afterwards to visit the king, to make him better acquainted with the work in which so many of his subjects engage."

This meeting was held, and was a great success. It is singular that a country which had sent forth so many missionaries should have had no public meeting held in its capital till 1842. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

"*January 3d*, 1843.—It was arranged that I should see the king, who received me very graciously, and asked many important questions, my replies to which seemed to interest him much. India and its missions was our chief theme, but he also alluded kindly to private matters, and on hearing that I had a wife and four children, who must be left behind when we returned, he manifested much emotion, and said, 'That is a heavy trial; the life of a missionary must be one of many sacrifices, and to have to give up one's children is hard indeed.' I told him that where the welfare of immortal souls is concerned all other considerations step into the background; for this we willingly make every sacrifice. At parting he said, 'I hope you will remain a while longer in your native land.' I withdrew, blessing God for the help He had vouchsafed to me. The king evidently takes an interest in our work, and I felt the result of this interview cheering."

Invitations from the nobility followed, giving an opportunity of interesting circles that had perhaps never

thought of the heathen before. After a succession of engagements and labours of a most animating description, and much delightful intercourse with his own relatives, "I returned," he writes, "to England, and in February 1843 I again pressed the dear children to my bosom, after nine months' absence. A letter from dear Bishop Wilson greeted me, in which he assures me of his frequent remembrances and prayers for our return in health and strength, and remarks, 'Oh, what a blessed service is our divine Master's! It is worth living for, and worth dying for. I trust a succession of faithful men may be raised up to erect the standard of the cross in heathen India. IN HOC SIGNO VINCES may we truly say. Let us be valiant for the truth upon the earth, and glory only in the cross, and blood-shedding of the one Sacrifice—the one Mediator—the man Christ Jesus; and let us seek to be more led and guided by His Holy Spirit, observing a wise moderation in outward things, with a warm and simple love to Christ.' This is just what my heart responds to.

"*April.*—The intelligence of my dear mother's blissful end has reached me. She was ill all the winter, and I took leave of her in February for the last time. I never saw any one bear excruciating pain with such cheerfulness as this dear woman. As I sat and talked with her she seemed quite easy, and was a daily wonder to the physician. She did indeed glory in infirmity by the power of Christ, and now she is at home with her Lord, after a burdensome pilgrimage, and a seedtime watered by many tears. I feel sad, but cannot mourn, for 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!' What a change from a wearisome sick-bed to the joy and glory of heaven! She 'fought the good fight valiantly.'

and kept the faith. Alas! nine months ago mother and grandmother still lived. Now these corner-stones are removed; but Jesus says, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.'

"'I have also painful tidings from Burdwan. Dear Linckè writes, 'It has pleased God to remove both our dear children from us; in one week they were well, ill, and buried. Then fifty of our people fell ill of small-pox, of whom nine died. Our dear catechists, Peter and Shunder, are among the departed. You know how faithful these good men were; and during the prevalence of the sickness they nursed the sufferers night and day. Our distress was very great; and they were really worn out before being themselves attacked, so that Shunder had but two days of intense suffering, and died just as his family were recovering.

"'Peter also attended on six of his children, two of whom preceded him to glory, giving bright evidence of preparation for that blessed home. He exhorted his brother catechists with his dying breath to devote themselves more entirely to the work of the Lord, in which he had so delighted. His Christian character was beautiful,—humble, meek, and retiring; a child of simplicity and faith, yet of deep experience. Both these dear men spoke repeatedly of their utter unworthiness in the sight of God, and trusted alone in their precious Saviour, whom they had faithfully preached for many years to thousands upon thousands of their countrymen —the last year with remarkable zeal; bearing the bitter taunts and revilings of the heathen with astonishing patience. Alas, my brothers! how I shall miss them if again permitted to itinerate in India.'

"*July.*—I have attended anniversaries at Bristol,

Bath, Cheltenham, and numerous other places, and find that English christians have hearts as full of cordial love as my own dear countrymen. I also spoke at Exeter Hall, though with fear and trembling, but the kind way in which I was encouraged removed this feeling.

"I like to follow up impressions that seem to be made by letters, especially to the young." One such letter we give. "I was much pleased to hear from your aunt that you remember my visit, and the conversation we had together. I always feel grieved when I have to say farewell to friends whom I love and who love me. There is a place where friends will never part. You know where that place is, my dear young friend. Let us prepare for it, because we may soon be called away from this world. I hope you love the Saviour, who has redeemed you with His precious blood.

"When I was a boy of your age I used often to pray to Him; and on the day of my confirmation, which was a blessed day to my soul, I deeply felt that I must give Him my whole heart. I lost these impressions afterwards, and became careless, at least, for a time. Let me advise you to watch and pray. It is a most happy thing to become a real child of God in our youth. 'Those that seek me early shall find me,' says the Lord. As you seem to feel a great interest in missionaries and their work, perhaps your Saviour may hereafter choose you to be a labourer in His vineyard among the heathen. How happy I should be to hear you were preparing to become a missionary, and how delighted if my dear young friend Robert Bull were coming to Bengal, to Burdwan, to help me in my blessed work!

"If I come into the neighbourhood of Halifax I shall

not forget you ; but as this is not certain, you must accept these few lines as a kind of visit from your friend the missionary, who loves you and desires your happiness. May the Lord bless you, and your dear brother and sister.—Affectionately yours,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

A brief anecdote of this period may be given here, from the friend in whose care his children were left from time to time. "We much valued our seasons of intercourse with dear Mr. Weitbrecht, and the remembrance of his visits has been fondly cherished. Of one in particular, I have never lost the impression. He had walked to our house before breakfast, and conducted our family worship, choosing for his subject the 34th Psalm. When he came to the 11th verse, he seemed to pour out the fulness of a father's heart while inviting his dear children 'to hearken unto him while he taught them the fear of the Lord.' The whole exposition was sweet and touching, and when walking in the garden afterwards I referred to it, and he told me that once in India he expounded that Psalm, and the Lord blessed it to the conversion of more than one who heard it."

Late in the autumn, he returned to the continent to deliver a set of lectures on India, which he had prepared during his brief intervals of leisure. Any description of the blessing that accompanied his labours during this winter, must fall short of the reality, but the extracts from his letters are sufficiently striking :—

"Last Saturday evening, I delivered my closing lecture at Basle. The course consisted of seven. The first, on the country and people of India. The second, on their mythology and literature. The third, on their

idolatry. The fourth, on the preaching of missionaries. The fifth, on our schools. The sixth, on the obstacles to our success. The seventh, the results already apparent, and the prospect before us. The church was overflowing, and many had to stand the whole time. I tried to compress my matter within an hour and a half, and it seems as if the blessing of the Lord had attended this effort more than any other I have attempted in His name. Indeed these lectures appear to be the very thing needed. The sixth especially created a powerful impression, and opened the eyes of many who thought themselves well acquainted with missionary work before. I called on the people to bring forth their idols of silver and gold, and the next day a young lady sent me three gold rings and two pins, with a beautiful note. This morning I had a blessed season. My heart was overwhelmed with a sense of my unworthiness and sinfulness. May I be kept in this humble state, feeling that the instrument is nothing, and Jesus all in all! I dread spiritual giddiness, but I know I have one faithful friend who constantly bears me on her heart before God, and I bless Him for it. It is not of necessity that His children suffer when *He* puts them in a prominent position. He *can*, and He will keep us from falling, and He permits the incense to be mingled with myrrh. Always remember me at the hours I am lecturing. The real success depends on the dropping of the divine dew.

"To begin at head-quarters has not been easy. The Basle people are not so soon pleased as those who know less, but the interest increased to the last, and though no strong or exuberant feeling was manifested, the impression, I am assured, will be deep and lasting.

One cause of thankfulness was, that persons of the higher ranks attended, who decline to come to missionary meetings.

"The forty-seven students in the missionary seminary, tell me they have learned more from these lectures about missionary work, than from anything else they have heard. I had a farewell meeting with them last Thursday, and then came on to Strasburg. When I left Germany, fifteen years ago, this place was like other French towns, overcast with spiritual darkness. Now there are hundreds who love the Lord, and take a lively interest in the spread of Christ's kingdom. On Sunday evening, I held a meeting there, and had seven hundred people in church. On Monday, another in a large village, where the church was full to overflowing. On Tuesday, a third at Strassburg with eight hundred hearers, and on Wednesday, a fourth.

"A few days before my arrival, two ministers were heard remarking, that at least one third of the accounts which missionaries wrote from heathen lands, were lies. In my address at St. Peter's Church, I plainly stated this, and inquired of the congregation, 'Is it possible, my friends, that men, who go forth with their lives in their hands, should tell lies?' Both the ministers were present, and when I retired to the vestry, one of them affectionately embraced me.

"The ministers in the Hohenlohe country are delighted at my coming, and the churches are crowded, for no missionary has ever visited this part of Germany before; and I am permitted to see that the Lord is smiling on my labours. In the evening, my quarters are filled with people who are eager to hear what God is doing in heathen lands. I have been at the Theological

Seminary at Schönthal, whence several young men are going to the university. I feel sure a fire was kindled among them, which is not likely to be extinguished. I addressed them in the church, then visited them in their own rooms; and afterwards they begged a second meeting in the evening, for which they expressed their gratitude very feelingly.

"I visited the family of Prince Hohenlohe Lauenburg, who married Queen Victoria's half-sister. The Prince and Princess were at Windsor visiting the Queen; but I saw their six children, who were delighted to hear anecdotes from a missionary. The youngest told me she was so happy her mamma was soon coming back, and would bring her nice things from London, and presents from her aunt Victoria. To-morrow evening, I go to join the evening party of Prince Hohenlohe-Jaxtberg, who is a Roman Catholic, but has heard my missionary address; for I have had people of all creeds and confessions—Jews, Romanists, and Protestants,—and all have united in their free will offerings. I am thankful to have an opportunity of introducing missionary work to the notice of the nobility, and among the circle of the Prince's friends. My labours among so many good people have been blessed to my own soul; and I feel more and more of that happy state, when we can do everything in child-like reliance on the Lord and His blessing.

"19*th*.—Yesterday I was at Kirchberg. Fifteen hundred people were in the church, among them the Prince of Hohenlohe-Kirchberg, who sent for me and wished me to dine with him; I was engaged. He is an old general, and a very kind-hearted man. He shook hands with me cordially, and wished me God's blessing.

The church in which I am to speak this evening is very large; may the power of the Holy Spirit be with me, and bring home my words to the hearts of my hearers!

"*Evening.*—I wish you could have seen the mass of hearers this day. I spoke an hour and a half. The people seemed quite electrified. The church resembles Strassburg Cathedral. There were three thousand persons present, sixteen of whom were ministers. It was a a beautiful sight. An old infidel physician, who had not been in church for thirty years, attended. He was quite shaken down, and sent us a present for our work.

"*November* 28.—I am glad and thankful that my trip through the Hohenlohe country is accomplished. It was fatiguing work, and nothing but a special measure of divine assistance could have enabled me to go through it. Sixteen public meetings in fourteen days; and these were not the chief part of the exertion. The houses where I was became crowded with eager hearers, and I had to relate, advise, exhort, from morning to night. In ten places we had evening meetings to establish missionary associations. The Lord has truly blessed my poor labours — 'Unto His name be the glory.' My spirit was much refreshed in one place by a pious widow, whose heart overflowed with love to God and the brethren. I shall never forget her. I believe I have felt more than ever the necessity of living for eternity, and doing all for the glory of God. Oh, for grace to be faithful!

"*December* 2, 1843.—I am sorry my last was delayed, but never be anxious about me. I am in the best hands, and have had a new proof of this in my late trip, for which I needed and received an especial measure of help. At Halle the beautiful Church of St. Michael's presented

a scene which equalled Exeter Hall at the Church Missionary Society Anniversary; it was filled with three thousand attentive hearers, who did not stir for nearly two hours. At Oeringen the minister refused the church, so the people took carts, omnibuses, &c., and drove off to a neighbouring village, where we had a meeting, and came back in the evening and formed an auxiliary in a private house. The opposition acted like oil upon a flame.

"Creglingen was the next place where the minister, a Rationalist, gave the church; but predicted it would be empty. It was, however, filled with sixteen hundred eager hearers, and we got a good collection, to which many Jews contributed. At Freudenbach, many Bavarian ministers came to church. At Elbersheim, a pious minister, who feared no good would come out of his flock, was quite encouraged, for his people brought their offerings to his house, and an association was formed, who are to meet for reading and prayer every Sunday evening.

"I was last week at Meigentheim, and dined with the Dukes Adam and Paul of Württemberg, who promised to become subscribers to the Basle Missionary Society. The town contains only four hundred Protestants, so we expected but a small congregation, but the whole population, both of the town and the neighbourhood, came. The church was full; one might have walked on the heads of the people. There must have been fifteen hundred, who listened in breathless silence. Both the Dukes were present, and oh, how the people seemed to rejoice in getting sound gospel food! Alas! they have all their lives been fed with the husks of Popish superstition; and God enables me to embrace

these fine opportunities of speaking to the hearts and consciences of my hearers.

"Letters have reached Stuttgart communicating the great impression which has been produced in the Hohenlohe country. May the Lord Jesus water the seed I have been permitted to sow with the dew of His grace. I could see and feel that He was with me. I never witnessed anything like it before. Many ministers and congregations have been stirred up. Six months instead of fourteen days might well have been spent, for there were many places I could not touch. What a pity it cannot be done! The prayers of hundreds followed me, and I ascribe the wonderful movement chiefly to this:—The Roman Catholic Prince of Hohenlohe-Jaxtberg came to Mergentheim to hear me again. He said, 'I felt no rest at home; I was obliged to come and hear you once more.'

"At Creglingen an old peasant woman, who had followed me from Freudenbach, came and said, 'Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you; my heart was warmed yesterday; I love the Saviour, and want to love Him more; pray for me. I have to suffer much ridicule and persecution in my village, for they neither know nor love Jesus. I had an only daughter; she died, and I am left alone. She spun and prepared a piece of flaxen cloth, but could only half finish it. It is worth about 1s. 1d. the ell, but I cannot sell it because it is the last thing my dear child ever made. Pray accept a part of it, and have a shirt made of it. Wear it when you are among the heathen, and think of me when you look at it, and pray that I may be faithful to the end, and that my latter end may be peace. I hope I shall meet you in heaven.' I was almost moved to tears

"The feeling preponderating in my mind at present is that the more we are permitted to witness the work of God in sinners, the more will the instruments be humbled in the dust. I trust I have learned a lesson which will remain imprinted on my heart and memory all my life. It is this—to live nearer to God, to believe and realise His promises more, and to ascribe all the glory entirely to Him! How little we understand what it means to spend and be spent for Him!

"My mind has been much engaged this week in thinking of the death of our dear brother De Rodt. Is there anything among us that displeases the Lord, and leads Him to call away from us those we seem least able to spare—our most efficient and devoted labourers? Does selfishness, church pride, worldly wisdom exist among us, and provoke His judgments, and lead Him to withold the blessing He is so ready to give when it is sought aright? Oh, for a greater measure of devotedness, divine wisdom, and holy love, to furnish us well for our blessed work of missions!

"My lectures commence at Stuttgart on the 28th, and continue to the 11th of December. Government has granted me the garrison church, which holds eighteen hundred people. I shall spend Christmas in my native town among my dear relatives, holding daily meetings there and in my brother's parishes. Our Heavenly Father will indemnify us for this long trial of separation, and all the sacrifices we make for Him, and for the good of souls. Tell the dear Bridges how grateful I feel to Him that He has provided in them such kind and affectionate friends who care for my wife and children when I have to leave them. May He reward them from His inexhaustible treasury. I pray for them that thus it may

be; and I have the delightful assurance that we are united in the best of bonds; and though I am far from dear England, I can realise that fellowship of spirit which causes distance to cease. In sleep I am often with you, and have a little one on my knee, and feel so happy."

These records remind us of some of the scenes in the days of Whitfield. We go on with extracts:—

"*Stuttgart, December 8th.*—Dear Leupolt has arrived, and I have delivered all my lectures. He was much pleased with the three he heard. The interest increased to the last, and the church became fuller every time. Several of the nobility attended. Amongst others was the king's miniature painter, who begged me to sit for my likeness, and to allow him to send it as a present to my wife. This I gladly granted, so you may calculate on what I shall bring you. The Duchess of Kirchheim has invited me to go and see her, and her daughter, the Queen of Württemberg also; but time will hardly permit me to go to the pious Duchess, though, if I can, I will see the Queen. It is so desirable to diffuse missionary information to the court. I am thankful the impression is so favourable, and entreat the Lord to bring lasting good out of these poor efforts. It is important to rouse people from their drowsiness.

"*17th.*—Last Tuesday I came to Heilbronn to deliver my lectures. The people are delighted. I gave the first two in a hall, but it became so crowded that the candles would not burn; we therefore adjourned to the church. It is delightful to see the crowds; and the numbers increase every evening. Thank God I am well and strong. I use neither wine nor beer, but drink a bottle of water every morning.

"*24th.*—On Sunday and Monday, numbers returned

home, finding no room in the church. The town was quite excited. At the last lecture many were in tears. While delivering them, I held morning meetings at other places, so it was double work.

"On Tuesday, I left Heilbronn, and held a meeting at the first large town, where I met Mr. Burk, who wrote the Life of Bengel, and some more people of God. On Wednesday, Leupolt joined me, and we attended the missionary anniversary at Waiblingen, which was very interesting. We both spoke.

"At Pastor Werner's we met Dr. Barth, and had a happy time together. At brother Frederick's we held a missionary meeting on Christmas-day. On Tuesday, another in Schorndorf, Friday at Göppingen; and New Year's Day at Heidenheim, Pastor Christlieb's parish—a most important place. I am healthy and well, which is a great mercy, considering how I have been working. I have often entreated the Lord for strength according to my day, and He has graciously answered my prayer. It was a great effort to speak for an hour and a half in that large church at Heilbronn, and to hold meetings besides in the forenoons, but every morning I rose fresh and well. 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor' am I even in those blessings! I hope to finish at Zurich, January 22d, and to be in England by the end of the month.

"*Schorndorf, December 25th.*—The church was very full, and a splendid collection was made. I have had an audience of the Queen since. She was very kind, and wishes to see us again in the summer. I encountered a dreadful storm in crossing the Württemberger Alps; the coach was nearly blown over, and I caught a severe cold—the first I had this winter.

"*Zurich, January* 10*th*, 1844.—After incessant travelling, I have reached the last stage of my tour. I began my lectures last week, and they were well attended. The Lord has been pleased to put a stop to them by visiting me with an attack of bilious fever; but I am mercifully restored again, only weak. I resume my labours here immediately, and I am also delivering the lectures at Winterthur; I leave for England as soon as they are concluded. God's blessing rests on them here as elsewhere. A time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord has been bestowed. May the life which He has again preserved be more entirely His, and may I be more and more renewed in His likeness.

"*Carlsruhe, January* 20*th*, 1844.—Coming from Strasburg, I had a discussion with a young infidel. A Jew sat by listening. The caviller said, 'Jesus was only a wise man,' &c. I tried to show him that he talked against reason, and then appealed to his conscience. He retorted, 'My mother is English, and just such a fanatical person as yourself.' I replied, 'Sir, the prayers of your mother will be like arrows in your conscience, and you will have no rest until you apply to her Saviour for mercy.' I then left him to his own reflections. The Jew related to a friend how the young infidel had been silenced, and appeared affected by the truth himself. I had a delightful afternoon with the Margravine of Carlsruhe; her little girls were so pleased with anecdotes I told them that they could not eat their supper. 'No,' they said, 'we have something better,' and returned to me. The Margravine is looking out for an English governess for them. She is a very warm-hearted Christian."

"The news of your great success in Germany," wrote

Lacroix from India, "has given me most sincere pleasure. The Lord has been with you, and the remembrance will be a solace when in your old sphere, as I know by experience. How great cause have we both of us to bless God, my brother, for what He has done through us in our native countries, but we want you very much in India."

"*February* 1844.—My continental tour is finished. Souls, I believe, were converted, and many ministers stirred up. After all I have seen of the Continent, I believe there is no country in the world like England, and nowhere so much practical religion as among her ministers and people. Germany wants Whitfields, Wesleys, Henry Venns, and men of this calibre, to inspire God's servants with zeal and courage to do good on a more extensive scale. Theatres are open on a Sunday even at Stuttgart, and no combined effort is made to bear a strong and solemn testimony to such and other profanations, which bring down the wrath of God upon a country, and cause him to withhold His blessing. On our way back, we spent a morning with the pious Duchess of Kircheim and her daughter, the Margravine of Carlsruhe, and enjoyed delightful christian intercourse. The tear of sympathy started as we related incidents of our missionary life; the Duchess proposed prayer, in which we united, and loaded with tokens of love, left the castle.

"*June.*—I have much enjoyed my labours in England and Scotland, and in delivering my lectures here and there. One lady who heard them sent £50 to our society as a thank-offering. I have attended above two hundred meetings, and preached above one hundred sermons just the same plain truths as to the heathen,—

Christ and His salvation. The hearty love of cordial friends has cheered me, and God's blessing has accompanied me. I shrunk from standing up before large audiences in England, but that text has been literally fulfilled, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.' I have also gained blessing from the men of God with whom I have been associated. The Lord has been very merciful to me in England, and my second dismissal was solemn and heart-stirring.

To a friend in deep distress.—"*August.*—I hear you are suffering with anguish of heart. Sorrows like those which bow you down can only be relieved at one place —the mercy seat. Go there, and go again; persevere, and seek the face of God, in 'whose favour is life.' The Lord allows you to be exercised for a season under an overwhelming sense of sin to humble you, but if you can but touch the hem of Christ's garment, you will be made whole. He bindeth up the broken in heart, and healeth all their wounds. No contrite sinner need despair of mercy. Lay hold firmly of the hand Christ extends towards you, and resolve to go forward in the divine strength, and to walk 'in newness of life.' May your mourning be turned into joy. This is my constant prayer for you."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SECOND CAMPAIGN.

At the beginning of October, Mr. Weitbrecht again bade farewell to Europe. He writes:—"The lovely days of our sojourn at home have passed away like a dream. The hours I have enjoyed in my fatherland have been precious hours. I have seen much, heard much, and gathered food for many days. Three years lie behind me since that November evening, when, with my beloved ones, I left Burdwan, a feeble and exhausted labourer, to renew strength and energy in the bracing air of home. Many a prayer ascended on that return voyage, and every one has been fully answered. I can now advance cheerfuly on another stage of the rough pilgrimage. Leave-taking is no easy matter, and we felt it especially painful in reference to our dear children. We left London, September 30th. As the train started, dear little F—— stretched out his hands once more towards us, and in another moment we were gone. The pang felt at such a time is indescribable. Only looking unto Jesus sustains the soul. We sat side by side in silent prayer, and in three hours were at Southampton. Quiet retirement recovered and

refreshed our spirits, and on the 3d we embarked. There were sighs and sobs all around; and as the faithful nurse of our babe put the little one into my arms, she burst into an agony of tears which quite overcame us. The Lord reward her faithful service! As the vessel moved, the crowd on shore gave many cheers, and we were soon afloat on the mighty waters.

"While sailing along the west coast of Europe my heart often swelled with joyful emotion as I said with David, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, He leads me.' This blessed frame of mind assuredly arose from the fact that thousands of God' dear children were following us with intercessory prayer. Thus our souls were filled with a breeze that carried us prosperously onward.

"As chaplain on board, I hold daily prayer in the saloon, and two full services on Sunday, which are well attended. Several like-minded friends have introduced themselves to us, whose society compensates for what we have been called to relinquish. One evening on deck, with several young men around me admiring the splendid scene, and the moon sinking into the ocean, I said, 'Let us praise God, the author of such surpassing beauties.' 'I cannot,' said one, 'for I do not love the Father who has made all this.' I could but earnestly entreat him not to sleep till he had sought the blessing of a new creation in his own heart.

"At Gibraltar we went on shore and walked through all the excavations of this wonderful fortress, which contains eight hundred guns of the largest size. We ascended one terrace after another, with a more extended view from each. I admired the skill and greatness of the English, and thought of the designs of that God

who has brought this place under their influence. At Malta we visited the venerable Church of St. John's, founded by the Knights Templar, and the spot where St. Paul is said to have landed, where rises a colossal statue of him. On the 19th we arrived at Alexandria. The cordial thanks of the purser, expressed warmly as we parted, cheered me much. 'In a future world,' said he, 'you will see your labours have not been in vain.'

"Egypt now lies before us, where the child Jesus found a refuge,—the land where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob sojourned as strangers,—where Moses performed his miracles, and Jehovah glorified his name. It was Israel's cradle as well as our Saviour's, and I surveyed it with peculiar interest. Alexandria was the birth-place of Apollos—an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures. It was the see of Athanasius, and here Alexander the great, Pompey, (whose pillar we saw), Cleopatra, and other celebrities, whose names occurred to me in rapid succession, resided and acted; but they are gone, and where is their power and greatness?

"Passing down the Nile, I observed the process of watering the fields as described in the Scriptures. We spent three days at Cairo, and saw the mission work going on there, and on the 24th began our journey through the desert, in the name of that God who led His people through it so many years before. The land of Goshen is on the south of Cairo, where the Nile divides itself into two branches; it is still the most fertile part of Egypt. The Israelites probably journeyed along the eastern bank towards the mountains, between which a valley lies, called that of the wanderers, through which they passed, Jehovah Jesus being their escort,

and going before them in the pillar of cloud and of fire. How safely one travels under such guardianship.

"The desert begins outside the eastern gate of Cairo, and the ground rises for upwards of forty miles, presenting hills and dales, but all arid and desolate. The breath of God can change this prospect in a moment into lovely valleys, with springs of fresh water, and rich dew sparkling on the hills. The climate is beautiful, the air pure and dry. Who can tell what will be when the land has spent its long Sabbath?

"There is something very touching in all connected with this desert journey which we made by moonlight, and one feels at times overwhelmed with awe. I was especially conscious of this when the day broke, and the shadows fled away, as the sun rose from behind the rocky heights. We could realise what the Israelites must have felt when they beheld the herald of day coming out of his chamber, as they daily returned from gathering manna.

"The vans whirled away in a zig-zag course over a trackless road, at one point of which an arm of the sea covered with trees and verdant isles appeared in view, but vanished as we approached. This optical illusion struck us as a most faithful image of the pleasures of this world, which look delightful, but yield no lasting joy, and vanish unrealised. We were at anchor all night in remarkable environs. On the Egyptian coast to the right, lay a chain of arid rocky mountains, and on the Arabian to the left, hills and valleys, but not a single green leaf. After sunset we saw the summit of Mount Sinai, and sailed over the place called by the sailors Pharaoh's bath, where the Israelites passed through the Red Sea on dry ground, which the

Egyptians assaying to do were drowned. When reading the story on the spot it comes home to the heart with peculiar power.

"Aden resembles the burnt-out crater of a volcano. There we met the Isenbergs in much distress with a sick child and an infant. We did our best to help and comfort them, but heard afterwards that they lost both children, and went on to Bombay alone. This was a hard missionary experience. As poor Isenberg sat beside me in the moonlight night and talked of Basle, he forgot his troubles under the soothing influence of brotherly communion.

"We have many young men on board who excite my deepest sympathy, knowing as I do the temptations to which they will be exposed. I would whisper a word to parents—advising them to put the Bible in their sons' hands at parting, and get them to promise to read it daily, and follow them with their prayers on their dangerous path.

"*November 13th.*—As we approached Ceylon a paradise seemed to open in contrast to the deserts of Egypt and Arabia. Here we parted with Prince Waldemar of Prussia, with whom I had enjoyed many a pleasant conversation on missionary work, about which he often asked me questions. We were entertained with brotherly kindness by a Wesleyan missionary, who took us to a Buddhist temple, where we saw the idol, thirty feet long, reclining. It belongs to that class of which Elijah said, 'Perhaps he sleepeth, and must be awakened.' In the evening I gave an address to many Christian friends, some of our passengers among them. We tasted deep and heavenly joy; the beginning of the communion to be perfected ere long in glory.

"20*th.*—After morning service on board we landed at Madras, and in the evening heard dear Mr. Tucker, who gave public thanks for our safe arrival, with which my heart ascended. We spent a delightful evening with this dear man of God, and other pious friends; many scenes reminded us that we were again in heathen India.

"*November* 24*th.*—At Calcutta. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

"*December* 18*th.*—The native Christians have received us with the greatest joy and delight, and the Hindu gentlemen around, as well as the humbler classes, not only congratulated us in words, but overwhelm us with presents in true oriental style.

"25*th, Christmas-day.*—Servants, accompanied by coolies, with baskets and trays on their heads, are coming in from all sides with a profusion of offerings, covering every available table. Many are the kind messages that accompany, and in some cases the master himself follows to express his good wishes is person.

"*January* 1845.—After an absence of three years I am again in India. May it please God to use me as His instrument for the conversion of many. I would wait for the fulfilment of His promise, and labour more prayerfully. Set off in the evening for Bancura.

"*February* 3*d.*—Had a conversation with a Coolin Brahmin, who was educated in our English School—a worshipper of Kali, but does not believe her history; regarding her as a figurative person, and continuing to worship her only to satisfy his relatives. This youth is half deist, half idolater, and a little of the philosopher—

a fair specimen of numbers. I showed him his inconsistency, entreated him to seek deliverance from sin; explained to him our need of a revelation, and besought him to read the Bible, with earnest prayer for inward light. He appeared softened, and visited me again the next day.

"I examined the English School, supported and well superintended by the residents. The master, a sensible well-educated Hindu, was a pupil of Dr. Duff, and is no idolater, but alas! no Christian. The Bible is read and the boys are well instructed. Liberal support is offered for a missionary, but as it was in the days of our Lord so it is now. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

"Examined the vernacular school at Berl. The people expressed much joy at seeing me again, and as they gathered round I preached. One man called out, 'You say God has sent you to us; where is your purwanah?'* I replied, 'My purwanah was issued by God himself in these words, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."'

"A simple blacksmith was particularly friendly, and asked me if I had seen the fabrication of staves of iron while in Europe, and could describe to him the process by which they were made. He had some lying before his cottage.

"10*th*.—Preached again in the bazaar of Burdwan. The Lord make the seed of His word to spring up and bear fruit. One of the teachers of our English school, lately dismissed on account of his aversion to Christianity, was present. I entreated him to think of his soul

* A written order from a court, with the signature of a functionary.

and flee to Jesus. He seemed to feel my words, but made no reply. Lord, have mercy on him!*

"Our catechists report several families at Barui as wishing for baptism, some of whom came into our service yesterday and this morning. I visited them. I passed through the place which yielded our first excellent converts twenty years ago, all of whom are gathered to their fathers, leaving their children behind them. The people said, 'If you had come continually to us we should by this time be Christians.' Several repeated passages which they had learned in our school, and spoke with exultation of the period when it had contained two hundred boys, entreating me to re-establish it.

"About two we reached Barui, and I met with many a friendly salutation. 'This is our Sahib,' was in the mouth of every villager. In the evening I preached, and had many attentive hearers. While looking at the Shiva Temple a priest, who is a candidate for baptism, entered, offered some food to the stone, and covered it to keep it warm for the night. He did the same in a second temple. At eight, six persons, five of whom had families desiring to embrace Christianity, assembled and told me they were prepared to forsake idolatry, because they see and feel the excellency of our religion. They engage to continue in their homes and occupations, and gain their bread by honest industry. If they are really

* This youth, who always showed strong personal attachment to Mr. Weitbrecht, was deeply affected at his death, and spoke of him with tears and much warmth of manner as having been his best friend. His own salvation was at that solemn moment earnestly pressed on his attention. He had evidently lost much of his former aversion to the truth, which encouraged hope on his behalf.

in earnest we shall ere long add twenty-five individuals to the Church of Christ. Before parting I knelt down and prayed with them all.

"*21st.*—Passed on to the north. My mind was deeply engaged with the people I had left and the meeting of the previous evening. It was a delightful thing to contemplate adding twenty-five men and women to our blessed Saviour's little flock in this heathen land. I prayed much that the Lord would be pleased to pour out His Spirit while we proclaim His word to these poor people.

"I reached Onudi, and was offered a clean cottage for our accommodation—a Shiva temple standing on a hillock near. We saw the poor idolaters coming one after another to prostrate themselves before the rough unchiselled stone, which is said to have grown out of the earth in this very spot! A widower brought his two little children to teach them this fearful worship. Oh, if the people in England could see these abominations! My feelings are lacerated to a degree in beholding our Father in heaven thus dishonoured. I can only say, 'Forgive them, they know not what they do!' I went up the steps to look at the senseless block, and was told to pull off my shoes. 'Though *you* see only a stone,' said a man, 'our priests see eyes, hands, and feet. He has far more power than your God.' I preached to them, and called on them to repent; some scoffed, others came to our cottage, which we found was a place used for worship on festival days, to hear more. The catechists were surprised that we were allowed to make a dining-table of the mud altar, rising as a little mound in the centre of the floor.

"At the next place the people cleared a verandah for

my palki, and brought us wood, milk, &c. About four they began to gather round me, and after my address, one said, 'You speak highly of Jesus; what will He give us if we come to Him?' 'What do you esteem the greatest blessings?' 'Sons, riches, good food—we know no greater.' I said, 'Mutual love, peace, and union among each other are much superior,' and appealed to the good sense of my audience whether a family possessing peace and love was not happier than one with all worldly abundance without it. All allowed this, and I explained how Jesus could give peace, and how as Mediator between God and man He could remove all dread by reconciling the rebellious son to his father, when in a repentant, humble spirit he went to Him confessing his sin. The illustration seemed to arrest them, and the effect was encouraging. I longed to sketch the beautiful scene,—above one hundred Hindus beside and around me, sheltered by a spreading banian, and the beautiful temple on our right. The people offered to raise a building, where four hundred boys should attend, if I would establish a school.

"23*d*.—Visited a respectable man disposed to embrace Christianity. He said as I entered, 'Sir, we and our religion are in great confusion. I wish to find the truth, and be happy.' I answered all his questions seemingly to his satisfaction. Several of the candidates came in to service on Sunday.

"30*th*.—We have had a successful sale of the contributions of kind friends in England, and realised £80. We are encouraged by the results of our effort, and the interest manifested by Europeans and natives, heathens and christians.

"*February*.—The brethren at present with me ac-

companied me to Krishnaghur to our opening conference. While in England I explained to our society the desirableness of meetings of this kind among missionary brethren, and they arranged for their being formed on my return. We halted at my former out station of Culna, and breakfasted with the catechist of the Free Church, now occupying the place. As we proceeded I had a good opportunity of preaching to some people, who gathered round and listened with pleasure.*

"After the conference I itinerated through the district, and saw some people excavating a tank as we walked along. I inquired to what village they belonged. 'Sir,' said one, 'I am a brother.' My joy was as great as his in our unexpected meeting. The blessed effects of Christianity are becoming more and more visible in the district. It is delightful to see a church, a mission-house, and schools where a few years ago there was nought but heathenism. As I preached on Sunday at Chupra, one man with handsome features and long black beard attracted my notice by the sweet smile that played on his countenance as I spoke to him; and one of the female teachers is a woman of deep-toned piety."

To Mr. Coates.—"Our conference meeting was just what we needed. A cement to unite us—a safety valve to give vent to our complaints—a time of relaxation

* He never missed attending these conferences from the opening one now present, when he addressed his brethren from 1 Tim. vi. 12, to the last that occurred during his life, when after an interval of seven years it had again become his turn to encourage them to persevere in their great work, and when from Rev. ii. 10 he gave them his parting word before leaving them for his heavenly home. Such conferences have taken root, and are now held all over India.

and refreshment to cheer the drooping heart by brotherly converse. Our brethren in the Krishnaghur district, beyond the reach of christian—almost of civilised society—in a depressing climate, specially need such relief. The strongest man so situated becomes nervous, and is hardly able to look in a friend's face when he comes out of his jungles.

"*28th.*—During our absence an alarming dacoity occurred. A gang attacked Koilas's bungalow, just opposite to the mission-house. His wife heard them say, 'Let us first murder him and then ransack the house.' She dragged him after her into a cow-shed, and left the dwelling to their mercy. They destroyed all they could not carry away. My wife heard the noise and went out, but the gang had decamped. She attended to the wounded, and cheered the frightened people, all of whom the following day besought her to take charge of their little valuables. She put them in a large trunk; but as no door of our house had a secure fastening, she encouraged them by the assurance that the dacoits would not return while the memory of their visit was so fresh. At five A.M. the civil officers were on the spot investigating; but, although thirty persons have been arrested, nothing can be proved.

"As we were at tea, an alarm of fire was heard. I rushed out and beheld Koilas's kitchen in a blaze, which I managed to extinguish. The mother of one of the Dacoits* had been seen to put a torch to the

* Robbers who go about in overwhelming numbers, and attack and spoil property to a grievous extent. These people are often in the pay of some rich zemindar, who employs them to injure an individual, against whom he has a grudge. They sometimes commit murder in their attacks.

dry thatch, which immediately ignited; but prompt notice having been given, the burning was checked.

"*28th.*—I went to Belna; on my way, felt overwhelmed with sorrow, in recollecting how often I had been in this village, and come home dripping with perspiration, and quite worn out with fatigue; and what has been the result of fourteen years of patient effort? five hundred boys have been educated, and not one lad that I know of has been converted to Jesus,—not one sinner saved. When shall we see our labours crowned with success? Amid many others, this is the severest trial of the missionary.

"During this month, at the request of the overseer of the Burdwan coal mines, a school was established there for the miners, who resolutely refused to work on the day which the God, whom their masters worshipped, had commanded to be kept holy. What a reproof to nominal Christians! two accidents had occurred, both with fearful loss of life, on Sunday. These, the poor miners, fourteen hundred in number, regarded as judgments for their master's disobedience. They professed that it was unjust to deprive the colliers of the seventh part of their pay; but the simple people themselves showed, by their spontaneous act, their willingness to be satisfied with six parts. Six years before, Mr. Weitbrecht had preached to them on a Sunday evening coming up out of their pits, when they expressed their sorrow that no day of rest was allowed them. They are mostly hill people, primitive in their ideas; and when they saw that the Christian woman who accompanied her husband could read, write, and knit, they paid her great respect.

*Journal.*—"I have baptized the widow of P. Govind,

and her father, who stood trembling with age, but with folded hands and an earnest voice, said, 'I do from my heart renounce the devil and all his works.' I was quite affected by the deep feeling of this poor old man of eighty, who has only lately had his mind awakened. The widow has an intelligent perception of Christian truth, and a clear idea of Christ as the only Saviour. This aged disciple departed in peace not long afterwards, expressing in his dying moments, his desire to depart and be with Christ. He was frequently heard chanting a Bengali hymn, of which the following is a literal translation :—

'When thou shalt reach the river of death,
Be sure to enter a safe boat ;
If Jesus then the helmsman be,
Thou wilt reach the happy shore.'

To Mr. Coates.—"During our absence, our mission was left much to itself, but our Christian congregation gives me much comfort. Their having been deprived of their privileges for a season, seems to have taught them their value. There is a consistency in their conduct, and a regularity and devotional spirit in their attendance on public worship, which we did not witness in the same degree before. Some of them have expressed their gratitude to God in a very touching manner, for bringing us back to them. One of them said, the other day, 'As soon as we heard you were coming, we prayed continually that the Lord would bring you in safety to us. Now He has heard our prayer, and we do not cease to give Him thanks.'"

*Journal.*—"A party of missionaries from Berlin have been with us for a few days, on their way to Chota

Nagpur.* This rejoices my heart, being the realization of a long cherished desire and prayer.

"*March.*—On a tour towards the coal mines. Met some Europeans who said Mahomedans were as much in the right as Christians, and that it was uncharitable and selfish to tell a Moslem, that the Christian religion was the only right and true one. I had a serious conversation with this individual.

"Held an English service at the mines on Sunday, probably the first which has ever been held at this spot; in the evening, visited the people and conversed with them, till a sudden storm broke upon us, and the lightning struck the ground close beside us; the country is full of ironstone mixed with sulphur. Some parts of the mines contain sulphate of iron, and two years ago, this ignited from pressure and damp; the nearest shaft was at once filled up and the result awaited. The next day a fearful noise was heard, and a flame, one hundred and fifty feet high, ascended from a more distant shaft in the shape of a column, thus allowing the air to rush in and produce a general conflagration. It was a magnificent sight, but most alarming, the surface of the ground sinking rapidly from the falling in of the galleries. It was like an earthquake, and split the house of the overseer, till it was nigh to falling. The fire was finally smothered by filling up all the shafts.

"I find great progress here. New shafts have been sunk, and two thousand labourers are employed, chiefly Santals, from the higher regions; a simple, upright people. In 1831, I was let down in a coal-basket; now I descended the mine by a stair of one hundred

* This mission has been eminently successful.

and twenty three steps, cut in the soil. Walking through the galleries, I saw whole families engaged in the various departments.

"An intelligent Hindu asked me how we accounted for the origin of coal. I told him we believed that the strata of coal had originally been large forests, which some great convulsion of nature had buried in the earth. 'We,' said he, 'ascribe it to another cause. These coals are the remains of about five hundred thousand horses which were frequently sacrificed to the gods by the kings of ancient times. The tar in the coals arises from the clarified butter (ghee) which was poured upon the sacrificial fire.' Such is the philosophy of Hindu Shastres. I asked him how it was we had coal in England, where no kings of Hindusthan ever existed, and no rites connected with Hinduism were performed.

"23*d*.—I performed divine service in Bengali, but felt dry and depressed. I cried to the Lord, and He heard me, and I received such a manifestation of the glory of Jesus the risen Saviour, that I felt quite overwhelmed, and gave vent to my feelings in tears. These words, 'then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord,' went to my heart. How great must have been their joy after the night of sorrow! I too could rejoice as if seeing Him; but what will it be when we shall behold Him in reality!

"25*th*.—Visited a village with Reynolds, and sat down in the verandah of a cottage; many boys who had been in our school and some old people came up, expressing their pleasure at seeing me again, and begging me to re-open the school. A brother of a former teacher appeared much cast down. I inquired the

reason. 'I am in great sorrow, sir,' said he. 'My brothers and all my relatives are dead. God is angry, and sends me these afflictions.' Poor fellow! my heart went out towards him, and I explained the love and faithfulness of our Heavenly Father in thus visiting us, and His desire to save our souls. I touched on idolatry, and entreated the people around me to turn to the true God.

"27*th.*—We have had many troubles with our helpers. There is a spirit in some of them which grieves me to the heart; all I can do is to be gentle, yet firm and faithful. In these things we sadly feel the effects of our absence.

"31*st.*—I fell heavily this evening with three bottles in my hand, and suffered much pain. What frail creatures we are. Even a slip of the foot may cause death! Oh, to be always prepared!

"*April* 1*st.*—The Rajah called this morning. He was attracted by the sound of voices, for the children were singing the morning hymn. 'This is very nice,' said he, and he listened attentively while the schoolmistress read the chapter and offered prayer. Oh, that he might catch some spark of light! I inquired for his little girl, now four years old, whose mother had died at her birth, and reminded him of his promise, that he would ask Mrs. Weitbrecht to procure a governess for her when she was old enough. He replied, 'The child is with my mother, who will allow no such thing. She comes out very seldom, being already shut up in the zenana.' Thus it is with wealthy and influential Hindus.

"11*th.*—I took Reynolds and Geidt to witness the swinging festival, for a missionary should do so once.

I entreated the people to desist from so horrid a practice. 'Our forefathers did so,' said they. 'Yes, but God is dishonoured thereby,' I replied. As the tree was being raised by the exertions of the people, it slipped from their hold and fell. The bambu that was tied across it knocked down a boy, and I thought it would have killed him, but he was only slightly hurt, and went on dancing. My entreaties to them to desist were vain; the tree was raised, and made firm. The intending performer lay on the ground. One person raised up the skin of the back beneath the shoulder blades, another thrust the hooks through it, and soon the poor wretch was whirling through the air! The deluded creatures receive a reward from some rich men for their pains. Some means are used to deaden the nervous sensibility, and those who swing often say the suffering is not so great as one would imagine.

"17*th*.—Six fathers of families appear to have decided for Christ. They have come regularly to service eight miles every Sunday. I wish to become better acquainted with them, and went out for a day or two to Barui. The heat is fearful, the wind blowing flames.

"Visiting the dwellings of the inquirers, I ascertained that a knot of families related to each other seem all of one mind. When the sun went down, they assembled before the cottage of one of them. The moon shone so brightly, that my catechist read a chapter from the Bengali Gospel by its light. I expounded the words of our Lord, 'I am the door,' &c. Oh, how my heart yearned over these poor people! how I longed to lead them to Jesus! As I proceeded, the group increased to some twenty persons, and a few women. The candidates are simple peasants, who would have less diffi-

culty in giving up caste than their high-born neighbours. I slept in my palanquin in an open shed. It was swarming with ants, and I was woefully bitten.

"I was awoke at daybreak by the singing of birds, and walked to a village near, where I preached to willing hearers under a well-known banian tree. I could not obtain an interview with the head man of the place. The Hindu gentlemen occupy two or three hours with their bathing and puja, and will not allow themselves to be disturbed. They take work easily; if you were to ask a Brahmin in the evening what he had done during the day, he would find it difficult to tell, were it not for his readiness to imagine facts."

The foregoing extracts are a practical comment on some remarks made by a friend who resided in Mr. Weitbrecht's family this year, which convey an idea of the impression made on those about him by his daily labours and conversation.

"I frequently observe," she writes, "not only the hopefulness with which he labours, but the buoyancy and elasticity of his hopefulness. No doubt he often feels depressed at the apparent fruitlessness of his most strenuous efforts, and in his inmost spirit can say,—

> 'Lord, in Thy field I work all day,
> I read, I teach, I warn, I pray;
> And yet, these wilful, wandering sheep
> Within Thy fold I cannot keep.'
>
> 'I journey, yet no step is won.'

But such depression is never apparent; the strong spring of hope not only keeps him up to his work, but he seems to delight in it, even when least apparently successful. No doubt this is partly the result of a fine natural temperament; but this alone could not support

him through a life of such unwearied energy and devotedness. The source of it must be mainly sought in the simple faith with which he obeys God's commands and trusts His promises. This makes him ever ready to attend the calls of duty; ready also to leave the result in God's hands, and to be satisfied with that result."

## CHAPTER IX.

### LONGING FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

To Mr. Yorke.—"*April.*—The Brahmins fleece the people unmercifully; all mental and moral improvement is obstructed by them, and the poor Hindus are groaning under a fearful load of moral and physical misery. There are now above two hundred missionaries in this immense empire, but we have hardly scratched the surface of the ground yet. Still, I do believe there is a gradual onward movement. I heard the other day that three thousand Hindu youths are receiving instruction in English schools in a radius of twelve miles round Calcutta. This must tell upon the people at large.—J. J. W."

*Journal.*—"I went with a good-natured Brahmin to visit his taluk (estate). A tenant made obeisance to him, and pleaded for mercy, saying, 'Do not crush me, I am at your feet.' He was sixty rupees in arrear, and his landlord insisted on his paying half, knowing he had it in his cloth. He offered twelve rupees, declaring he had no more, till the talukdar becoming impatient, the desired sum was produced—squeezed out, for such is

the nature of a Bengali that he will not pay until compelled.

"In the evening I assembled the candidates, exhorted them to be firm, and to look to Jesus the Captain of our salvation. I do hope an extensive work has begun among these poor people."

To Mr. Jetter.—"Here I am again in my old nest, panting and steaming away in the heat. Very different this from Holbrook Parsonage. But I do not envy you. I know you feel disposed to envy me, and would allow yourself to be half roasted if your health would permit. Let us be content to make our tale of bricks wherever God appoints; He is a kinder Master than Pharaoh.

"I have in the last four months made many a tour, and preached many a sermon. Oh, the poor Hindus! Would that they were changed! Coming from a Christian country, their bigotry, want of principle, and idolatry has again exercised my feelings painfully. It is distressing to witness this prostration of mind, and it has made me pray more earnestly. Only Almighty power can change these morally polluted beings.

"The state of our mission has caused me many an anxious hour. Oh, how much wisdom, love, and humility do I need! What a comfort that one of the last of our Saviour's words on earth was, 'Lo, I am with you alway!' It is true, as a dying old sailor said, 'Jesus is enough for everybody.' There are signs of the coming victory, which cheer my heart. I wish you had been with me in a village the other day. A Brahmin showed me a Bible in which was written, 'Dinu Gangali, presented by the Rev. Mr. Jetter,' and he assured me he often read it. So you have left some

good seed behind you, which may spring up; often water it with a prayer. If I were with you now, I could tell your good friends many incidents to warm their hearts. One only needs to open the eyes in this country to see things demanding notice, for with all its burning heat and idolatry, it is an intensely interesting country.

"As the congregation increases we want a new church, and if the Lord incline some of our good friends at Ipswich to help me I shall receive their offerings gratefully. Our bell has come from Stuttgardt, and has a beautiful tone. Round it are the words, 'Blessed are the people that hear the joyful sound.' The organ, too, is nearly ready.

"I am digging our large tank six feet deeper to obtain *spring water*. *That* is what we need for our bodies and souls.

"Government are about to establish Bengali schools, three of which will be in our district. We expect a railroad will soon be in progress. The effect of it on the Hindu population will be very important.—J. J. W."

*Journal.*—"25*th.*—Mr. Reynolds went with me to visit Kartik Pundit, an old teacher, who had instructed all the Burdwan missionaries. He was emaciated, and his countenance bespoke pain and distress. I said, 'Well Kartik, have you comfort and peace in your soul?' 'I feel comfort, sir,' said he, 'in seeing you.' I continued, 'These are serious moments, when sickness overwhelms us, and death approaches.' Hinduism will not do now; Shiva cannot save you; Kali is of no avail. Oh, look to Jesus; He died for our sins. You may be saved by Him.' He made no attempt to defend his faith, and entreated me to pray for him.

"I saw there was a hard struggle in the mind of the dying Brahmin. He knew the New Testament well, and I have passed many an hour in religious conversation with him. He was intelligent, sensible, amiable—sometimes tender. He especially admired the writings of St. Paul—his powerful reasoning and heart-searching descriptions of the depravity of man. He once said to Mr. Linckè, 'Sir, I *know yours* is the true religion, and I *know* I must perish.' God forbid; yet when light has been so resisted one hardly dares hope much.

"Two days after his spirit returned to its Maker. He now sees the reality of eternal things. His eldest son came to bring the sad news, and said, with faltering voice, 'Oh, sir, my father is gone to another world.' Alas! no prospect of the Father's house, with its many happy mansions, sweetens the saddest bereavement to these poor people. O Lord, do visit them with Thy salvation.

"*27th.*—Preached a sermon for our society, and collected nearly £20, from some thirty persons. Feel sadly knocked up by the heat, and long for help. 90° to 92° all day long in the coolest rooms, kept close shut, and rising to 100° when we open in the evenings. The cholera is raging fearfully. Krauss lost eight boys in his school within three days, and I was in a village preaching where twelve had died during the night. The people are coming in terror for medicine, and I have been successful in saving some.

"Our dear Bishop has gone to England, and has had a cordial welcome. May God in mercy restore him to us; we are not likely to get such another.

"*May 4th.*—Sad news from dear Krauss. The catechist's wife we sent him, a pious, active, affectionate

woman, sunk under cholera soon after leaving church, where she had listened to a sermon on the joys of heaven with intense attention. Her infant and an elder child soon followed, and the heart-broken husband sank away too, and joined his wife in a better world. One of our dear christian widows hastened to their succour, telling my wife she confided entirely in her motherly love to care for *her* family left at home. The five surviving children will come back with her, and be trained in our orphanage. Such are the trials of missionary life. Gutta cavat lapidem. Drop by drop the mind gradually gets dejected; the nerves are unstrung; the sun burns hot; the labourer sinks down, sometimes to rise no more."

During this year (1845) in the face of peculiar trials and many discouragements, Mr. Weitbrecht felt that elevation of mind which carried him joyfully on in his labours of love; nor were there wanting cheering circumstances, for it was a year marked by light and shade; joy and sorrow succeeding each other alternately in a remarkable manner. His journal depicts his daily employments and experiences.

"*May 20th.*—Our dear little boy bears the climate uncommonly well, and is most lively and energetic. He often takes my hand, entreating me to show him water, dogs, cows, children, or any other object of interest, a description of which he quickly comprehends. Dear child, he is a sweet solace to us.

"*June.*—A good, clever orphan girl has been married to a steady youth, and they have gone into service in a pious family; she as nurse, her husband as bearer. It is encouraging to see fruit ripening under our eyes."

To Miss M.—"*27th.*—Your letter was indeed good news from a far country; and, after perusing it, I said you should certainly have some lines from me. How delightful to hear the accounts you give of our dear child. I trust it will greatly strengthen our faith in our Heavenly Father, as it has filled our hearts with gratitude. Oh, dear friend, we often remember you before the throne of grace, and my mind dwells with peculiar pleasure on the intercourse we had with each other during my visit to Clifton last year. I intended to write a letter to encourage our friends at their anniversary in Victoria Hall, but my time would not allow it. We have been very busy since our return, and we feel that if the Lord were not our sun and our shield,—if we could not daily and hourly realise His presence, we should find it a hard task—almost an impossibility—to labour in this heathen land; for such it still is to this day, in the broadest sense of the word, notwithstanding its numerous schools and converts.

"But we are labouring in hope, relying on the promises of Jesus. I wish you could have seen me this morning preaching under an Indian fig-tree in a neighbouring town, and witnessed the attention of the crowd. You would have said, This cannot be in vain. Every Hindu is unhappy, and feels the need of something better than he possesses; and, whether our success be little or great, we need not despond; for, if we fail to reap now, we shall do so hereafter, when 'he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.'

"A little Hindu orphan boy died lately, and before he departed he prayed earnestly, calling on the Lord Jesus to receive his spirit. Another boy of fourteen died a few weeks before of consumption, who had been

an exemplary lad. As I sat by his dying bed, the day before he expired, he expressed his firm reliance on his Saviour, and I doubt not he is now happy with Him—free from sorrow, pain, and sin. But there are some among those who remain who cause us much anxiety. Here as in England, the best are often removed early; and who can regret it, though we feel their loss deeply, thinking they might have been useful to their fellow creatures. Many young Hindus who have learned the truth say they cannot give up idolatry while their parents live, because they love them so much, and cannot bear to grieve them. Will some of your dear girls who love their Bibles show you some passages to prove these youths are sadly mistaken.

"A short time since a suti was performed in a village near, almost under the eyes of the authorities, yet the murderers could not be found out; for though the Hindus are hateful and hating one another, yet in doing horrid things with secrecy they will hardly find their equals. Pray tell my dear Emily that I love her very much, and if I hear that she prays for her papa and the heathen it will rejoice my heart. I long to see her given up to her dear Saviour, because she will then be safe and happy.

"In conclusion, I send kind regards, love, and good wishes to all dear friends who remember me and love my child. The Lord bless and prosper you.—Yours in sincere affection.—J. J. W."

"*July.*—We have had our second meeting; we sat in conference three days. How shall I express my gratitude for the blessings of union and brotherly fellowship. The Lord was indeed with us, and we united at the close in celebrating His dying love. A temporal

aid society has been formed in Calcutta by a few of our educated young converts for relieving distressed native christians.

"*6th.*—A shopkeeper from a neighbouring town came to me with a tract to obtain explanation of several passages. He had been reading it the night before, and fallen asleep over it, and seen a person, who told him to go to the missionary, who would tell him all those things. He listened most attentively to the explanations given. The Lord has various ways of bringing people to Himself.—Acts x. 5.

"Dear Reynolds, who is here to learn the language, has been very ill, and is gone for change. His cordial and brotherly sympathy in perplexities and trials has knit my spirit close to his, and I miss him much.

"*August.*—A terrible flood; the country is one sheet of water—rolling across rice fields, and carrying destruction before it. Our strong embankment protects us; not a drop of water enters, and our people are like Noah and his family in the ark.

> 'We are a garden walled around,
> Chosen and made peculiar ground,—
> A little spot enclosed by grace
> Out of the world's wide wilderness.'

"Some of our people went out as soon as possible to look after the sufferers; a father, mother, and four children came in, were instructed and baptized, and are really nice converts."

A concise sample of two days' engagements is inserted in the journal of this date.

"Henry came in before six, and, pulling my toes, said, 'Papa, get up; put on your shoes.' His mother is rather overdone with all the exciting events of the

year, so he spares her, and gets me to go out and feed him while I take my early tea. At seven, sowed some seed, then came in and wrote three letters; bathed, and prepared for breakfast. Family prayer. From ten till three in English school; very tired. Took accounts till dinner at four. Sent a person round to collect the various subscriptions. Captain A—— came at sunset, and helped me to examine the walls and roof of the old mission-house, which is to be repaired. After tea, wrote up my journal. Following day sent off a sick widow to Bancura for change of air. Pruned trees. Made up medicines for the sick. Wrote three important public letters. English school—weekly service and lecture to native christians. Sowed seeds in the garden. Took my wife out a little to refresh her. After tea, wrote letters to English friends.

"*September.*—One of our nicest boys came to school looking sad and telling us of his cousin's death, which solemnised the class. 'Dear boys, what can prepare us for death?' said I. 'To lead a holy and blameless life,' replied one. 'Can we do that?' 'No;' said another, 'we must believe in Christ, who atoned for sin; there is no salvation but in Him.' A civilian came in and gave them a nice address.

"28*th.*—Preaching to the christians on the letters to the seven churches, the words, 'I know where thou dwellest,' &c., gave me unspeakable comfort. The Lord remembers our trying position and severe conflicts with the powers of darkness. What a sweet consolation, for He who knows where we dwell will sustain and support Fourteen persons were present from the villages, and devoutly attentive. Baptized three of the inquirers.

"*October* 2*d.*—Our little boy has caused his mother

several sleepless nights, the great heat, which still continues having produced fever. He is delighted to-day with a dear little sister the Lord gave him this morning. How great are His mercies! Another precious gift from Him to prepare for becoming an heir of glory.

"I have been struck with the following remarks given by Dr. Carey to a young missionary:—'My dear brother, remember first, that it is your duty to preach the gospel to every creature; secondly, that God has declared His word shall accomplish that for which it is sent; that when He pleases, He can as easily remove the present formidable obstacles as we can move the smallest particle of dust; be not discouraged, but look to the great recompence of reward.'

"19*th*.—Preached on the epistle to the Church of Philadelphia with great enjoyment and blessing to my own heart. Jesus has the keys of David in His hand. He promises to a Church that has little power, to set before her an open door. Lord, do this at Burdwan. Let us become Philadelphians in Thy sight. This would be worth every sacrifice. Dear Reynolds returned quite well. Thank God for this mercy. He baptized our dear babe Mary and another little girl. Oh, may both be baptized by the Holy Spirit! He leaves us for good in a few days. I have begun to repair the house.

"22*d*.—At a village where I had often preached I told the people that, while on the sea, I had often prayed for them, desiring to see them turn to the Lord Jesus Christ. 'This is wonderful;' said one, 'what an interest it shows in us; surely we shall at last become believers.' An image of Kali was shown me. I could weep all day over this deluded and miserable people.

These horrid idols meet me everywhere. If Government would but take the land belonging to idol temples as they do other land, Kali would soon fall.

"A poor woman was wailing at the door of her cottage. 'At thy last festival,' said she, 'my child appeared before thee in new clothes; now, he is not. Oh, Kali mother, what hast thou done?' I felt exceedingly affected; entreated grace to persevere, and never grow weary in my labours for their conversion; and, should I not behold their deliverance, that I might at any rate glorify my precious Saviour among this idolatrous nation.

"A Hindu gentleman expressed his admiration of the beautiful morality of Christianity. 'You,' said I, 'judge the surface like one who has beheld the residence of the Governor-General from a distance, and admires the handsome building; but could he see the treasures and comforts it contains, his wonder and admiration would increase tenfold. I know and have seen the interior of our lovely religion; I have experienced its excellencies. The morality of Christianity is only its outward beauty, as made apparent in the practice of true believers; but this outward beauty is the effect of a holy principle which is invisible, but which exercises a power on the heart and mind of man that sanctifies and improves his whole being."

To Mr. Jetter.—"I delivered your letter myself. It was probably the first European letter which had ever been received at Goligram. I read it before a crowd of people, and translated it sentence by sentence, commenting as I went on, so that in fact it was converted into a very striking and practical sermon; and never did Hindus listen more attentively to God's truth than

on that occasion. Perhaps you recollect the place; it was in the centre of the village near the flight of steps leading to the idol temple. May it soon come down! Gangali said that he would at once become a christian if he had wherewith to live; but this is an idle excuse and delusion of Satan, for they know no sincere convert was ever starved. Captain Stewart is still spoken of in rapture.—J. J. W."

What a commentary on many of the sentiments expressed in various parts of this chapter, was the INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER X.

### FIRST FRUITS—HEART SORROWS—TELLING ILLUSTRATIONS.

"*January 1st*, 1846.—'Fear not Abraham. I am thy shield, thy exceeding great reward.' With such an assurance I would begin this New Year. O Lord help, send now prosperity."

To Rev. John Hensman.—"My dear friend, I trust you will allow me to address you thus, for although I only met you a few times in England, I never think of you without a feeling of that affection which Christians entertain towards their brethren in Christ, particularly to His tried and approved servants. I have too a dear child at Clifton who is a parishioner of yours, a tender tie which binds me closer to the dear friends there. In this heathen land it does me good to take a retrospect of days past, call to remembrance the dear people of God whom I met in England, and rest in the assurance that many also remember us in their best moments. I am thankful to say we are still in health, after another year of labour. This is a great mercy, considering how much we are exposed to the influence of a sultry atmosphere, and how many of our brethren have been cut off or compelled to leave the field. The

state of our mission also calls for gratitude. On our arrival, it was in a depressed condition, owing to the long absence of an experienced missionary. Now we are in order again. Our native Christians are a real comfort to us, and our catechists discharge their duty faithfully from love to Jesus, and a desire to benefit their heathen brethren. Mrs. Weitbrecht's schools, which were reduced to nineteen children, are now filled with forty-one girls, and thirty are in the infant school. I related at Clifton two years ago something of an inundation which caused the establishment of this school in 1834. Its increase during the past year is partly owing to a similar calamity.

"The Damuda river, a mile broad in the rainy season, burst its banks again last August, and swept away many a village. Some poor widows brought their children and gave them up to save them from starvation —for these calamities are followed by dearth and famine. Many of these skeletons are now quite sleek and fat. Nourishing food and nursing have effected a wonderful change on their bodies, and their mental improvement is equally striking. Last Sunday, I had the joy of baptizing twenty boys and girls, mostly orphans, and very nearly black. May they all be washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and their names written in the Book of Life?

"These schools are the nurseries of our missions. The children are kept from a polluted heathen atmosphere, and grow up with Christian ideas, principles, and habits. My brother Leupolt at Benares has laid out a Christian village, which is filling with young men from his school, who have been brought up to various trades.

"Our Christmas season has been one of peculiar joy

and sorrow. On the eve of the festival I closed the eyes of a pious boy, seven years old, the son of a native preacher. I never attended a Hindu deathbed where the parents manifested such a sweet spirit of resignation and confidence in Jesus. His presence was felt near the dear child, and the peaceful scene was a fresh instance of the blessed effect of the gospel among people of every clime. On Christmas morning I attended the deathbed of another boy, twelve years old. He had been a great sufferer for fifteen months, but his trials were as the refiner's fire. Kartik (Peter) was a favourite with all, intelligent, sensible, and pleasing, and he spoke English very nicely. He was trained in our infant school, and was more than commonly lively.

"I was at Calcutta preaching the annual sermon of the Church Missionary Society. During my absence he became worse, and longed to see me. His conscience troubled him; he felt not quite sure whether he were in a state of reconciliation with God. After my return, I sat down by his bedside, explaining to him the mediatorial character of Christ, the fulness of the ransom paid for sinners, and assured him of His infinite love to all who, with heartfelt repentance, turn to him. I told him how welcome the most unworthy are when coming in humble faith to Him; Kartik had often heard these precious truths before, but had never felt them so powerfully as in this time of need. He listened with eager interest; repeated several passages from the Psalms and New Testament after me, which were as manna to his soul; he derived solid comfort from the Word of Life, became peaceful and happy, told me he feared no evil; and spoke of his end with composure, adding, that on Christmas Day he should go to heaven.

"Early that morning his brother told me he was dying. I hastened to the cottage, which stands on the bank of a fine tank in the mission premises. The sun was just rising in all its brightness. I commended the soul of the dear boy into the hands of his Saviour. It was a blessed moment, which his young companions will not easily forget. Angels sung at the Saviour's birth, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' I thought some of these ministering spirits were ready to convey the soul of our dear brother to the heavenly regions. An hour afterwards, he went to spend a new Christmas Day with saints and angels in Paradise.

"I like to relate such a scene in a heathen land, because nothing proves more strikingly the divine glory of the Gospel. What a contrast to a miserable death on the banks of the Ganges! Such a first-fruit gathered into the garner is a rich reward for all toils and trials.

"We need such a mark of the Lord's approbation, for our work still retains its trying features. My hopes brightened at a distance; but now, being on the spot again, I sometimes feel as one who is running his head against the wall—it will not yield. In bazaars and villages I cry aloud and spare not, but fully declare to the teeming population the free mercy of God in Christ. Perhaps the masses are less opposed to our preaching. Many hear and approve; but there is a want of reflection, and an utter want of sincerity. Hinduism, like dry rot, has ruined the people.

"And 'Young Bengal' is running into infidelity in proportion as it shakes off idolatry. Would-be philosophers are writing tracts against Christianity, which are sold in Calcutta at a penny a-piece. They consist of

scraps from Tom Paine and others, but the young authors retail the stolen articles as their own productions.

"Still many Hindus deeply feel and deplore their physical misery, and some are aware of their mentally and spiritually depressed condition; but the Brahmins do all they can to prejudice the people against Christianity. 'We are like the silkworm,' said an intelligent Hindu to me, 'which spins itself a prison to perish in. We have spun ourselves a network of error and superstition, from which there is no getting out, and thus we die.' I pointed out to him how in time, by the warmth of the sun, the worm becomes a butterfly, which breaks through its prison and soars aloft. 'Do take your refuge in Jesus,' I said, 'and you will receive power to break the network of Brahminism, and rise to a new life in God.' 'You are right; very true,' was the reply.

"I have had this year many inquirers from neghbouring villages, who attend church every Sunday morning, and receive instruction. Three heads of families I baptized, with three other adults; the rest are not decided enough. The labouring classes are very poor and ignorant, and wish to join Christianity with a second thought, that of bettering their condition. Hence we often find secular views influence them in asking for baptism, even with people who are otherwise sincere and ready to renounce caste and idolatry. Well, we must still labour in hope like the husbandman. The time for extensive conversion is not come in Bengal, though there is great commotion in many quarters; but it *will* come. I found great comfort in reflecting on Isa. ii. 17, 18. 'The Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.'

"Native education has received a fresh impulse by Government establishing a college at Krishnaghur, with three branch schools, one of them here. Employment in Government offices is held out as a prize to the most advanced scholars. There is no doubt that idolatry will decrease in consequence of these efforts, but one radical evil remains. Religion is not only left out of sight, but there is a spirit little short of hostility to it displayed. The teacher and books must not contain a religious spark; thus these schools produce fearful crops of infidelity, and education is turned into a curse, from which Government will eventually suffer.

"It is true we cannot expect Christianity to be taught in Government schools, but England has a right to demand that the system of education should not be opposed to her holy religion.

"Another piece of injustice, the establishment of Government schools where the Church Missionary Society has hitherto had schools, which are thus seriously injured. We have lost half our best boys here, while there are many large places in Bengal, where the ground is quite unoccupied. Two systems of education at the same place, the one christian, the other anti-christian, have given the natives the impression that the Government prefer infidel and heathen men in their offices, and thus Christianity is rendered additionally odious.

"The Jesuits are really in earnest at Krishnaghur. They find it more convenient to steal converts from our missions, than to make them themselves. They have bought ground at the station, and are making collections in Calcutta. Thus our most prosperous

mission in Bengal is assailed by three terrific foes; Pope, Pagan and Tom Paine; but the Lord reigns. I am not afraid for the result, but it is a time to be up and doing. We want more men, more united efforts, and more prayerful hearts here and at home. With sincere respect, affection and esteem, your faithful brother in Christ. J. J. WEITBRECHT."

*Journal.*—"*January 4th.*—Preached in Bengali on Heb. xiii. 20. Precious words; they gave me sweet comfort on the first Sabbath of the New Year, and my mind was in a delightful frame, after the Sacrament in the English church previously celebrated.

"*6th, Epiphany.*—My desires arose afresh that Christ might be manifested indeed to the poor Hindus, in the glory of His truth and salvation. I fixed on an open shed, where a patshala (boys' school) was held, for my night quarters, and hung up a curtain as a screen, but the boys gathered round, and some of them opened my curtain to gaze at me; some even entered my little sanctuary. They write on palm leaves—all the instruction imparted in this place of learning. The schoolmaster is a leper; his fingers and toes nearly eaten away,—his lips and tongue so affected, that his speech is indistinct. The employment of such a man shows that these Hindus estimate education about as much as he inhabitants of the Steinthal, where Pastor Oberlin found a superanuated swine herd similarly employed.

"Met a party of officers hastening to join the army of the Punjaub, who told me particulars of the late engagements. I could but thank God, for had He not crowned the British arms with success, frightful scenes must have ensued. On Sunday, I preached at Chin-

surah. It was a solemn service; a general and heart-felt thanksgiving for the victories. The Bishop ordered it throughout India.

"12*th*.—I entered the courtyard of a gentleman's house, and found twelve young men playing at cards, who rose and addressed me in English, asking for an English Testament, which I gave them. One of them took me to his father's house, and on entering, said, 'Sir, you see a numerous assembly before you, who all want to hear you; they know you are the Padre Sahib of Burdwan, and that you speak fine and elegant Bengali.' I took Acts xviii., St. Paul's address to the Athenians, and was heard with deep attention. On leaving, I gave the kind-hearted Babu the Gospels in Bengali, which he received with pleasure. The son told me he lectured on interesting subjects, and that the common people heard him gladly. These youths will eventually turn the public mind; the old generation will pass away, and they will people the land. What a contrast between this amiable youth and the bitter old Brahmin. 'Oh, sir,' said he, on parting, 'when will you come again, I want some reverend gentleman to guide me.'

"In the evening preaching in the bazaar these young men attended, and afterwards we walked in the fields, conversing on divine subjects. Such circumstances remind us of our blessed Saviour's experience, when, as the first missionary of His own message of love, He exhorted the multitudes, and gently led His own little band of disciples. *They* were sometimes as carnal in their ideas and as dull spiritually as the Hindus, though they were among God's chosen people.

"27*th*.—I found four hundred respectable people

sitting on the ground, with leaves placed before them as plates, and four servants waiting on them. First rice was poured on each plate, then curry, milk, and rice, followed; all enjoyed it, and were pleased at my presence. It was a shradha or funeral feast. A Baishtom had died, and these were brother Baishtoms. At intervals one gave out a prayer, and all responded. It was merely the name of the deceased with the invocation, 'Peace be to him.' When dinner was over, each one took some fragments to convey to the relatives and disciples of the Baishtom, as every one who tastes the shradha will be secure from being born again into the body of an inferior animal. We addressed them on John xiv., 'Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life,' and the comforts and joys of His heaven.

"Next day I witnessed a new scene. The grandson of the Gossein of the place had gained a heavy law-suit, in which his whole property was contested. Such joy and wild uproar I never beheld. A party with swords and sticks thrashed the witnesses who had given evidence against their master. Thus wealthy Hindu gentlemen take the law in their own hands.

"On this tour I have noticed the Hindu worship of their tools, &c. Before images of the goddess Shareswathi lay heaps of paper account-books, pens, inkstands, palm leaves, hammers, and other articles too numerous to mention. On this day, every one offers divine adoration to the instrument by which he gets his living. Thus the Hindu pantheon is swelled to the number of one hundred and thirty-three millions of gods. Passing the image, the fearful shrieks of a woman attracted me. A young man was dying, and his mother was frantic with grief. The brothers and

sisters sat round in sullen misery. I entreated the poor mother not to increase the agony of her son, but to pray to the Almighty to sustain her. I could but contrast this sad scene with the dying beds of those Hindus who believed in Jesus.

"Again visiting the newly baptized converts, I found no reason to hope for more extended conversions. Well, the Lord knows how earnestly and prayerfully I endeavoured to bring them to Christ, and I am clear from their blood.

"*February 1st.*—A favourable answer from Government. Our mission-school pupils will, if found as well fitted, be as eligible for Government appointments as those who are educated in their own schools."

To Mr. Yorke.—"All eyes are now directed to the Punjaub. The Sikhs have invaded British territory a second time, and a conflict has commenced which will cost many a British life. The cry for railroads is universal; we can hardly hold the empire without them. A conspiracy has been discovered at Patna, which extended to Nepaul and Lahore. But the Lord is the Sovereign Ruler of all events. England must fulfil her task, and give to India the blessed Gospel before she can yield her supremacy.

"Government is doing good in making efforts to educate and improve their Hindu subjects. A university in Calcutta is contemplated, which is to be open to all colours, creeds, and classes. This is a noble idea, but the fault in all these Government plans is, that God and His eternal truth are left out. Mind and matter are to be developed and improved without a reference to Him who made them. The effect is to produce young philosophers in the French style. It is so in

Calcutta already, now we shall have them in the country.

"Religious England must cause such a pressure at home as to compel our Government to form a system of education more in unison with Christianity, adopt a course of study having reference to the moral improvement of the pupils, and illustrating the superior excellence of Christianity. The grand outlines of national education are being developed, and they should be cast in such a mould as will prepare the Hindus for the reception of the Gospel. Government fear where no fear is. Their greatest dread should be a generation growing up without the shackles of Hinduism, and guided by no principles of morality.

"The other day, I preached in a village on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. A man related a counterpart to prove how much easier it is for a Hindu to get to heaven without preparation or previous suffering. 'A Brahmin had led a most abandoned life, and was condemned to hell. The god of the lower regions was waiting to seize him, when he called on his son, Dinu Ram. Ram is an incarnation of Krishna, who was so much pleased at being invoked, that he sent a carriage and conveyed him at once to heaven.' Thus you see a Hindu can get to heaven without holiness.—J. J. W."

"My dear brother Walker,—I lately received the sad news of your continued illness. How I wish I could soothe your suffering. But you know the sympathising High Priest who strengthened Paul in his bonds, and enabled him and Silas to sing His praises in the prison You, too, are a prisoner of the Lord, and He puts on the chains with much gentler hands than the rough jailor at Philippi. The apostle calls our affliction light

and momentary, and adds, 'it will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I trust you find abundant comfort in these precious truths.

"After heavy sufferings, the Lord sometimes 'stood by Paul at night.' I feel sure He often stands by you; I hope in His own good time He will raise you up again, and put a song of joy and praise into your mouth. We are well, and I am endeavouring to carry the blessed gospel to the heathen. We have some success, and hope it will increase. Do you recollect Mr. Bomwetch? He and Mr. Schurr have arrived, to my great joy. Bomwetch tells me his first desire to be a missionary arose in 1828, when I held a farewell meeting in my native town before my departure for England. Now he is sent to become my fellow-labourer. I must conclude. We all sympathise with you. May the Lord make your bed in your sickness, and cheer your spirit. Believe me, beloved brother, your affectionate yoke-fellow,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*May 1st.*—Our new organ has arrived, and is set up. As it is played the natives assemble in crowds by the road-side, and many probably regard it as a new incarnation of Vishnu. We arranged a little concert at sunset, laid out some of our mission contributions for sales, and allowed the orphan girls to come. The whole scene was really pretty. The Europeans and the Rajah all came when out on their evening drives—applauded the performance, bought up the articles, and admired the singing of the orphans.

"I must have a church with a spire pointing to heaven. Hindu temples and Mahomedan mosques abound. Our church should be seen by the numerous travellers who pass daily. There is not one visible

the whole four hundred miles from Chinsurah to Benares.

"*April 6th.*—To Mrs. Ramsay.—You may imagine what joy it gives us to hear such cheering accounts of our dear children. The Lord indeed repays us a hundred-fold for what we have left for His sake. We have had some severe trials from the wickedness of the heathen and the malice of a relapsed native christian, but the Lord is gracious in giving us strength to endure. The apostle's motto, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' is that of a missionary now. Satan will rage against us; all we can do is to be still, and wait on Him.

"Nothing would give me greater delight than to see my dear boy a missionary, but you know what is necessary for this,—a heart consecrated to the Saviour, pride and self-will subdued, and a mind sanctified by the Holy Spirit. This preparation comes from above. Tell F—— to pray for it.

"I can imagine how much you enjoyed your visit to Mr. Harington Evans. Such society is a little heaven on earth. Oh, could we enjoy such a privilege only once a year! but Jesus can make His presence felt, and all grace to abound towards us. Our Henry has lately been ill—his fine red cheeks are gone, and he looks as pale as other Bengal children. Cholera is raging around us. It is said half the people of Culna have died; this would be ten thousand souls. May the Lord bless you for your kindness to our dear boy.—Yours, in the best of bonds, J. J. W.

"*17th.*—Went to the village of Horrish Pundit, which has been burned down—cottages, grain, straw, all consumed. The dry westerly wind blew high when the

fire began, and drove the flames over the entire village. I spoke much and earnestly to the people; told them our Scriptures says, 'The wind passeth over it, and it is gone;' this they saw in their dwellings, and would soon experience in themselves. May their hearts be softened! Got a sum of money to aid them in rebuilding.

"18*th.*—The canteen has arrived from kind Mr. Rutter, the very thing I want for travelling—so complete and compact, that I shall enjoy comfort on my tours, to which I have hitherto been a stranger.

"22*nd.*—As we were sitting at dinner, a christian servant came in, saying he had seen a babe deposited in the open field, its mother having died on pilgrimage. He got the woman who was leaving it to bring it to us. We went out to see the little thing, and at once sent it round the village to see what mother would nurse it. It was soon adopted; and the woman seemed glad, saying in excuse for herself, that the sun would have dried its life out had they taken it with them on their long pilgrimage. We have several such little ones coming thrice daily to be fed with thin sago and milk, which they suck out of a cup by means of a piece of twisted rag—a simple contrivance in which Hindus are expert."

"*August 6th.*—My dear Mr. Venn,—We have read the Bishop's excellent sermon, and were much cheered by it. I hope the effect it produced will be lasting. I wish I could communicate something cheering to you. We have many causes for gratitude. Our English school outruns the Government school in numbers and efficiency. I baptized the other day two lads in our orphan boys' school—Philip and Elijah. One of them

teaches in the English school; both are promising, and decidedly pious.

"I have baptized since January thirty boys and girls, who but for our asylum would have perished by the roadside. And doubtless these little ones are dear to the Saviour, and we may rejoice that they are brought into the ark of Christ's Church. . . . . It does no good, nor will it advance our object, to be over anxious and cast down at the few conversions we make. There is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth. God is preparing the great event in His own way, and it will come. I hope to see the day when the labourers will bring in their sheaves by waggon loads; meanwhile we must remember that the growth and ripening of one ear is a work of omnipotence. May my dependence on Divine agency make me humble and prayerful.

"I have had a severe attack of influenza. We are now in the damp, unhealthy season,—the fields full of water, and the air of noisome insects. The state of the atmosphere deranges the system, and produces anxiety, irritation, and despondency, so that it requires much effort to be cheerful.

"We grieve for the death of Mr. Coates. His departure will call forth many prayers that the Lord will provide a suitable successor. I am sure every missionary will rejoice that *you* devote all your strength to the cause of missions. The Lord will give you every needful grace for this laborious and anxious task.—Yours most truly, J. J. W."

To a daughter.—"*August 2d.*—O my dear child, you do not know how much we desire that you may become good and pious, and that we may hear good accounts

of you. I am glad that you feel you are not always as you should be, but this is not enough; you must earnestly endeavour to lay aside what is wrong. When we heard you had been giving anxiety to your kind governess, we knelt down and prayed most earnestly that the Holy Spirit might reveal to you the evil of sin, and change your heart; and we said to each other, what an easy thing it would be to the Lord to make you a new creature. Now, dear child, I have told you what we did; we can do no more, except to write to you with parental affection and authority, and I hope you will receive this as a proof of our tender love, and think over these important questions:—

"1. Did you ever seriously think what sin is, and that those who commit it wilfully, must go into everlasting perdition? 2. Can you be happy while you feel you are a great sinner? Can a disobedient child be happy? 3. Do you know that Jesus, the Son of God, came from heaven, and shed His precious blood for *you*, to make you free from sin and condemnation? As He has so loved you, what should you do in return, and how can you show your love to Him? 4. Do you not believe that those children who feel sorrow for their sins and come to Him, will receive forgiveness and peace? Why do you not ask Him for this precious gift? 5. Have you considered that there will be a day of judgment, at which you must appear; and when every one will receive according to his works?

Think of these questions, dear child, and pray over them. We pray for you, but you must pray for yourself. Your parents have devoted themselves to the blessed work of propagating the Gospel; the child of such parents should love God's cause, and give all she can

and pray for its prosperity. May the Lord Jesus bless you and help you.—Your affectionate father, J. J. W."

*Extracts from Letters on a Tour towards the Table Land of Chota Nagpur.*

"*September* 19.—The road up here is dreadful. Six times the bearers threw my palanquin down. I was an hour crossing the river. I cannot write much, I must prepare for preaching.

"The country is superior to any thing in Bengal. You feel you are in an elevated region, and the hills are beautiful. But the track is over stones, up and down creeks and ravines. I crossed two large rivers on hollow trees. At eleven A.M. we had divine service, and shall have it again in the evening. Most of the Europeans were present, and the German missionaries joined us in the communion.

"At Jelda, the scenery is very beautiful. In one pretty place, surrounded by wooded hills, Colonel C—— has erected a travellers' bungalow. We ascended two thousand five hundred feet to Ranchee, and from a hill near us, saw quite a panorama. Oh, for such a hill near our dwelling.

In a garden I visited, tea and coffee plants were peculiarly healthy, and fine walnut trees grew beside them; while on an island in a pretty lake, were raspberry bushes, currants, and other English trees. The dahlias were in full flower, and the whole scene enchanting.

"On my way back, I walked for two hours. How I enjoyed it. I measured some of the trees, which were about seven feet in circumference. For want of roads, this fine forest is worth little. I was told I might have a tree for a shilling.

"This rough journey has quite destroyed my palanquin. After patching it up once or twice, it became quite useless, and the bearers put it on their heads, and walked with it as in a funeral procession, I behind as chief mourner. I afterwards borrowed a palanquin from a native gentleman.

"*Burdwan, December 4th.*—The weather is delightful. Our garden is full of English flowers, and the perfume of mignonette enters every door. A kind friend writes that the presentation to Christ's hospital is secure for our boy. Thus the Lord is merciful and gracious, providing for us and our seed after us.

"I visited two native gentlemen, one of whom is very intelligent. He said he had read the Bible to discover its faults, but the result was, he admired Christianity. 'Your religion,' he said, 'courts investigation and speaks with a winning voice. Its precepts are unexceptionable. It is not the creed of a class, or monopolized by a priesthood, but a common good for all.' After this beautiful testimony to our holy faith, he began to speak of some of its difficulties. 'I have,' he said, 'found a good deal of confusion in the prophets, and some contradictions in the mysterious book called Revelation.' 'You have begun at the wrong end,' I replied, 'by endeavouring to understand prophecies which are not fulfilled. If you placed a book of geometry before a peasant, he could not understand the diagrams, nor could you comprehend the working of a steam-engine at the first glance. Prophecy must be mysterious, and can only be understood in its fulfilment.' He agreed to this. I continued, 'If you see such excellency in the moral part of the Bible, does not that prove its author to be God?' He thought some excellent men

might have written it, and regretted that our native christians were not acute logicians, or clever in sustaining metaphysical arguments. 'It would recommend your religion much,' he said, 'if they could do this.' 'The holiness and purity of a christian's life,' I said, 'form the most powerful argument for the excellence of christian doctrine; and it is indebted for its success far more to this, than to the logical arguments of highly-gifted persons.'

"He agreed; but still could not understand how a person could change his religion, without understanding the Bible, and making a searching comparison between it and Hinduism. 'If,' said I, 'you wished to buy a house, you would not break it down to examine every brick and timber. The sight of it, and the aspect of the rooms, would convince you of its suitableness. So, if I know that Brahmins are liars, and keep up Hinduism for their private interest—if the Shasters contain absurdities, and countenance vice, whereas Christianity changes and improves the heart, and teaches us to address a holy God as our Father, there is sufficient inducement to forsake the one and embrace the other.

"My friend seemed highly pleased with the conversation and my visit, which he soon returned. We were at dinner when he came; we invited him to join us at table, which he did with much enjoyment."

This conversation is related to give an idea of a class of Hindus, frequently met with by missionaries in Bengali.

"*December 24th.*—Visited the soldiers encamped on the parade ground, and distributed tracts, which were gladly received. At sunset, twenty gathered round me and I spoke for half an hour. A young Scotchman

opened his heart, and told me with tears, that after having led a pious life, he had relapsed, and feared he was a reprobate. His intense feeling drove out the perspiration on his brow. I spoke kindly to him, and directed him to the Saviour.

"*29th.*—Another regiment encamped. I visited the sick, and gave tracts and Testaments. Some seemed to feel the truth very much, and I found, to my great joy, a few pious men among the soldiers.

"*30th.*—During this year, nearly £300 have been realized for our work. Of the catechists and readers I found on my arrival, not one survives, and some eighty native christians rest in hope in our little burial ground. Our present catechists are practical, useful, devoted preachers, and a great comfort to me; many of our people really walk in the fear of the Lord, though I am still called on to labour in hope, and possess my soul in patience. The missionary, above all others, is conscious of helplessness in his struggles with the hostile elements around him. All Hindus, however, allow that a lad educated in a mission school, becomes a better man morally. Mr. Geidt devotes all his time to school work."

## CHAPTER XI.

### HONOUR AND DISHONOUR—SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.

"*January 6th, Epiphany.*—On a tour. Had interesting conversation with the villagers. One man said, 'We need an object to assist our devotions.' I replied, 'God is a Spirit. Worship Him in spirit, and it will be right.' 'But we do not see God.' 'True, but you are surrounded by tokens of His presence. You do not see the wind, yet it is most powerful.' 'The padre speaks well,' they said.

"*7th.*—Proceeded to another populous place. A crowd of boys surrounded me. 'Have you a father?' I said to one. 'No.' 'Where is he gone?' 'His body was burned.' 'But,' said I, 'has man only a body?' 'No, he has a soul also.' 'Where then is your father's soul?' 'In heaven.' 'Do all go to heaven?' 'No, only the virtuous.' 'Are you virtuous, my lad?' 'Nobody knows that,' replied he. Do you wish to be so?' A laugh. No moral feeling—no desire for purity in a Hindu youth.

"I then conversed with a Babu 'Sir,' said he, 'this populous place would be suitable for a school.' 'I will send a teacher,' said I, 'if you will give thirty rupees

a month for his support.' Several promised subscriptions, but added, 'we only want knowledge, no religion.' 'We teach two things,' said I, 'knowledge, and the way of salvation.' 'But,' said one, 'if I change my religion for another, will not that be sin?' I replied, 'If the judge release a prisoner, and allow him to return home, giving him money in addition to supply his necessities on the road, is he wrong in accepting it?' This produced general applause, and the people left in an approving spirit. In the tent, several intelligent Brahmins were talking with our readers.

"*8th.*—Some boys in a rich man's dwelling were studying English, they read to me, and I asked about the harvest. They said, 'it is abundant, because many have given themselves to religious devotions.' This led to a discussion, and I read Romans iii. 10. The English teacher also quoted some texts, and said, 'They were divine truth.' 'Yet you,' I replied, 'continue an idolater —how sad! You have received religious impressions, and lost them—an awful loss! Have you ever seen a tree dried up and afterwards shooting, and then the cattle eating off the shoots?' 'Yes.' 'That is your case. Your tree shot forth tender shoots; you neglected the time of mercy; all has been eaten off; you are as a tree twice dead.' 'Oh, sir,' he replied, 'you are like God.' 'Pray for repentance,' I said, 'and you may yet live again.' He begged for a Testament, which I gave him.

"A metaphysical gentleman said he was part of the Deity, and should soon be swallowed up in Him. 'As salt cast into the water melts, and is seen no more, so shall my soul be absorbed in God.' 'I pity you,' said I, 'what a heaven is yours without consciousness. Poor

man! listen to my creed. Christianity changes the heart, assimilates man to God, fits him for perfect happiness, and then gives it to him for ever. This is our heaven. God is love. Come to our Redeemer and have eternal life.

"The next day I saw a Guru (religious teacher) with his disciples before him, to whom he was expounding the Shasters. He shut his book, and entered into conversation with me. He was pleasing and intelligent. I told him of my Pundit who had entreated me to pray for him, shortly before his death, and he acknowledged that idol worship cannot afford comfort in death. I read to him, and the usual topics,—God, sin, redemption, were discussed; not, I trust, without a blessing,

"*9th.*—Seated before a brick house, I was greeted with, 'Good morning, sir, I have a college in this place,' 'Indeed! how many scholars?' 'Seven or eight, but I hope for more.' 'What do you teach?' 'Philosophy, Geography, and the English Reader.' This Anglicized youth said the reasons why the Hindus did not embrace Christianity, were fear, shame, and loss, as converts gained no temporal benefits, but had to work as before. I gave him some lessons on this subject, which I hope he will not forget.

"We were invited to a Babu's house, where an auditory listened attentively, though some were in the hands of the barber. I was inwardly praying for a blessing; but an insolent Brahmin rose and said, 'you condemn idol worship, but you have images in your churches. I saw one.' 'They are Roman Catholics,' said I. 'Never mind, they are your Christian caste.' He ended by promising to assist at our burial (a common form of reproach), and rubbish was thrown at us.

"A day or two after, a Babu gave us a good house, and sent in abundance milk, sugar, butter, rice, &c., with a kid and a large fish. We conversed with him on the story of the rich youth, who came to Jesus. What a mercy it would be, if the gospel found its way among this class. He sent us a present of ten rupees, which we declined.

"At the next village, we had been some years ago saluted with brickbats, but now we had a different reception. We had a good congregation, and many applauded. One man begged for a gospel, and many for tracts. The people here make bracelets, &c., from a sea shell, which are sold throughout Bengal.

"In the next village, the people in festive dress were carrying cocks to sacrifice at the tomb of a Mussulman saint. They took provisions for a feast which they were to enjoy after bathing. Many Hindus unite with Mahomedans in these festivals, and they return the compliment. As I preached, a procession passed, carrying little ships rigged out with masts and sails, a small lamp in each. A pretty little girl preceded, who looked round to see who admired her small vessel. They were floated on a large tank near.

"While preaching, we were saluted with handfuls of dust, and I got a hard slap from behind; but these are little trials. Gladly would I endure a flogging in every village, if some hearts might be turned to the Lord.

"14*th.*—I went to bed well, but awoke with an attack of cholera. I took forty drops of laudanum in brandy, covered myself with blankets, and commended my soul into the hands of the Lord. The only means at hand were made effectual, and the disease was

checked. I thank God for it, though death on the battle-field would not be undesirable."

Thus he journeyed on, fulfilling his Master's command; often "sorrowful" for the poor, unbelieving Hindus, yet "always rejoicing" to do his Lord's will. The record of his dangerous attack is very touching when viewed in connection with that which, five years later, opened to him the door to his Father's house. The Master he served did not permit him to die alone in a solitary tent under a tree, but graciously ordained that he should encourage others in his departing moments, and himself receive every tender attention that love could render.

From this time, however, his health was never so good as it had been; a succession of illnesses followed which, with his exhausting labours, destroyed his constitutional energy. Yet he was immortal till the appointed hour arrived for him to be received into glory.

"*January 27th*, 1847.—My beloved wife,—I have had good preaching, with few exceptions. I dined with Mr. Pratt and the Bishop, and spent a happy evening. The Bishop requested me to offer prayer, and when pronouncing the blessing, rose and laid his hands on Mr. Pratt, Dr. Webb, and myself. It was a very solemn moment. I daily give you and our children into the hands of our heavenly Father, and pray that every blessing may abide with you. Pray for me that I may be kept humble and devout. This is necessary for the effectual preaching of the gospel, and for our own souls. You know I love you as my own life, and am sure that you remember me continually.—Yours most tenderly, J. J. W."

"My dear child,—We are thankful that our heavenly Father is so merciful to you, giving you health, and friends, and ability to learn what is good. I hope you will be very diligent, and careful not to lose an hour. One thing would make your letters doubly interesting to us, if we could perceive that you mourn over your sins, and long to be free from them. We should delight to witness a soft, tender, humble heart. *Ask, my child, for this blessing.* Say, 'O Lord Jesus, take away my evil, selfish disposition, and give me a new, humble, contrite heart.' Pray thus, and the Holy Spirit will work the blessed change. We are well, though it is very hot. Henry begins to read, and Mary cheers us with her prattle. We sometimes wish she were with you, she is so pale and thin; but we could not part with her yet. May the Lord Jesus take you under His special protection.—Your affectionate father, J. J. W."

*Journal.*—"On the Ganges we saw two sons pouring muddy water down their father's throat, and shouting the name of Krishna in his ears. Little lamps were placed on the steps of the ghauts. This is an act of merit with Hindus. A shrine of Juggernath is close by. The people listened attentively to our preaching, and some youths made sensible remarks in English on the folly of idolatry. One can but believe that Christianity will ere long make its way to the hearts of these intelligent youths.

"We went to Culna, where we met six converts of the Scotch Free Church. Two had been itinerating, and had been to Burdwan. They related some encouraging circumstances; one had met a man to whom I gave a Testament last year, who promised to become a sincere believer. Another told me he had heard me

preach seven years before, when he was a thoughtless heathen boy."

This young man alluded to this circumstance in a letter he afterwards wrote to Mr. Weitbrecht, which we subjoin:—

"*Culna, August* 1847.—My dear sir,—I am not sure whether you remember me. In my boyhood I heard you preach in my native village, seven miles from Burdwan. Since my conversion, I have seen you here, and accompanied you to the bazaar, where, after you had preached, I added a few words in my unworthy manner. I have visited Burdwan, and experienced the kindness of Mrs. Weitbrecht, but you were always out.

"I have now charge of this mission with a valuable co-labourer,—a brother convert. Our schools are getting on, but I have been unable to go out much preaching of late on account of the rains. Allow me to say, dear sir, that in addition to the reverence I feel to every devoted missionary in my unhappy fatherland, I look upon you with peculiar esteem and gratitude. You preach the gospel in the place of my nativity—the residence of all who are near and dear to me. The Lord crown your noble exertions with success.—I am, dear sir, yours sincerely, LAL BEHARI DEY."

Leaving Culna, he journeyed homewards, halting at every large place. "One day," he writes, "I preached a useful sermon by the help of an ointment. I sat down before a shop, and the shopkeeper showed me his wrist, which was severely injured. I got some salve from my palanquin, spread it and laid it on the hurt, giving him a supply for the future. The bystanders exclaimed, 'These padres are incarnations of mercy.' 'Why do we show mercy?' said I. 'Our religion

teaches it. Our Saviour did the same. Does your religion teach this? No: if a poor man lies sick under a tree, no Brahmin would think of saving his life; his religion forbids it.' The poor man had got the wound in a quarrel. 'Then sin is the cause of it,' I said. 'I have given you a plaster for your body, and I know of one to cure the soul.' I then preached the Good Physician, and I believe a good impression was made.

"*February.*—Feeling unwell this morning, I had many serious thoughts of death and eternity, and never felt more like an unprofitable servant in the eyes of a heart-searching God; yet He is my God and Father in Christ Jesus.

"Visited a man condemned for murder, who was so anxious as to be hardly able to speak aloud. He said he had committed no murder, but had been persuaded to plead guilty. I tried to show him that it was no use to deny it, and to confess his sins, and seek pardon through Jesus. 'God is merciful,' he said, 'this is my hope. I am a great sinner, but I never touched the life of any human being.' I felt inclined to believe him, and remembered the case of a man who had been condemned, when, just before his execution, it was found he was the victim of a conspiracy. So low is the state of morals.

"*March 5th.*—In the evening, we had the solemnity of laying the foundation stone of our new church. Our three brethren, the European residents, and the native christians were present, we sang the hymn beginning,—

'Thou, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight!

Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!'

I gave an address. We then let down the stone, depositing a writing on parchment descriptive of the ceremony. We also deposited a bottle with coins. The singing was beautiful. We gave the name of Christ Church to our intended edifice.

"28*th.*—Our dear Mary suffers much. One day she was so ill that we feared the consequences, but the Lord heard our prayers, and she became better. Our dear brother, Mr. D'Rozario, is visiting us. He is the same humble christian,—would we had many like him. He has lately lost his wife whom he married from our house. He is all submission.

"*April* 29*th.*—My forty-sixth birthday. I am getting old in India. Oh, may I become more holy, glorifying my Saviour in body and soul."

To Mrs. Muir.—"*May* 27*th*, 1847.—Your missionaries, especially Mr. Herdman, look pale and thin. I saw them on a day when the thermometer was 110° in the shade, just after their day's work among seven or eight hundred boys was over, and they were exhausted, and seemed worn out; but I remembered that such was my own experience after a year or two of labour. When fully acclimatised we sometimes recover our flesh, though not the freshness of youth. There are forty-one girls in our orphan school, many of whom give us joy. The English class has six superior girls, who promise to become effective teachers. Our helpers are chiefly females thus brought up.

"Rabi carries on her infant school of fifty children

satisfactorily. It is of vital importance to train up native catechists and teachers. I therefore spend three to four hours daily among our young people. Had our brethren in South India, who laboured so successfully in the last century, bestowed more attention on this object, their missions would not have fallen off so lamentably. They trusted too much to persons who kept up the distinctions of caste. J. J. W."

"Poor Mr. R—— died at Chinsurah of heart complaint; he endured severe agony, but he prayed much in his sickness, and clung to Jesus while heart and flesh were failing. He often expressed a wish to have us with him, but no doubt the Saviour Himself was present with His sinking servant. His wife and child, both encouraging instances of true conversion which gladdened my heart, died during our absence. In a late letter from home two nieces tell me that my visit to S—— was made instrumental to their conversion. There is evidently a real work of grace going on in their hearts. These are cheering dewdrops in this spiritual wilderness.

"The last night in August that holy man, our brother Macdonald, passed from earth to heaven. He died of fever, which caused congestion of the brain, and became unconscious before knowing he was seriously ill, and awoke in glory without seeing death. 'For him to die was gain,' but it is a severe bereavement to the widow and seven children, and an irreparable loss for the Hindus. During the night my dear wife was in agonising pain from an abscess. After making many attempts to relieve her, I cried earnestly to the Lord, reminding Him that He was a Physician for body and soul. While thus praying, I looked round, and the

poor sufferer had fallen asleep. So does Jesus help. Great weakness followed the lancing of the abscess, and I have been very unwell myself. I can only rest my soul on Christ, my all-sufficient Saviour."

To Mr. Venn.—"I lately baptized a married couple, and we entreat the Lord for more. A few direct conversions would encourage me exceedingly. When well, I am cheerful and happy; but when the body is weak, the mind sympathises, and every trial appears heavy, especially our great trial—the hope deferred of the conversion of the Hindus. Oh, how often have I poured out my heart before Him in the still night. Surely, He will hear and answer.

"We are reading Currie's Life. It is delightful to us who knew him. His life is like a beautiful river flowing through a fertile valley."

"*September.*—I left home to speak a word of my Saviour's love to the natives. I met a Brahmin who recognised me, and I found he had been a boy in the mission school when I first went to Burdwan. 'Now,' I said, 'you have gray hair, and look careworn.' 'Yes,' he replied; 'the world is full of cares, and I am getting old.' 'Do you not know where care can be exchanged for peace and joy?' 'Where?' 'With Him who said, Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden.' He recognised these as the words of Christ. 'Well,' I said, 'He meets you once more with the gracious offers of the Gospel.' 'But,' he replied, 'are your people free from sorrow?' His heart seemed hardened, and his hopeless, abject condition long engaged my mind. Read Henry Martyn's Life, which gave me much comfort. I will continue to sow, hoping to receive the early and the latter rain.

"At Jotkundo some eight thousand human beings had assembled for a festival. After a sham fight, four men stood on a frail scaffolding, each holding an earthen vessel. After using strange antics to attract attention, they threw these vessels on the ground. Large snakes came out and coiled themselves round the men, distending their heads and hissing frightfully; then they bit the naked bodies of the exhibitors till the blood flowed. One man forced his finger down the throat of a black cobra (the most venomous kind), while the people shouted 'Harribol.' It was a horrid sight, yet this is counted divine worship. I retired, and a crowd followed me, to whom I spoke of the true God, but was rudely interrupted, the boys throwing rubbish after me. This is apostolic fare. O for apostolic success!

"The next day a handsome youth called on me in my tent—a worshipper of Krishna. I spoke of his vile character. He said, 'Krishna was holy; you must not judge him by his acts, but by his motives.' I was amazed to hear a Hindu speak like a Jesuit. I proved to him that good motives could not justify crimes. Then I spoke of Christ as the only pure and perfect Saviour who had ever appeared on earth. He replied, 'You say Christ, I say Krishna; all the same God.' I addressed him solemnly, and he seemed moved, and begged for a New Testament, saying, 'O sir, my mind is much affected by your speech.'

"In another village I made use of the Damuda river to illustrate my subject. 'Suppose,' I said, 'the river burst its embankments, would it be of any use to carry small buckets of earth and cast them into the breaches? The flood would wash away the people and their

baskets. Such is the christian religion ; it flows along not to destroy but to refresh the land. But it will break down idolatry.' I spoke of the converts in India as a proof of the victories of the gospel. One man said, 'Doubtless it will be so.'

"Ten young Brahmins followed me home, and inquired how it was the Hindus worshipped snakes. I told them according to Romans i. how it was their forefathers had become idolaters. I added, 'I now bring you a message from God, who calls you to return to Him. Do not, I pray you, speak of changing your religion, for that is not religion which destroys the soul.' I showed them how God had appointed a Saviour and Mediator in the person of His Son. My young hearers seemed serious. Shrewd lads always say, 'We worship only one God.' I told them this was false. 'I see temples of Kali, Shiva, Krishnu, and shrines where snakes are worshipped. There is no temple of the true God except the one at Burdwan which belongs to the christians.'

"The next day thirteen youths of high caste came to me. One professed to read an extract from the Puranna. I told him it was the substance of a Bengali tract on the creation. He insisted it was from the Shasters, so I offered to produce the book; he then acknowledged that he possessed one. I reproved him, expressing my regret that the Hindus were so given to lying, and urged the necessity of a new birth from above.

"*October.*—The view expressed by Chamberlain, the prince of preaching missionaries in Bengal, is just what I feel. When going forth on a tour, oppressed with domestic afflictions, he said, 'I am so satisfied

with my situation that I would not change it for that of the greatest emperor in the world; I sometimes think not for that of an angel in heaven. A preacher of the gospel, not to hundreds or thousands, but to myriads of immortal souls now covered with the grossest darkness. I may not live to see the work of conversion greatly prosper, but I am persuaded it will do so; and to be able to begin a work which shall finally succeed and issue in the everlasting salvation of innumerable multitudes of souls, fills me with unspeakable joy.'

"*November 4th.*—My dear boy,—We remembered you on your birth-day, and prayed for you. We earnestly desire you may become a pious boy and a holy man, and devote your life to God's service. Your brother and sister repeat your name with great delight. If Mary were permitted she would kiss your picture many times a day. Rabi is very sick, but all fear of death is taken away because she has been cleansed from sin by the blood of Jesus.

"Last week I caught a snake with a frog in its mouth. It was helpless, so I slipped it into a bottle with a large scorpion which I caught carrying twenty young ones on its back. Do not forget to pray for us; and ever remember that Jesus is the best friend of children.—Your affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*December 4th.*—Mounted a steep hill near Rugonathpore. It is called Jogi Dhala; or, the Leap of the Devotee, from the following legend:—In old times criminals were thrown from the summit of the mountain on the perpendicular side. One of these unfortunate persons begged that a Brahmin might be allowed to accompany him to the top of the hill that he might kiss his feet and receive his blessing before the fatal leap.

This request was granted. The malefactor knelt before the Brahmin, took hold of him, drew him to the edge of the precipice, and both fell over and were dashed to pieces. Henceforth no other person was thrown from this rock.

"I have had another attack similar to that in January, but less severe. I consider each new day of my life a new gift of mercy to prepare me for heaven."

While still weak he was called home on account of the illness of his babe. He refers to this and other points of interest in the extracts from letters which follow.

"Last week, when I was about a hundred miles from home, our infant was taken alarmingly ill. My wife sent out messengers in the hope of finding me, but she did not know where I was likely to be. She was without a medical friend and in weak health herself. It was three days before I was found. I found the babe alive, but very ill, and I have suffered also. I was called up at midnight to a poor woman with cholera. She was lying in a sheep stable, and her spasms were most severe. The air affected me, and I felt symptoms of the disorder. The means used were blessed, but I became very weak, and still feel the effects. The poor woman recovered. What a mercy to know that our times are in God's hands, and that not a moment before He decrees I shall be called away from my missionary labours.

"The general impression is that the old creed will ere long be superseded by Christianity. It exists in secluded villages and in populous towns, and reminds one of the feelings of the Canaanites when the Israelites approached their land. They see the Lord is on our side.

May the glorious conquest soon be made. We, too, have long been waiting for the Lord's command to take possession of the land. I believe the future is full of blessings for India; but we must watch, and wait, and *persevere.* If I am permitted to labour five or six years more I think I shall be content with the share I have been permitted to take in the glorious conflict.

"It requires much grace to love a child without clinging to the creature unduly. My own Mary is most winning; always wishing to be at my side. Dear baby is still very ill. So comes wave upon wave, till the last will convey our fragile bark to Canaan's shore."

*Journal.*—"*December 6th.*—Several children have died this year; all under ten. One little orphan was brought by a poor woman in accordance with the child's wish to be taken to a christian lady. She willingly stayed with us. She was diseased, but by much care we kept her alive for two months. She was very intelligent; and when we spoke to her of Jesus' love for children, her bright smile was beautiful. She learned the Lord's prayer, and prayed sweetly in her own words. We baptized her by the appropriate name of Mary. When dying, a christian woman said to her, 'Take fast hold of Jesus, my child.' 'I do, mother,' she said, and soon her little life closed.

"A poor sick man in a wretched hut listened with interest to the instruction of our catechist. I inquired, 'Are you uneasy about your sins?' 'No, sir,' he said, 'since I have heard there is such a Saviour as Jesus, who will pardon them, I am not afraid. I trust in Him.' I think 'there was hope in his end.'

"The infant school has forty children. Rabi has been ill since July. Her place is supplied by another good

girl, but she is not equal to Rabi, whose English education had raised her in every respect. Under her our infant school was equal to an English one. She is suffering from lingering disease, but happy and peaceful. She is a precious witness for Jesus by patient endurance of suffering and meek piety in a native christian congregation, where the tendency is to spiritual stagnation."

## CHAPTER XII.

### "CHASTENED BUT NOT KILLED"—THE MISSIONARY SICK.

"*January 4th.*—Baptized dear babe, adding him in faith to the host of the redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

"17*th.*—The little sufferer died at Chinsurah on Sabbath morning. He was worn out; a feeble attempt to cry while in my arms was the last effort, and his mother felt that all her care and love could do no more for him. While imploring the gracious presence of our risen Saviour to sustain us in our sorrow, the nurse called me to look at the babe, and while I pronounced a blessing over him, his breath ceased. Thus has our little Edmund finished his short course of ten weeks, and five of them weeks of severe suffering. What a solemn Sabbath to us! As he died, I looked out of my window and saw the Ganges slowly and majestically rolling down its waters. A speaking emblem of life's short course—soon mine may close too. May it finish well in the fulness of faith and hope of glory! We deposited the precious dust in a lovely spot near the bodies of some eminent saints and missionaries. I preached afterwards from the words, 'He which testi-

fieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.'

"This was the same text which, four years later, he chose for his last sermon; and from this time his character, always lovely and of good report, attained a rapid maturity. The attacks of illness in the jungle had solemnized his feelings, and the illness and death of his babe, had deepened these impressions. Other trials which followed, contributed to produce that chastened state of mind which the apostle describes as 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness,' in those exercised with severe affliction. He had been five times called to resign beloved little ones. This was the final trial; his heavenward prospects seemed to brighten, our Saviour's words to His disciples, 'Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit,' were now especially applicable to him.

"It has been well said, that as the ears of corn ripen for the harvest they bow their heads nearer to the ground. So it is with believers; they see more of their own imperfections, yet repose with growing confidence on the love of God in Christ. They feel increasingly desirous to improve every talent they possess, knowing that 'the time is short.' Thus it was with the subject of this memoir.

"*February.*—On a tour.—In a village, we met twenty jogis, or travelling saints, beggars by profession, who boldly demanded shelter and food. These men consider themselves as demi-gods, and the head man soon furnished them with a plentiful dinner. The younger men cooked, the elder ones reposed till all was ready. Many villagers collected around, whom we addressed; the dirty saints did not move a step to

hear the gospel; they were entirely unclad, only covered with ashes.

"At another village, a man greeted me as a skilful physician; he told the bystanders that I had cured a friend of his with two dozes of medicine; he brought another friend who had dropsy. I gave him a note to my wife, and he gladly walked ten miles to Burdwan for a remedy. I applied the subject to my congregation, pointing out our spiritual diseases and their remedy.

"In the next village, I was turned out of a sleeping-room by a quarrelsome native official, and took refuge in a stable, where I slept in the open shed. In the morning, I pointed out to this man the wrong system he pursued, and exhorted him to lead a new life.

"In another village, I sat down in the centre of the place before two large banian trees, with their graceful branches striking into the ground,—swarming with large monkeys. Behind these stately trees rose a temple, surrounded with smaller ones. In the chief building stood the hideous image, seven feet high. Near this place I preached on the parable of the unfruitful tree, and gained the attention of my audience by a description of the happy death of a believer in Jesus. Hindus feel these subjects in contrast with the hopelessness of their own creed.

"After my discourse, I found another preacher busy. A Brahmin sat before the image with a circle of women round him, to whom he was relating stories of the profligate life of Krishna. How I pitied his pretty-looking auditors. Poor girls! their minds being polluted in the presence of their God, by one of his priests. I thought of the sanctifying effect of our attendance in the house of God, and my heart yearned

with pity for these poor females. The Brahmin was distressed by my presence, and twice begged me to leave the place, saying he could not proceed.

"At another place, I observed a hearer looking sad; he had allowed his beard to grow, and I found he was a mourner for two sons who had lately died. I told him I too had lost a son, the fifth child I had buried, but that I knew I should soon see them again in a better country, which we call our Father's house. 'Do you hope to find your sons again, my friend,' I said. He shook his head. My catechist then read the two last chapters of Revelation. The people exclaimed, 'How beautiful! a delightful place indeed!' At the verse, 'There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth,' several looked round and said, 'Only good people can enter there.' It was an encouraging occasion. I felt the Lord's presence very near. It was as if He who has the keys of David were opening, so that no man could shut. We were conversing all day, and they seemed as if they would have listened all night.

"Can all this scattering precious seed be in vain? Shall we not one day return with rejoicing, bringing sheaves with us?'

"*April 27th*, 1848.—I have just now an unusual candidate for baptism—a Hindu lady. She has been under the protection of an English gentleman, who read the Bible with her. By degrees both became uneasy, and the lady said, 'If the Holy Book were true, they were doing wrong.' I was requested to receive this interesting woman, who was really anxious for Christian instruction. She came to us with her sweet little girl. Last week, on reading the history of our

Saviour's passion, she was deeply affected. I believe Divine grace is really at work in her heart, for I never saw such feeling in a Hindu female. She will soon be baptized, and then married. She is an intelligent woman about twenty-four; and will soon, if she has the opportunity, acquire the manners of the best English Society.

"I have another interesting inquirer—a rich man who speaks English, and attends our English service with two friends. Several young men have lately been baptized in Calcutta. We progress slowly, but the blessed period daily draws nearer when

> 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run.'

Who knows what may happen even in our day? The heart beats with quickened speed in looking forward, for surely 'our redemption draweth nigh.'"

We have traced Mr. Weitbrecht through the spring and summer of his Christian experience, and are come to the autumnal season. It could now be emphatically said of him that his conversation was in heaven. His loins were girded about, his light burning, and he was himself like unto one waiting for his Lord. The gracious experience vouchsafed to him by his Master carried him above trials which were peculiarly distressing to a man of his generous disposition. When greatly distressed by the behaviour of some persons whom he had befriended, he said, "I must bear with them as God bears with me. They have no other friend. I must be merciful and long-suffering, even as my Father in heaven is so."

"I am just now preparing for baptism a pupil of my English school. He lived at home for a year, and be-

came sickened at the absurdities of Hinduism; these were his own words. He has instructed his young wife in the New Testament, and she is willing to join him in following Christ.

"Last Friday I preached in the bazaar from the words, 'If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.' I felt much freedom in bearing testimony to the love of Jesus. Some of my poor hearers were groaning and sighing, and the crowd was as attentive as in a church; I was greatly encouraged. 'My word shall not return unto me void; but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.'

"*May 31st.*—Took a long tour and inaugurated a mission at Bhagulpore, two hundred miles distant. A beginning has been made by Mr. Hurter, a Swiss. The warm interest of the chaplain, civilians, and Mr. Hurter himself, was most encouraging, and I do trust our Society will be able to spare a man for this place soon.

"*July 22d.*—A native christian gentleman begged to be allowed to pay for the large bell which is coming from Germany. So graciously has the Lord again helped us. The Church is roofed in, so an important part is completed.

"*23d.*—A severe attack of illness—bronchitis and pleurisy. Thus the Lord has been pleased to lay me aside. It is no ordinary exercise of faith. Oh, what is man! I long sometimes to be delivered from this body of death, and to be with the Lord. Perhaps my work may soon be done.

"Absent for some weeks at the Sand Heads for change; tried to speak a few words to the pilots, and to the sick and dying."

He thus writes to his son,—"My dearest boy,—We are glad to hear such good news of your health and happiness. . . . I have had a bad cough, and been unable to work. This reminds me of the time when I shall have to lie down on a sick bed and leave the world. But one who loves Christ need not be afraid of death, for it is only to fall asleep in Jesus, and exchange sickness and sorrow for eternal and perfect happiness. As young people often die, it is desirable that you as well as I should be prepared—you are nearly nine years old. I shall pray for you, on your birthday particularly; but I do this very often.—Your affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

Some months before he had told his wife some arrangements he had made respecting his younger children, which showed the turn of his thoughts; yet during this painful illness he was peaceful and happy, with the holy calmness of the matured believer resting in the arms of Jesus. His brother Dicken, whom he visited during this illness, remarked of him afterwards, "He realized in his own experience the compassion and love of the great Physician, and recommended others to lay their case before Him. His soul was full of love, and the tenderness with which he spoke of Him who suffered for us was most touching. His communion with Christ resembled personal intercourse with a beloved relative or friend, though there was no unholy familiarity. So intimate was his affection for Him, that it often appeared to me as if the veil of faith were drawn aside, and he saw Him as He is. He dwelt with delight on the Saviour's love for sinners. His spirituality in prayer was most impressive. His sermons were full of force, clothed in language of inimitable simplicity;

and his earnest manner in preaching indicated the depth of his feeling in delivering them.

He enjoyed his intercourse with these beloved relatives exceedingly; and though the state of his mind was so elevated, he took great interest in all that went on, as the extracts from his journal, and various letters will show.

"*September 30th.*—I have re-read Buchanan's Memoirs with much interest. His remarks show how times have changed for the better in India during this century. His plans were grand and comprehensive.

"*October 12th.*—Returned to Burdwan to arrange for longer absence. Gales, heavy rains, and a dreadful inundation. My wife was up all night encouraging our people to strengthen the weak points in our large embankment. But the water at length forced the wall of the Orphanage, so she called up Mr. Geidt, who was sleeping unconscious of the wild flood raging around. He set to work, and the water was at length excluded, by placing planks across the broken wall, and covering the interstices with earth. The roaring of the torrent was fearful, and I was kept in great anxiety, until my dear wife came and told me all was safe. This storm delayed us three days; but at length we left for our boat, which was to meet us at Chinsurah.

To his son.—"*On the Ganges, October* 29.—You are now getting out of childhood, and your success will depend on yourself. I trust you will be steady, diligent, and earnest. Above all, do not forget the great thing, viz., to pray to God every day, and learn a few verses of the Bible. You will thus collect a treasury of scriptural knowledge more valuable than gold. We are now on the Ganges, as we were when you were a baby,

nine years ago. It was then for dear mamma's health; now it is for mine, and the river air has done me good. The Lord bless you, my dear son.—Your affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*November 3d.*—The day of the celebration of our jubilee. We can only keep it in spirit. It is a silent day, but has its own peculiar joy, with which a stranger intermeddles not.

*5th.*—It is very cold. The river is so full we can scarcely see from one shore to another. We pass through a little arm, on the banks of which are the ruins of Gour, the once mighty capital of India. The Hindus consider all the virtue of the Ganges to flow down this small stream.

"*6th.*—We made an excursion to the ruins. We saw first the splendid remains of the Barodwari, a Mahomedan building. The front consists of twelve arches. Our guide told us that in ancient times the whole territory was covered with gold a foot and a half deep. I suggested that the precious metal might have been turned into stone for the sins of the people. He replied, 'It may be so.' I asked where the fine blocks of stone had been procured, for there are no quarries, and the soil is sand and clay. He replied that they had been brought from the Rajmahal Hills, on the southern side of the Burra Gunga, and were carried over by General Hunymahn and his army of monkeys. So he believed.

"We then visited a high tower and some fine mosques. The ornamental work in some of these is exquisite. The solid walls of ironstone had been driven asunder by a tree sprung from a seed accidentally dropped between the crevices. Such is the vigour of

nature in this country, that a tiny seed blown by the wind between the walls of solid masonry will seal the doom of an immense edifice in the course of years.

"Such is our work. A stone is cut out without hands; water issues from under the threshold. Afterwards we see a wondrous building; we behold a river so mighty that it cannot be crossed. Precious comfort this to the worn-out missionary!

"We mounted a hillock, and admired the rich growth of tamarind and other trees, the creepers forming the most graceful garlands of flowers. Monkeys were gambolling about, and the jungle was full of doves and pigeons. The screech of the peacock made us aware of his presence also. The place abounds with wild hogs, and the swamp with alligators.

"A Mahomedan fakir guarded the entrance of a fine mosque. We fancied there was a tomb in the interior, but it was something much more uncommon. On the top of the apparent tombstone was inserted a slab of marble, and the fakir pointed out upon it the print of Mahomet's foot. A Nawab of Bengal formerly made a pilgrimage to Mecca and brought it thence, and this splendid edifice was built to cover it. The print of the other foot is preserved at Medina. One large mosque swarms with bats, covering its dark dome. How truly do 'the kingdoms of this world pass away and the glory of them.' May we be instrumental in erecting a kingdom in India which cannot be moved."

To his daughter.—"*Purneah, November* 30*th*, 1848. —My dear child,—We are now at Purneah with Aunt Eliza, more than two hundred miles from Burdwan. We have been nearly three weeks here. It has been a happy time, and has made Henry and Mary joyful and

rosy. We can see the Himalayas though they are two hundred miles off. The highest peak in the world is in this part of the range, and last evening the snowy summits looked so bright and rosy in the setting sun.

. . . I hope you give your whole mind to your studies; above all, I hope and pray for the renewal of your heart. We live in awful times, dear child, and know not what trials may come; so it is desirable for young people to seek the Lord, and have oil in their vessels. It is a sad thing to resemble the five foolish virgins who took their vessels—that is, made a profession of religion; but when the bridegroom came they had no oil. May the Holy Spirit teach my dear E. to understand these things. We all send love.—Your very affectionate father, J. J. W."

"*Purneah.*—Preached again, and was present when Mysarai was baptized by Mr. Dicken, who preached a very appropriate sermon himself after the solemn ceremony, which was witnessed with deep interest, it being the first baptism of a heathen convert by Protestant christians in this place. The Roman Catholics have many. A good beginning is made, I hope, in missionary work. A pious native catechist is expected from Benares, who will accompany Mr. Dicken to the bazaar, and preach to the people, and also superintend an English school about to be established.

"*December 5th.*—Left Purneah. We had a prayer meeting with our dear brother and sister Dicken on reaching our boat. We soon reached Bhagulpore; and as I got rapidly better my dear wife left me and returned to Burdwan.

"*Christmas.*—Happy season! Oh, that Christ may soon appear to the heathen in His divine glory. I

preach but little, and am getting stronger. I go to the bazaar with Mr. Hürter, who knows the language well, and preaches eloquently. His devotedness is beautiful, though alas! it is rare. He will make an excursion to the hills shortly. He is very unpretending, but a superior man."

The good man here alluded to got fever on his tour to the hills, and died. He was mourned most deeply by all who knew his worth. "So sinks one labourer after another into the dust," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, "and India is not converted! But the Lord's time *will* come."

To Rev. H. Venn.—"*Bhagulpore, December 28th*, 1848.—My dear Mr. Venn,—It is long since I wrote to you, and I must not allow the year to close without sending you a few lines. I am reading the Memoir of Simeon, which is refreshing to my soul. My health has sustained a severe shock, but I am told that the coming warm weather will remove my ailments.

"I look upon this visitation as sent in much mercy; affording me leisure to be still, and commune with my own heart; and I believe I have been a gainer by it. While I felt weak in body the Lord made me poor in spirit. I was as it were stripped naked, so that I was almost overwhelmed at my great sinfulness. What could I do but cast myself on the free mercy of our blessed Saviour? And I now taste something of the peaceable fruits of righteousness, after this chastening in love. To hate sin more, to abhor ourselves, and to feel Jesus more precious, shows a step nearer heavenward; therefore I say from my heart, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'

"I was sorry I could not take my part in celebrating

the jubilee festival at Burdwan. It was a blessed season at our mission stations. How the Lord has honoured our Society !—With kindest christian regards, believe me, yours very sincerely,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE MISSIONARY REVIVING—DYING, AND BEHOLD, WE LIVE.

On New Year's Day 1849, Mr. Weitbrecht wrote:—

"*January 1st.*—May the Lord Jesus Christ, in all His divine love, grace, and glory, be more fully revealed to my soul this year. Nothing without Jesus! All in and with Him! I preached twice yesterday, administered the sacrament, and had a burial. I entreated the Lord not to allow me to suffer from these labours of love for His name's sake; He fulfilled my request, and I am none the worse.

"*6th.*—Travelling in tents with kind friends. Marching about, breathing the free air of heaven, and encamping in mango groves is very useful to me. I am nearly free from weakness of the lungs, and can but thank the Lord. One night a thief entered my tent and stole from under my bed a small box containing all my valuables, and a large sum of money which had been given me for missionary purposes. I was much distressed on awaking to discover my loss. My private papers and other things I valued much are all gone." A few hours later, all was restored except the money.

"*February.*—On board a river steamer, where I am

allowed to hold daily prayers, at which all attend. The Sunday on board was peculiarly interesting. I never expected to find such lovely scenery, such noble rivers, in the wilds of the Sunderbunds. The banks of the streams are studded with trees and variegated foliage. The scene changes every few minutes, and some new river or creek comes in sight. The birds are singing, the wood-cutter felling timber, with which natives are loading boats for Calcutta. The land is low, and the water appears higher than the banks, which has a peculiar effect to the eye. The day was calm and quiet,—no sound but that of the engine propelling the steamer on her way. Nature is celebrating a Sabbath here among soft waters and solitary woods, and under a clear sky—it seemed like a beautiful temple prepared for man to worship the Creator. Here and there alligators were seen basking in the rays of the sun, which shines so genially on all God's creatures. I performed divine service on deck,—even the engine-boy was in attendance. I spent a peaceful, happy Sabbath in this wild region in communion with my Saviour. My text was, 'And Enoch walked with God,' &c. My hearers were very attentive, and my heart was drawn out in prayer for the spread of the gospel in this heathen land. On reaching home, after seven months' absence, found all well."

To Miss Millard.—"Dear Rabi was permitted to enter into the joy of her Lord while we were away. Her faith remained steadily fixed on Christ to the last, and we have the certain conviction that she is now in His presence. Considering what this world, especially what this heathen world is, there is something truly consoling in seeing a soul washed in the blood of the

Lamb gathered into the hosts of the redeemed. I sometimes rejoice to think that, after eighteen years of labour, I am so much nearer the Father's house. Our eventful times declare that the Lord will soon come. May our loins be girded and our lamps burning brightly. We shall never regret in eternity having devoted ourselves to the service of Jesus.

"We desire to labour in the Lord's vineyard as long as strength is given, but I feel my years increasing. When the Israelites were past fifty, they had no longer to go on warfare, and it was a wise and kind ordinance. If I should live so long, I may also look out for some quiet retirement. May the Lord Jesus be with your spirit, and give you a sweet sense of His gracious presence, and a sweet enjoyment of His precious promises. Believe me, my dear friend, your affectionate brother in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To his child.—"I wish I could see you again after so many years of separation. I often think of the time when this may be possible. Henry is growing a fine boy, and very sensible. Sometimes he is naughty, and I have to punish him, then he is very sorry. How clearly it can be seen in childhood that man is a fallen being. Oh, dear child, pray often to the Holy Spirit to renew your heart, and make you a new creature. You will soon enter on your twelfth year, and we hope you will then, by the grace of God, become a decided christian. Do read and think of the example of Jesus Christ,—how humble, obedient, and meek He was when on earth. Remember He can make you like Him if you ask Him in faith to do so.—Believe me, your very affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

The following short extract of a letter from one who

had known him on his first arrival at Burdwan shows the affectionate esteem in which he was held by such: "When I received your letter, I was in deep anxiety about the Punjaub war. The Lord in His goodness has sent a favourable issue—unto Him be the praise. I wish you were here, dear friend, to lead us in the expression of our thanksgivings, for we have much to be thankful for. The Lord has wrought 'not for our righteousness,' but for His own name's sake, and to prove that 'He will scatter the people that delight in war.' This verse comforted me the day after the battle of Chillianwallah, when accounts were discouraging and forebodings very gloomy.

"Now, dear friend, let me revert to your most kind letter. I keep it as a refreshment. May your valuable life and health be spared for many added years of usefulness, and may your dear wife enjoy the same and every blessing in her family. We have a large one; the happiest of them all is he whose mortal remains you committed to the earth sixteen years ago.

"Dear friend, let us continue to have a place in your thoughts and prayers. Our pilgrimages are perhaps near their close. *Oh, that I could feel as you do, prepared and ready to meet the summons.*

"*In that readiness is summed up the whole of what is called happiness. There is no other.*"

"*Journal.—March 14th.*—We set out on a tour with Mr. Keane and his catechist, Jadub, who is a converted Brahmin. In one place he was recognised, and roughly accused of forsaking his religion. He replied, 'In the golden age Hindus worshipped one God. I have returned to the old faith.' I told the people that in the present war in the Punjaub, the rebels had been

obliged to lay down their arms and sue for mercy. If Christ, I added, is the king of heaven and earth, who are you that you can venture to rebel against so great a person? Jadub remarked, 'Sir, this is a good place, there will be believers.' 'God grant it,' said I, 'of His infinite mercy.' I am ready to watch the least spark which appears to be kindling. We shall make arrangements for native helpers to come and reside here from time to time, to visit the spots where signs of life appear.

"We moved forward to the place where our first converts had been made. I related to the villagers their peaceful lives and happy deaths, and then said, 'I recognise many whom I knew as boys, now gray, worn out, and hastening to the grave. You know the gospel is the word of mercy from God for the salvation of men. No Hindu, as he is, is fit for heaven; the pure in heart alone can see God, and Christianity is the only religion that can make men pure and holy. Do accept it then, even now, at the eleventh hour. I felt ill in the evening, and as cholera is abroad, and the weather is hot, I moved forward the next day towards Burdwan.

"*March 25th.*—Mr. Hürter's catechist visited us, and was married to one of our nice widows. He chose a widow to show a good example to Hindu Christians who retain their prejudices on this point. We believe both parties to be sincere Christians, and I married them with real pleasure.

"*April 5th.*—This day an esteemed lady of our acquaintance died of cholera. She was out in the morning as usual, and in the evening carried to the grave. While living here my wife lent her Hambleton's 'History of the Soul' to read during Lent. She returned it

with a grateful note, saying, 'she had copied out much of it, as she found it so very edifying.' On the morning of her death she was on her knees in prayer for a long time, and had scarcely risen when she was taken ill.

"*12th.*—I asked a Pundit what he thought of the present government as compared with the Mahometan. He answered, 'It is a government of mercy. The Mussulman government was oppressive and bad. If a man built himself a brick house he was imprisoned and robbed, unless he gave a present far exceeding the value of the house. If one even wore a good dress he was noticed, and had to suffer for it; whereas now a man may get rich by trade, and nobody can annoy him."

To the Rev. M. M. Preston.—"*Burdwan, April 4th,* 1849.—My dear sir,—Dear brother Wilkinson has been called to his reward, and I am now one of the seniors in Northern India. I am going to preach a jubilee sermon on Easter-day—a very suitable season for such a commemoration. The sweet spirit of union and love now happily prevailing among our missionary circles is very encouraging, and is I hope a sign that the Lord has great blessings in store for us. Our half-yearly conferences tend much to produce harmony and mutual fellowship.

"Our dear venerated bishop has lately returned to Calcutta from his metropolitan visitation; his labours have been very much blessed; his charges were rich effusions of heavenly wisdom and grace.

To Mrs. Udny.—"*March 3d,* 1849.—My dear friend,—The Lord has been pleased to exercise your faith by sickness, and now you have the still severer trial of separation from your dearest friend on earth. I would gladly pen a few words of comfort to cheer you, for I

know what it is to feel weak—weak in body and weak in faith; but, my dear friend, these seasons wherein we are laid low prove in the end most blessed ones. I have often felt cheered by the beautiful words of the apostle, 'Our light affliction,' &c. The contrast of the comparisons is so very striking—light affliction—weight of glory—momentary affliction—eternal glory. How happy shall we be if we can thus regard our trials, and look forward to the glory to be revealed. May the Lord give you a bright view of this truth at this season. He is faithful. *He will give it you.* Do not allow a sense of your unworthiness to rob you of the comfort of appropriating to yourself these promises. It is desirable to fix our minds on this delightful fact when we read our Bible. There my God and Saviour speaks to *me* in infinite love and mercy, because He is a God of love. May the Lord give you this assurance with a sense of His gracious presence! Perhaps I may hereafter meet you either in Calcutta or in England. One thing is certain—all who love the Saviour here will meet before His throne in glory. Believe me, with best wishes and high esteem, your sincere brother in the Lord,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*June.*—At Birbhoom and round west to Bancurah, where I arrived very ill; but, after two days' rest, ventured to preach on Sunday, with feeble voice but inward zest."

In the course of the week he regained his strength, and had a blessed season the next Sunday in celebrating the dying love of Jesus with the little band of believers. He had given a preparatory discourse the evening before, and was encouraged in observing "a young man who had been present leaning on a pillar in a retired

place, and weeping freely. Over such tears angels rejoice."

"My chest is affected again, as the rainy season advances, and this prevents my preaching in the open air, which is a great trial of faith and patience. I do so delight to be in my Master's work as long as I am in this heathen land; but the Lord knows what is good for me and for His own cause. May I bow cheerfully to His will in trials and in joy.

"I have been much disappointed with several young men who came to me for months for instruction. This is very wearying, but success will come at last like the bursting out of new wine in the vintage."

He records an instance of an answer to earnest prayer. "The Lord has heard my prayer, and sent deliverance out of Zion. My chest is getting better, and the cough disappearing. I can now walk freely. Bless the Lord, O my soul! This is a mercy indeed; and it occurs in the worst season. Now I look forward to preaching in the bazaar again. The Lord bringeth low, and raiseth up; He woundeth, and maketh whole.

"*September 17th.*—Our new church is nearly ready, so I have written a petition to Government for the transfer of the old, shattered, English Chapel to our Society. The residents seconded the petition, and the Bishop will recommend it. It is well situated for us, being in the centre of the station, and near the native town. I have again preached in the bazaar, and had a good congregation.

"*24th.*—My wife has had to take our little Mary away for change of air. She returned this morning to my surprise, for it blew a gale all night, and I had no idea she could travel in such weather with a sick child.

She had been three days on the road, and had to seek shelter from kind friends twice, partly from the bad weather, and partly from Mary's illness.

"During the gale the bearers set the palanquin down under a tree, for the wind blew out their torches. My wife entreated them to proceed, and the poor fellows seemed to sympathise with her when she appealed to their feelings as fathers. One of them procured some wax candles, which they placed in a lantern, and they managed to get on very quickly, for they set her down at six A.M., to my amazement and relief, for I had expected her yesterday. The Hindus have feelings if one knows how to touch them.

"I have received many donations for the church from friends and visitors. This year we have scarcely been alone, and we have enjoyed the society of our guests, some of whom remained a long time; and one of them, Miss Mundy, rendered essential help to my wife in the school.

"*October 16th.*—This morning arrived the sad news of the removal of dear Krauss. Alas, my brother! He fell asleep on Sabbath morning; and just as his spirit had taken its flight, I was preaching from Mark xiii. 34-36. Little did I imagine it was his funeral sermon. Thus one after another enters his eternal rest. May the Lord comfort our sorrowing sister!

"Dear Krauss's death appears to have arisen from indisposition which had long hung about him, and was neglected. Humanly speaking, he ought to have left India months ago, but we know that our times are in God's hands. He died at Chinsurah, where he went for medical aid, but too late for the help of man to avail. He was there two days, and in his delirium often spoke

incoherently and sung German hymns. Sometimes he preached in Bengali, but his last words were in English, 'Work while it is called to-day, the night cometh.' When his wife inquired of him during a lucid interval if he felt prepared should it be the Lord's pleasure to call him home, he replied, 'Quite prepared,' and repeated the words twice. He had never quite recovered the loss of his child."

To Mrs. Krauss.—"*Burdwan, October 17th*, 1849.—My dear afflicted friend,—Little did I imagine when I wrote my last letter to you that your beloved husband was no longer living. The stroke was so unexpected that the news went like a dart through my heart. I hoped to see you both a few days hence. Alas, my brother! Who would have thought the manly frame would so soon sink into the dust! But it is not desirable to dwell much upon the event. Let us look up, my dear sister. The Lord reigneth. Jesus is not dead, but liveth evermore. I trust, therefore, you do not sorrow as those who have no hope. Try to realize the comforting thought that Jesus Christ, who shed His precious blood for you, remembers you in unspeakable love, especially NOW, when you are deprived of your main support, and cast entirely upon Him. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' 'In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' This is an eternal truth, dearest friend; hold fast by it and you will be safe. . . . . The memory of our sainted brother will be blessed to many. We all unite in much christian sympathy. May Jesus, who wept at the grave of Lazarus, be near you, and the everlasting arms your strong refuge. The finest monument of your dear husband's

zeal, faithfulness, and love to his Saviour, he has left to the Church in his beautiful mission at Kapasdanga. With sincere affection, believe me, your brother in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

*Journal.*—"*November.*—Now dear Haberlin is gone. He was struck down with sickness at Dacca, and left it in a boat with his enfeebled wife to proceed to Calcutta and Europe. In the wild regions of the Sunderbunds, where the silence is only broken by the tiger's roar, poor Haberlin breathed his last on a Sabbath morning.

"They were near a station, and kind, sympathising friends took the bereaved widow to their house, where she lay for a week so ill as not to be expected to survive her husband. Her condition was one of unutterable sorrow, but the Lord spared and strengthened her, so that she remained in India, labouring in the cause of native female education.

"She bears her cross with sweet resignation," writes Mr. Weitbrecht, who interested himself for the poor brethren at Dacca, left unprovided for by this sad event; and he invited two of them to Burdwan till their future way should be made clear."

"Never shall I forget," writes one of them, "my first meeting him in his house. He received us with the utmost kindness, and we felt that his welcome came from a heart full of love. His brotherly affection could never be mistaken for mere politeness; it was so cordial, —so hearty,—at the same time so dignified and gentle. I shall ever regard my acquaintance and intercourse with him, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to me on entering the mission field."

*Journal.*—"On going into a school-room in a Bengali village, I inquired the meaning of a large iron ring fixed

in the wall, and got an amusing reply. It was intended to fasten the image of Durga at the festival, to prevent its sharing the fate of Dagon. I preached beneath a shady tree. My hearers were armed with spears and firelocks. Their head man was also called a padre, and I found he was a pilgrim-hunter, persuading people to go and make shradha at Gya. I fear as to numbers, he succeeded better than I, for he had a goodly company.

> 'Broad is the road that leads to death,
> And thousands walk together there;
> While Wisdom shows a narrower path,
> With here and there a traveller.'"

Mr. Weitbrecht was soon after this favoured with a long visit from the Rev. C. Davies, the Bishop's missionary in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral. We will give his impression of this visit in his own words.

"In November 1849, I visited Burdwan, and was received by Mr. Weitbrecht with that hearty and cheering kindness one learns to appreciate in India. His high character was known to me before, though I was personally unacquainted with him; and after visiting other mission stations where he was always spoken of with affection and respect, I felt anxious to see him, and to learn some of the lessons which his long experience had taught him.

"The first thing that struck me was the love and honour that awaited him in his own family. He enjoyed that combination of reverence and love, which constitute the true character of the master of a christian household. He was one that ruled well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.

"There was a peculiar sweetness in his tone of mind,

which made it both a pleasure and a privilege to be with him; and while his whole heart and soul were thrown into his great work, I found him ready to enter into conversation on general subjects. Indeed he was a shrewd and thoughtful observer, both of the world and the church.

"I could not fail to remark the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. Some old friends of rank in the Indian service came through during my stay, and they loved to spend their mid-day hours at the mission house, and to talk with their former beloved pastor. I was the more struck with this, because I had seen a good deal of very different feeling shown towards other missionaries, whose position was thereby rendered more trying and difficult.

"I accompanied him on a tour, and resided with him in a little mud-walled bungalow of one room, nine miles from the station; thence we sallied forth morning and evening to preach. We had much edifying communion together; indeed it was the commencement of a very close friendship. There was the constant flow of cheerful, interesting conversation ever tinctured with religion, though there was no unnatural introduction of the subject. He took a very wide view of missionary work. He was a strong opponent of the mere extension of the outward church, under the idea that religious ordinances would change the heart of the nominal convert; and he assured me that he had rejected numbers, because he believed their acceptance would have retarded the general establishment of the gospel in the country.

"In his preaching, he rather avoided controversial subjects. Once, after addressing a large and attentive congregation, he was followed by one of his catechists,

who spoke in a more polemical strain; this caused a great uproar, and put an end to the preaching for that day. He told me this was usually the effect of direct controversy, so he preferred, as a rule, the simple preaching of the gospel. Before going to preach, he invariably sat down with pen and paper, and spent some time preparing his address; and there was a wonderful freshness and variety in his sermons, which those who preach without previous thought, can never attain.

"At Burdwan I heard him preach in English, and never listened to a more interesting and winning preacher. He read his English sermons, but with heartfelt earnestness; and for the happy combination of *force and simplicity* his sermons struck me more than *any I ever heard.* The attention manifested by a small but educated congregation was edifying to witness; and I shall never forget the fixed reverential look of one young man, who spoke to me afterwards with such deep affection for his pastor, that I could but hope he would receive in their power the truths he taught.

"His new church was opened during my visit, and I was delighted to observe the respect which the heathen Prince, who was present, entertained for the holy missionary. I left Burdwan a wiser, and I hope a better, man. I saw my brother for the last time in his coffin; his features bearing the rigid stamp of death, but the blessed death of those who sleep in Jesus; and I had the melancholy gratification of helping to carry his loved remains to that grave where they await the morning of the resurrection."

To his daughter.—"My dearest E.—, So you learn a little chemistry, and speak French. It is a very grati-

fying sign of progress when young people begin to take pleasure in their studies. I am glad to think you are so often in high spirits, for it is written in God's Word, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth;' but I hope you will take to heart what follows, for it is a serious fact that in a few years youth and womanhood will be past; then comes old age, which few live to see, and then comes death, and then comes heaven or hell; 'for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Now, my dearest E——, life is your seed-time. Oh, do sow to the Spirit, that you may not reap corruption when your short journey is ended!

"We go on a missionary journey to-morrow. Henry and Mary accompany us on a very large elephant. When we hear the tower clock striking, and the church bells ringing, we fancy ourselves in England. It is late in the night, and I am quite tired. Your affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To a sister he writes,—"Christmas-day was a great and happy day with us. I wish you could have witnessed the beautiful scene. I had given notice that the new church would be opened for Divine service, and the building was quite filled. Every European in the station was present, and various shades of colour might be seen among the congregation. There were between three and four hundred Hindus, the chief of them, alas! heathen and Mahometan. The Rajah of Burdwan was dressed in all the splendour of an oriental prince, and looked very handsome. His suite attended, and their behaviour was remarkably decorous. The Rajah followed the service in the prayer-book as Mr. Geidt read the prayers, and listened with apparent devotion while I preached from Isaiah xl. 9: 'O Zion, that bringest

good tidings,' &c. I truly believe the Lord Jesus was in the midst of us.

"The school children were in the gallery, and sang a beautiful Christmas hymn. A collection was made—the result of which was most gratifying. Surely the Lord will hear the prayers which have been offered up on this solemn occasion, and make Himself a glorious name among the heathen, by the conversion of large numbers, through the preaching of the everlasting gospel.

"In the afternoon Mr. Geidt preached in Bengali, and at sunset we invited the native christians to an ample dinner, which was served under a large peepul tree. One hundred and seventy-five persons sat down, and it might be truly said, 'All the men of Israel rejoiced greatly.' Such a Christmas-day I have never seen in India.

"Kindly procure for me a solid gold watch for the good friend who has assisted me so much in building the church, Mr. Rooke. I owe him a debt of gratitude for his valuable services, which have been rendered quite gratuitously, and am anxious to give him some tangible proof of my feelings. We have selected this as the most suitable.—Your affectionate brother,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*December.*—Our new church just opened. Has cost about £1000. I have had given to me this year £339, which have been used for the purposes of the mission."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE EXPERIENCED MISSIONARY PREACHER.

"*January 2d*, 1850.—On a tour. Preached on life a seed-time, death a harvest, the human heart a wild jungle full of beasts of prey; the heart of the believer like a garden full of fruit-bearing trees. I entreated them to think soberly, pray for a new heart, and prepare for eternity. There was very serious attention.

"At another village P. K. preached on the happiness of believers. 'What happiness have you got from believing?' asked an insolent fellow. 'Allow me to say a word,' said I. 'Happiness is of two kinds, carnal and spiritual. I have a pig which is fed abundantly, and enjoys in its way great happiness, but it is fattened for the slaughter. Many Hindus fancy good food, riches, estates, can make them happy. We read in our Shaster of a man who had them all in abundance, but to him it was said, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.' I then described spiritual happiness and the entrance into heaven, and went away, leaving my words to make their own impression. Had another good congregation later; and after preaching, was followed by some men, who asked many intelligent

questions, showing that they had listened to and understood my discourse. They said they had heard me before.

"5*th*.—A very pleasant night in our tent. I rose at four, and sat with my boy on the elephant; the girls and mamma followed in our conveyance. Monday was a grand preaching day. I mounted the raised entrance to a Kali temple, reeking with the blood in which this goodess delights. Three hundred very respectable men surrounded me. I had a long discussion with a Brahmin. Found an English school in an obscure village taught by one of *our* old pupils, who begged me to examine *his*. The schoolmaster is indeed abroad. Witnessed a grand procession, with music, and found that a salgram or sacred stone had been stolen from a temple, in its golden case. The Brahmins had fasted and made pujah without success, so the Rajah of Chuttra came forward and gave them a new salgram, which they were carrying to the temple."

Returning home, he overtook the young schoolmaster and a friend arguing in English as they walked. One spoke of the eternity of matter, which he said produced all we witness in creation by its own inherent laws. "But who made those laws?" responded the other. Mr. Weitbrecht here interposed. "I will give you," said he, "a subject for discussion, which has engaged the deepest philosophers, and which Christianity alone can solve. It is this, How can a man become righteous before God?" He then proposed the following points for their consideration:—1. Man is a sinner, having transgressed God's law. 2. Man is therefore in a state of guilt. 3. By the divine law the guilty must suffer punishment. 4. By a few good actions or expressions

of sorrow the sentence of the law cannot be reversed. 5. Christ, the Son of God, suffered the penalty of the law in man's stead. 6. Believe in Him and you will receive His justifying righteousness.

The lads promised to search the Scriptures, and give these points their serious attention.

"I could not but remark," he adds, "the contrast from what the Hindus were eighteen years ago." Truly a most wondeful change is coming over society in India. On this point all agree who know the country intimately.

Soon after, he took the opportunity of a feast given by Dr. Cheek's head steward to five hundred Brahmins, and two thousand people of lower caste, to preach Christ to them. "I read to them," he writes, "Matt. xxiv., the invitation to the Great Supper." Alluding to the feast they had just enjoyed, "Now," said I, "you want spiritual food. God sent His Son to prepare a heavenly feast for you, and He invites you to come." Dr. Cheek was so struck with the devotedness of his catechist that he would gladly have employed him at fifty rupees a month; but this good man chose rather to serve the mission for ten rupees—a proof that converted Hindus can be self-denying.

To his wife.—"*Midnapur, January 18th.*—I arrived here this morning in excellent health and spirits. . . . I had splendid congregations at Bishenpur, where in 1835 and 1838 we met with nothing but contempt. I left that populous town with a hopeful, grateful heart. My experience there was worth the whole mission trip. Blessed be God for the change! I am again encouraged to hope I may yet see a glorious day for poor Bengal."

"I went thence to Gurbutta, where I met with extraordinary kindness from an old talukdar. He sent me many good things; and what gave me still more plea sure, he listened to the gospel with attention. He supplied me with additional bearers to take me to Midnapur, where I have been warmly received by the L——-'s, who are very anxious that a mission should be established here; but I fear men are wanting. Oh that our young clergy would listen to the call, 'Come over and help us!'

"*Tumluk, January 28th.*—I arrived here safely. It has been pinching cold, but delightful for travelling. I had good preaching at Midnapur, where I distributed two hundred and fifty gospels, twelve New Testaments, and four hundred tracts. Some young men gladly paid for gospels, which is something rare. In one place I saw a temple, the roof of which was split by a peepul tree. It helped me to expatiate on Hinduism, which is crumbling away like this temple. 'It cannot stand,' I said, 'before the light of divine truth.' Brahmins and peasants reiterated,'You are right.' One day I saw a representation of Hunyman, the monkey god, in stone, the first I have seen in Bengal. The ridiculous character of the worship struck me forcibly.

"A huge car of Juggernath stands here. While viewing it I received a polite invitation from the Gosein to take up my residence in his quarters. This I accepted, and soon a heap of eatables was set before us. The catechists, as well as the palanquin bearers, got large portions; and on taking leave this morning, the benevolent Gosein gave me a piece of cloth and a rupee. I gave him an Old and New Testament in remembrance of our visit.

"These Goseins are the patrons of religious devotees, and he evidently considered me as one of these. He spends all his income in such charities. Oh may he receive a blessing from our visit! My subject in preaching was the conversion of the Philippian jailer. The people gladly heard the gospel. I feel grateful and encouraged by this trip.—Your affectionate husband,

"J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*February 5th.*—On this tour I have been in eighty towns and villages, and was heard for the most part without opposition.

"*28th.*—One of our nicest girls has died. Her child-like expressions of faith were so touching that they recurred at her burial, and were overpowering."

*March.*—"I am preparing Bengali hymns, which are much needed. In Passion Week I composed several on our Saviour's sufferings and death, and enjoyed those blessed days very much."

To his son.—"My dear boy, I do not know whether you like to receive letters; I do, and should be glad of one from you more frequently. . . . . You will be eleven years old this year,—a period when many boys become more decided in character, and feel the importance of diligence and industrious habits, and I do hope you will do your best and show you are in earnest. Pray for God's blessing on your studies, and as you are called a christian child, that you may adorn the name. I do not mean you should not be lively and cheerful—to love the Saviour promotes real cheerfulness even in boys.

"Have you read of Moses, whose face shone when he came down from the mountain where he had been conversing with God? There is something in true

christians which shines. This is divine grace and I want it to shine in you.

"A dear boy here, named Samuel, died lately; he was eight years old. While he was sick, he was very unhappy because of his sins, but God heard his prayers, and shone into his heart with heavenly light, and he found peace through the blood of Jesus. His poor father said to me, 'Oh, sir, pray for me, that I may be enabled to resign my son with the same faith as Abraham did his Isaac.' Samuel spoke sweetly of his hopes, joined in the prayer his father offered to commend his spirit to Jesus, and soon after left that bed of suffering to repose in his Saviour's bosom. Susannah, a cousin of Samuel's, died a little before him. She could not pray or seek God during her illness because the fever affected her head; but she had loved Him while in health, and said in her delirium that she could see angels. Now good-bye, dearest boy.—Your affectionate father, J. J. W."

To Rev. J. A. Jetter.—"*Burdwan, May 1st*, 1850. —My dear Bhai, . . . . I have lived to see many a storm, but none that produced such awful effects here. It began raining at daybreak, but no forebodings of a storm appeared, though M—— came to me repeatedly and expressed her fears; but I was so engrossed that I did not heed her advice. While at dinner, the wind began to blow in earnest, but it was too late to warn the christians, and by five it was perfectly furious. M——, attempting to go out, was thrown down by the wind. We secured the thatched roof on the east side of our house, and the catechists did the same with theirs, but the girls' school and the christian village became a heap of ruins, and Geidt has suffered too.

The large trees in the avenue groaned under the blast; large arms of them detached themselves in succession from the parent trunk, and we stood helpless and awe-struck, beholding the desolation. The doors in our house were forced open, and the impotence of bolts and bars was seen. It was dangerous to go out, but it was necessary to secure some of the high windows of the church. One of the turrets fell close by us, sprinkling us with dust. Another fell just before us. We feared to see the steeple give way, but the Lord heard prayer, and stayed the desolation. As darkness came on, one messenger after another appeared with doleful tidings; but about eight the hurricane began to abate, and by eleven it had subsided. We opened our houses to the poor people, and divided some two hundred guests between us, who slept upon the matted floors. In the morning, a sad scene presented itself. Sixteen trees uprooted, others broken short off, and all fearfully injured, but, thank God, not a person suffered bodily injury, and the awful gale has purified the atmosphere, and removed the fevers and smallpox which have long been raging. I gave public thanks for our preservation, and appealed for help for the poor sufferers. The appeal was nobly responded to. I must now set to work to repair damages. Alas! I must begin building afresh; but the Lord has done it, and we must be still, and give Him glory. All looks as if it had been singed with fire. . . . . I am busy putting some of our beautiful German hymns into a Bengali dress. I can now sing and preach aloud. My time is very short. Adieu, dear old fellow-soldier. Let us keep up the standard of our Captain.—Your affectionate, &c.,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To his son.—"My dear boy, we have had a very severe storm. When at its highest, Henry and Mary began to cry, that the house would fall, and begged God to preserve us. We are you see in many perils, but our Master can take care of us, and He does. Last week, a little boy was brought to me who had been bitten by a snake. The wound was burned with caustic, but it was too late. He complained of cramp in his arm, and lay down and fell asleep; in an hour he was dead. He might have been saved, but his father foolishly waited to catch the snake, and in the meantime the poison entered the child's blood. This teaches us a lesson not to put off seeking a remedy for our sins.

"Mary was lately trying to persuade a little native girl to love Jesus, and she told her Jesus wore nice clothes, while Satan was naked. Now this is true as a metaphor, for Jesus is adorned with all that is beautiful, while Satan has nothing to recommend him. May this Redeemer clothe you in His robe of righteousness.—Your affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*May 15th.*—Translated 'Jane, the Young Cottager' for the Tract Society, who are making earnest efforts to increase our christian literature. Two of our infant school children have died, and though very young, have given unmistakeable proof of true conversion. The schoolmaster Elijah, is much cheered. We feel deep sympathy with the pious parents. It was really touching to see the poor mother literally sitting in the dust, weeping sore. Her boy of six had been a child of God from infancy, and had shown it in his childish actions."

To a friend.—"Our time is passing away, and unless we take it by the forelock, it will slip out of our hands.

I this day enter on the forty-ninth year of my pilgrimage to heaven. Most of these have been spent in Bengal in the service of my blessed Saviour; and I do not regret entering upon this service for with all its trials, it is a happy life, and I am ready to stand at my post as long as health and strength permit. We are surrounded by mercies, enjoy comfort and peace, and here and there a sweet token of our Master's approbation.

"We are warmly grateful to you, dear friend, for your persevering care and unwearied attention to our child. When the evening comes, and the Lord of the vineyard shall say to His steward, 'Call the labourers and give them their hire,' your labour of love will be remembered by Him; and 'forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren,' He will say unto you, 'ye have done it unto Me.' May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, dearest friend."

To his sister in Germany.—"*May* 1850.—We are well, dear sister, as far as can be in this fearful heat; but when evening comes, it feels as if every bone of the body would separate from its fellows. I rejoice in this trying languor, in the prospect of the promised rest—very sweet in India, where the burden and heat of the day is a reality. The strength of my prime is gone, and I am becoming an old man. One grows old much faster here than in Württemburg; but the faithful Lord will help us to the end. We will be careful to abide in Him, that when He shall appear we may be like Him."

To Mr. Venn.—"*Burdwan, June 22d.*—My dear Mr. Venn, The report of our Society's annual meeting, which I have read in the 'Record', has warmed my

affections, and brought back the scenes of former days during our sojourn in England. My dear friend Dr. Barth's speech, and his allusion to the little town of Schorndorf, awakened grateful feelings in my breast; for since I left my beloved native place, a goodly band of missionaries has issued from it; and I feel persuaded that the fire then kindled will burn brightly for many years to come. It is pleasant and encouraging to cast a retrospective glance, and to meditate on all the gracious dealings of God with us in the way He has led us. Such a remembrance fills my mind with hope, that by the same grace, I shall be enabled to persevere faithful, till the last conflict is passed and the victory won.

"The death of the beloved Bickersteth, has called forth my lively sympathy. For several months I assisted him in Wheeler Chapel, and his sweet christian spirit and simple evangelical preaching, left an indelible impression upon my young mind. Now I am getting old myself, and feel that the greatest part of my race is run. My humble prayer is, that the last portion of earth's pilgrimage may be the best, and that my path may be as the shining light, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

"Our two children, having attained the age when it is necessary to take them from this climate, we have been contemplating this painful step. Their mother will probably accompany them home, for a thorough change is very desirable for her. I am writing officially to the Calcutta Committee for their sanction.

"The separation from those dearest to me will be a severe trial to my feelings, but I put all these things down to the account of the Lord, who has promised to

repay His servants a hundredfold in the present life, and hereafter with a crown of glory. With our united kindest regards, I am yours most truly,

J J. WEITBRECHT."

"Preached at Kunchanugger. A Brahmin asked me if I had a wife and children; when I said I had, he said, 'You English can do what we dare not. You visit a friend, you walk with his wife in the garden, or drive in the carriage without prejudice to your character. Such a thing could not be with us; but you have a higher character and a purer nature.' I replied, 'The christian religion produces this high tone of feeling; but heathenism debases man, for the sight of an idol pollutes the mind. He allowed it; but a shop-keeper said there were holy men amongst Hindus.' 'Yes,' I said, 'the holiness of the ascetic.'

"I was much affected at hearing of the death of a Hindu youth. He was a pupil, and afterwards a monitor in the English school, and frequently attended the English services. I recollect on Easter-day seeing him deepy affected, while I preached on the words, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' His parents were the obstacle to his embracing Christianity; when I last pleaded with him, he left me with a heavy heart, and I saw him no more. A low fever seized him, and he shortly after died. I trust he looked in the hour of death to the Redeemer. Our boys in school were much moved, for he was beloved and respected by all." When one reads such incidents, we can sympathise with the man of God who so often sowed in tears; may those who are permitted to carry on his labours in the field he so assiduously cultivated, reap in joy, and in the great day he that soweth and he that reapeth will rejoice together

He delighted to recollect that God rewards not the successful only, but the faithful labourer; and such he pre-eminently was.

To Mr. Dicken.—"My dear brother, your letter reached me three days ago, and I grieve to learn that your health is so greatly shaken. You have indeed a thorn in the flesh and I can feel for you, having once suffered myself from nervous complaints. I often seemed like a criminal about to be judged. I believe Satan takes advantage of such a state to insinuate doubts, and strange and sinful ideas. But the Lord Jesus Christ is stronger than he, is very compassionate, and knows all our feelings, fears, and sorrows. You must learn to believe that this trial is permitted by His infinite wisdom for some real good, and its end will come, though perhaps not just yet. No doubt a trip to the hills is far more desirable than a trip to Burdwan, and I would advise you to go to Darjeeling, as soon as the roads permit. We should have been delighted to have you under our roof, but the path of duty is the safest. . . . I am alone now,—her mother having had to take away poor Mary, who is much reduced with fever. We have had our share of troubles, and my chest has suffered, but is better now. . . . Kind love to you both, and cordial wishes and prayers that God may soon turn your mourning into joy.—Your very affectionate brother,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

*Journal.*—"During the late inundation a large Shiva temple was washed into the river, but the idol remained. The poor people came in crowds with their offerings, but in a day or two this also was gone. 'Why did not your god preserve his temple?' said a friend. 'Oh,' said the zemindar, 'this Damudah is such a terrible

fellow, nothing can stand against him.' 'And yet you worship,' said my friend, 'a god that has no power over a stream.'"

To his wife.—*August 2d.*—So my dear brother Conrad is gone,—a sad gap in our family circle. I bow in sorrow under this stroke; but I feel assured the Lord will heal and raise up. I was going to the bazaar to preach when I heard the sad news; but I must stop at home and humble myself under the mighty hand of God. May the Lord receive the poor widow and children under His own protection and guidance. The sad event makes a void which cannot be filled. Our head is gone, to whom we all looked up with love and respect. The news came on the anniversary of the farewell meeting with my brothers in Cannstadt. Now I say with Hezekiah, 'I will go softly all my days;' think more, and live more for eternity."

He thus wrote to the bereaved:—*Translation.*—"My dear sister and children,—The mournful news of my dear brother's death came on me like a thunderclap from a clear sky, and overwhelmed me with distress and anguish of heart. Such intense suffering of soul I never before felt, and it still weighs heavily upon me. But I will not re-open the wound, but rather try to speak a word of brotherly sympathy to you.

"My heart bleeds for you, dear sister, and your children, and I long to kneel down and pray with you, and to raise your bowed down spirits out of the dust, by the promises of God's word. There is no other help than that which comes from Him,—no remedy but to cry, Lord, have pity upon us Read the 32d Psalm, and find peace. We are certain that in all His dispensations the will of God is our conversion to Himself. To

mourn will not profit us; but to fly to Christ, and cast ourselves into the sea of His mercy—the bosom of His love—will bring us peace and rest. Oh, then, dear children, earnestly seek communion with Him in prayer; and while you diligently study His word, ask for the light of His Spirit. Pray that the unbelieving heart may be renewed, and a heavenly mind given you. Then the sun of mercy will arise, and dispel the dark cloud that hangs over you. The great aim of life is to spend it for eternity. All else that concerns us we may safely leave to our heavenly Father, who will surely care for us. I pray that the blessing of our Father's house may remain with you, and that the peaceable fruits of righteousness may spring from this bitter affliction.

"We are all well. How long I may remain here is uncertain. There is no lack of work nor lack of blessing.— Your faithful brother and uncle,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

*Journal.*—"*August 11th.*—I have come to Bancura with Henry, who is delighted to be my companion. . . On Sunday we had the Lord's Supper. It was a blessed season. The last eight days I shall never forget;—the anguish of my mind about C——, and my anxiety about Mary, death and sickness among the Christians, especially our good schoolmistress, Kripa. My health is good, but my whole being seems to want raising up. Our gracious God stays His rough wind in the day of His east wind.' We must glorify Him in our trials; *a few years more we shall have finished and reap in joy.*

"I have had a visitor, a young man discharged from jail for forgery. He came to borrow money, which I did not lend him; but I spoke to him faithfully. We prayed together, and he wept much. He had never

but once felt pricked in his conscience; it was when Mr. Ruspini preached in the jail chapel from the words, 'Come unto me,' &c. He left me quite overcome, and I have since heard is in a hopeful state."

On Mr. Weitbrecht's return, he found an adopted foundling baby; little Clara, who with two other orphan girls, lived from henceforth in the mission family with his own children. Another trial followed. The excellent schoolmistress of the orphan girls became hopelessly ill; and Helen, the infant schoolmistress, was likewise disabled. He was also grievously disappointed in the hope of getting his dear brother Merk appointed as a permanent assistant. "We must receive it as from the Lord," he writes, "His hand is in all these things. We want to arrange for ourselves, but He will arrange for us. Merk, with his knowledge of Bengali, and his nice wife, seemed the very man to succeed me; but the Lord will provide, and we must believe this.

"At Kotghur, where he is going, Merk must learn a new language, and will only have about two hundred people to whom he can gain access, with a girl's school of eight or ten. Here we have teeming myriads in a certain state of progress. He mourns deeply, but takes it from a Father's hand. Our catechist B——, who lost all his children, has become deranged, and our servant Elizabeth is very ill. My wife too has almost lost the use of her right leg, yet we wish not to say all these things are against us.

"Elizabeth died, after five days' illness, of acute dysentery. She had been a faithful nurse for three years, but we hope she is now with the Lord.

"*October* 1*st.*—Two Hindu youths presented themselves to me this morning, requesting to be received as

preparandi for the Church of Christ. One was a Brahmin, the other a Kashto. Having received a good impression of their sincerity, I begged Mr. Geidt to instruct and prepare them for baptism, as I was leaving home. The more we saw of these lads the better we were pleased with them. One had received a Psalter and a Gospel from a missionary at a heathen festival, which he read at home. Conversing with our catechist, Kali, he had got some knowledge of Christianity, and was led to believe that heathenism was false. The young Brahmin met with his companion on a visit; they conversed together on Christianity, and resolved to make an open profession of it. With this view they came to Burdwan.

"19*th*.—I have had a very gratifying conversation with the two lads. I therefore encouraged Mr. Geidt to baptize them at once, and the ceremony was performed this afternoon in our church. I gave a short address, and I have since had them an hour in my study. This is a gratifying accession to our little church, for they are intelligent, well educated, and promise to become useful. The Brahmin's father expressed great sorrow at his son's baptism, but allowed him to remain with us. His friend was baptized Gershom. He delivered a faithful testimony to his Saviour; his countenance brightens when he speaks of religion.

This incident shows how the missionaries of different societies help each other in their common work. A Baptist gives a Gospel; a catechist of the Scotch church explains it; and a brother of the Church of England introduces him into Christ's fold by baptism! The Lord of the vineyard puts equal honour on all who labour faithfully; and it is a gratifying fact that, amidst

the questions which disturb the harmony of the church at home, its representatives in India enjoy much practical union, of the value of which we can hardly think too highly.

No one rejoiced more than Mr. Weitbrecht in what he called the practical "Evangelical Alliance" of Indian missionaries. "His Christianity," writes Mr. Lacroix, "was of that lofty and comprehensive kind which soars above mere forms and names, and led him to receive as a brother beloved every one in whom he could trace the image of his Saviour. To such a one he gave the hand of fellowship, and the love of both to Christ became the bond of union between each other."

To a young friend who desired his advice as to becoming a missionary.—"My dear young friend,—I was much gratified to learn that you think of devoting yourself to the missionary cause, should our Heavenly Father open a door of entrance for you. I shall be happy if I can lead you a few steps nearer to that gate.

"I have been a missionary twenty years, and I can assure you it is a blessed work to a man whose heart is engaged in it. To spend one's life in leading the heathen to a knowledge of the truth is a work in which angels would delight.

"If you feel that you could be happy in this noble work, and if the desire arises from love and gratitude to your Saviour, I advise you to cherish these thoughts in every possible way, and pray that the Holy Spirit, the Paracletas, may prepare you for the important office; for you are doubtless aware that the spiritual preparation is the chief thing—a heart sanctified by grace; a spiritual knowledge of Christ, living in Him, and nourished by His word—this is the groundwork.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see the son of my beloved friends joining me. You might come out in two years, and I could at once find a sphere of usefulness for you. We have an English school with one hundred Hindu pupils. The use of the globes, geography, and history are taught, besides religion. This is a sphere of promising missionary labour, for our Hindu youths not only desire to attain knowledge, but are often favourably disposed towards Christianity.

"I would advise you to store your mind with knowledge of every description. You can turn it to good advantage here. Latin, Greek, and Hebrew are desirable for the preacher and translator. Astronomy, chemistry, and mechanics are very useful. A critical knowledge of the Scriptures, a course of sound divinity, are excellent helps.

"I conclude these hasty lines with my best wishes and earnest prayers that the Lord may direct you by His good Spirit; and that wherever it may please Him to place your lot, you may become a good man, and an honoured instrument for the benefit of your fellow-creatures, a joy to your parents, and an heir of glory. . . . .—Your sincere friend, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*8th.*—Went as far as the *Pilot* with my dear wife and children, and preached on board on Sunday, leaving in the evening after earnest conversation with the children, and fervent prayer with my dear wife. As my boat passed round the stern of the *Hindustan*, I saw them at the window still in tears."

To his wife.—"*November 18th.*—I felt very sad on reaching the pilot brig to see the steamer ploughing onward and disappearing at last. In the night we had

a gale, which I hope you escaped. I met with a Captain J—— in the steamer that took me up when the gale was over. He appeared to be dying, and I went and sat by him. 'Are you a minister?' he said; 'I hope you are a faithful servant of the Lord.' He seemed a true christian, and said to me, 'I like to hear some one speak of Jesus. I know the world, and have proved its hollowness. I would not be Governor-General of India in place of the peace of God.' I prayed with him, and promised to visit him on shore, but he died soon after landing.

"My daily prayers ascend for you and the dear children, that the hand of our gracious Father may guide you in safety."

"*December 16th.*—Reached home on the 22d ult. Had some nice preaching on the road, and found plenty to do on my arrival. Your dear letter from Madras gladdened my heart, then the one from Ceylon, and to-day another from Aden. Praise God for the good news. Sometimes I am anxious, but you are all in the best keeping, which is a never-failing comfort. I can give good accounts without any drawback—all is going on well and peaceably. In the evenings I am a little sad and lonely, hearing no pleasant voices; but Jesus can fill the empty places in house and heart, and I have had some blessed seasons with him. Last Sunday particularly at His table.

"The conference was on the 11th and following days. Our house was very full, but Miss Hebron made them all comfortable. Lincke and Lipp went with me for a little tour when it was over. One day some villagers disputed which of us was the chief. They decided in favour of Lincke, because he was so much

stouter than I. A Hindu thinks a great man must be also a big man. A poor fellow, who had been unjustly imprisoned for a year at Burdwan, recognised Pran Kishto as 'the man who preached to them on a Sunday.' This good man has a peculiar gift for preaching, for he combines earnestness with kindness, and is full of similes and illustrations, so that he is acceptable to all.

"In one village, a lad who had been in our English school brought us some eggs, and told us all the people there were gentlemen. They were certainly well-behaved. They came to our picturesque encampment begging books to a late hour. One man showed me two Gospels he had received twenty-seven years before when a boy in the school at Burdwan. They had been carefully used, and the man appeared to have benefited by them. When we left, they all said, 'Come again soon; if you do, we shall be converted.'

"At another village I admired a lovely babe. Her father offered to give her to me in marriage. Had I been a Brahmin, no doubt I should have accepted at once.

"Three of our people got the prizes given by the conference for the best compositions. This has encouraged them; and next year fifty rupees will be distributed in this way, for the result has been very satisfactory. I am now going to Bancura; and on my return, Lacroix will be here to accompany me on a long trip, to last all January. May the Lord give us a blessed Christmas. You will I hope be at home on that day."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE RIPENED SAINT.

"*January 1st*, 1851.—Help me, Lord, during my remaining years, few as they may be, to live more holily, more for eternity. Twenty years of missionary labour completed.

To his wife.—"May our gracious God, whose we are, and who has loved us with an everlasting love, give us a blessed new year. It is a sweet comfort at the commencement of this new period to remember that we have a kind and gracious Father in Christ. His ways with us in past times bear testimony to this; and we can, with childlike confidence, commit our future to Him. I imagined you on Christmas-day, with the beloved children and dear mother and friends, assembled around the cheerful fireside, and many a time the involuntary wish arose to be one of the number; but this may not be, and the Lord deals very kindly with me in my solitude, which is attended with rich spiritual enjoyment.

"*6th.*—Set out on a tour with Lacroix.

"*7th.*—After a nice evening's preaching we had a long conversation in our tent on the shortness of life,

and that we had left the greater portion of it behind us; and we discussed the delightful subject of what awaits us the moment after death when consciousness returns."

It was this familiarity with the eternal world, and his constantly keeping it in view, which contributed to render his own passage thither so calm and easy.

"*January 14th.*—I cannot be thankful enough for the good health I enjoy. My chest is quite strong, so that I can preach easily morning and evening, and at night I rest well. The route we have taken is quite new, and the further we proceed south the more populous are the villages. They are, in fact, large towns, with myriads of inhabitants. We brought ten thousand tracts and four hundred Gospels with us, but 'what are they among so many?' We have sent for a new supply. The eagerness to obtain Gospels and single books of the Bible is greater than I ever saw before.

"I never enjoyed a tour so thoroughly. The society of Lacroix is a real treat; we so fully understand each other, and our conversation on spiritual subjects is most refreshing. We read the Acts, and discuss together how the apostles proceeded, and gather many a blessed thought from these holy records. I miss you daily, and pray much for you and the little ones. Your last from Suez made me rejoice and praise God.

"*February 2d.*—Our tour terminated yesterday most happily. We went on thankfully preaching the blessed gospel. One day we were stopped by heavy rain, but the weather has since been delightful. Once after I had been preaching, a Brahmin said, 'If our religion be not true, why does Company Bahadur (emperor) patronise it? If they do not believe in Juggernath, why do they take the pilgrim tax?' I could not defend

this, so I turned the conversation. The text, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,' delighted my hearers.

"We pitched our tent one day near a spot consecrated by a tulsee plant, and a Brahmin protested against our presence; but was satisfied when we promised not to touch the plant, or kill a fowl near it. We had avoided one shady spot, because there were a number of fresh graves near it.

"We received many visitors in our tent; amongst others a young man, who had heard Lacroix in Calcutta. When we crossed the river a man followed us over, entreating for a book; we gave him three tracts, which he well deserved. Our tent was once in danger of being forced down by the pressure of the crowd. On a line of one hundred miles there were thirteen towns, each containing more than ten thousand people, some forty thousand, besides villages. One town had fifty-three streets and fifty bazaars. We were surrounded by a thousand people in a few minutes, and preached incessantly for three days to congregations of from five hundred to eight hundred. Preaching before a temple of Kali to about six hundred hearers, I felt as if the Spirit was moving the mass—they were quite silent, and I heard sighs. I entreated the Lord to give me a word that might come home to them, and He heard me; the interest never flagged for more than an hour.

"In another place Nodiachand preached most feelingly on the love of God in sending His Son, and I followed it up. It delighted me to see some women peeping round the cottages, and listening with intense attention—some nodding assent.

"Wherever we went, the people seemed to know us, and exclaimed, 'Jesus Christ's people are come.' In their eagerness for books they nearly wrenched off the back of Lacroix's palanquin. I told them it was because I had myself experienced the healing power of Christ that I came to tell *them* about Him.

"At Chandercoah it was impossible to be heard by all who stood around, so we invited them to our tent in parties. We were in a mango grove near the fort. From the top of the bastions the view was very lovely. We worked hard all day distributing and addressing the crowds who came. An old Guroo came to visit us with some of his disciples. He spoke of a conversation he had once had with a missionary in Calcutta, and Lacroix told him one of his replies. 'Oh,' said the old man, 'it was yourself, sahib.' He said Rammohun Roy and Dr. Carey were friends of his, and spoke of the Sermon on the Mount as the most sublime piece of morality.

"Near a Kali temple I observed a pleasing-looking old man. 'You, sir, pointed to the right place;' (I had lifted my hands to heaven) 'there is the true God; but we know Him not, and there is nobody to teach us.' I felt deeply for him, and taught him a short prayer, which he promised to repeat daily. 'Lord, have mercy on a poor sinner, and show me the way of salvation by Thy good Spirit.' 'Give me a book,' he said, 'I want to know more of this incarnation of divine mercy.' I gave him the Gospels of Matthew and John.

"A poor man was dying of cholera under a tree. I gave him medicine, but no pulse could be felt. Thus perish the wretched pilgrims to Ganga Sagur, with none to show them mercy! I saw the tree under which I

had been attacked four years before. Yet, here I am still, the living among the dead — a monument of mercy!

"On our walk one day we saw some beautiful scenery, reminding us of home--a grateful sight. We encamped near, some two hundred and fifty persons watching our proceedings. They were harmless, inoffensive people; but there is nothing but dense, dark heathenism, and this within forty miles of missionary stations. One would fain multiply one's-self into a host to carry the good news all around. Afterwards I gave away four hundred gospels, not giving except to those who could read and understand. One day we met our friends, Major and Mrs. H——, under a tree, who gave us cheering accounts of the mission in Chota Nagpore.

"On this tour I celebrated the twentieth anniversary of my arrival in India. One more anecdote. We spoke so much of happy meetings in heaven, that in preaching my heart warmed within me in describing the happy death of believers. A Brahmin called out, 'If it be such a happy thing for christians to die why when you are ill, do you take medicine to get better?' 'Life,' said I, 'is a preparation for eternity. If we shorten it by neglect we resemble a foolish school-boy who returns home before the holidays. His father will say to him, You lazy fellow, return to your work; is this the time to come home?'

*February 23d.*—He writes, "This was a blessed day; I enjoyed the presence of the Saviour in communion with Him last night, and again this morning. I administered the Lord's Supper to the little English congregation. A spirit of deep devotion was apparent."

28*th.*—To his wife.—"I cannot tell how your welcome letter rejoiced my heart. I thank God for His mercies, and begin to anticipate your return, for four months have nearly passed away. I left home five days ago, and shall stay out five days more. This has been a real preaching season. Oh, that all our missionaries would spend the cold season in this direct mission work! My health is good, and I enjoy peace. Tell Henry and Mary I miss them very much, and I intend to erect a little monument over poor Elizabeth. I have met some very old men on this tour. To one eighty-two years old and blind, who seemed to feel a desire for God, I taught a short prayer. Another told me he remembered when the company were only merchants, and the Mussulmans ruled. He said, 'Under you we enjoy rest and safety; formerly, people who had property were liable to be robbed at any time.

"On Sunday some poor villagers appeared deeply struck when I prayed. It was the first time they had ever heard a prayer addressed to the true God. I gave an English service to some Europeans, and then went to a heathen festival, hoping to preach. The scene was new to me. It represented the churning of the ocean, when the gods drank the waters of immortality together. It was entertaining, and there were certainly ten thousand people present. They were too much excited to listen to me, and one man was very rude.

"I comforted myself with the verse Henry Martyn liked so much—

> 'When, on my face for Thy dear name,
> Shame and reproaches be;
> All hail reproach, and welcome shame
> If Thou remember me.'

To Miss M.—"My dear friend,—It is a sweet employment in my solitude to converse with dear friends. We read the 19th chapter of St. Matthew this evening,—'Peter said to Jesus, Lord, we have left all and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?' His Lord gave him a most precious promise, which I have truly realised. . . . I entreat the refreshing showers of grace on your soul, that being watered yourself, you may be enabled to water others. I have had much comfort in meditating on the beautiful character of the communion of saints, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' God's children live in the practice of this principle; and it affords a foretaste of heaven when we reflect how one member is cherishing another, and all are preparing for a more glorious enjoyment in His presence. Our time is short; we must press onwards. Sometimes I feel very happy in my work, not always; but I am not surprised at these changes, for we are poor creatures. The apostle gives a reason for them,—'That the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.'

"My time is gone. It is only after 8 P.M. that I can thus talk with dear friends. May the Lord give us grace to glorify Him in life and death.—Your affectionate brother in Christ, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To a friend.—"At daybreak we take a cup of coffee, take down the tent, and walk off, stick in hand, five, six, or ten miles to the next village. There we wait till the bullock carts arrive. People come and ask our business; this leads to conversation, which we gradually direct into a religious channel. Our dinner consists of anything we can get—potatoes, or rice and curry. Not every missionary is fit for this rough, self-

denying kind of life. The Lord has given me a share of the necessary gifts, and I desire to occupy till He come."

The impression left on Mr. Weitbrecht's mind from this tour deepened more and more, and the result was a letter to the Society. To his wife he remarks: "I am sure you will agree with me as to the details of this plan. It is easily practicable, if one have nothing else to do, and the gospel *must* be more extensively preached than it has been. You once urged me to try and form a plan for visiting every town and village in the Burdwan district, and our old friend Haberlin thought it quite practicable. It will take me from home the greater part of the year, and involve the trial of frequent separation; but when duty is clear, you will be as ready as I to sacrifice your own will to God's. Besides, I need not be always out, and you could sometimes accompany me."

This extract shows that all the excellent gifts bestowed on this favoured servant of the Lord, and which seemed to be preparing him for more extended usefulness on earth, were ripening him for glory. His views were so bright, and his faith so strong, that he saw no difficulties; and while others wondered at his devotedness, he seemed unconscious of it. He spoke with rapture of the blessed period when India's myriads would bow down before the Lord. He longed to see that day, and by faith he saw it, and was glad.

"*April.*—Rejoiced by good news from home. The birth of my dear babe and his baptism were as balm to my spirit. To God-fearing parents the baptism of a child is a heavenly feast, because He hears prayer, and gives the blessing we ask for. May our little Herbert

grow into the likeness of Jesus, and be baptized by His Spirit.

"I feel a greater desire than ever to preach Christ's love to these poor people. I had such a congregation this morning, and deep attention when I spoke of the leprosy of the heart and the healing power of Jesus. The house is lonely, but will not always be so. I heard a little voice singing last evening like Mary's, which brought tears into my eyes. I write this on my birthday, and lift up my heart in gratitude to the Father of mercies who has so graciously directed my path, forgiven all my iniquities, and crowned me with loving-kindness. Passion Week and Easter Day were truly blessed to my soul. I received an enlarged view of the glory of Christ and His resurrection power; and the Spirit assisted me to glorify Him before the congregation, which was very devout and attentive. While preparing my sermon on 1 Cor. xv. 20, my heart was raised up into heavenly places. I have indeed profited much spiritually by my solitude.

"*April 29th.*—My forth-ninth birthday,—God's name be praised! How much have I been blessed—how highly favoured by my dear Saviour. I know Him! I also love Him, though too feebly; but I desire none but Him, and in this choice I am as sure as of my own existence. Therefore I know I shall be safe, notwithstanding my sinfulness and unfaithfulness to Him. He knows them! 'Thou gatherest my tears into Thy bottle.'

"*30th.*—I felt as if I had cholera, and sent for the native doctor. I then made all my accounts and papers ready, and wrote memoranda for guidance, and a letter to Lacroix. Prayed that the Lord would be pleased to

spare my life till my dear wife and child returned. At first the thought of being called away during her absence distressed me exceedingly; but I could at last cast myself, with all my distress and sinfulness, upon Jesus, and found peace in the assurance: 'I am with thee, thou art mine.'

"*May 1st.*—The native doctor has treated me skilfully, and I am relieved and easy—thank God! I would be truly grateful for this new deliverance, and say with David, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death.

"*4th.*—I have been keeping quiet to-day to recover my strength. The enemy whispered last night, 'Lost a whole week.' But I feel sure *that* time is not lost which the Lord employs to lay His servants low at His footstool. Time lost! Why, He does not want such a poor fellow as I am at all. May I learn to be nothing, and cheerfully submit to His will, when He calls me to be quiet and wait His bidding!"

Every experienced and humble-minded christian can enter into the sentiment expressed by Mr. Weitbrecht, that the Lord does not want their poor services, and can carry on His own work irrespective of them. He himself is constantly teaching us this by His providence; but it is sometimes difficult to realize the truth when He raises up an instrument, tunes it to play very skilfully, and just when it seems best fitted to delight us, and do Him glorious service, removes it, saying, "Father, I will that he whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that he may behold Thy glory." Yet such is often His own divine arrangement, and He makes no mistakes. Mr. Weitbrecht often said, "I trust I shall be spared to labour a few years longer in

this heathen land." But he had, at the same time, a growing feeling of the nearness of his heavenly home, and was ever on the watch for the Master's summons. He would gladly have remained to take his share in the arduous conflict, and his activity and energy were not only undiminished but increasing; but he saw more clearly as he approached the horizon of this mortal life, that God could and would work by others, and with childlike confidence he could commit even his loved labour into His hands.

Tó his wife.—"*May.*—A few months and we shall be united again, if it be the will of God. Ours is a peculiar trial, but I hope, for the good of your and my own eternal interests; I feel happy and peaceful; the Lord in mercy keeps me free from that anxious feeling which so closely borders on discontent. He helps me to realize that all is and will be well, because we are in His hands. You have escaped one of the most trying hot seasons I ever experienced. It is intense, burning, blistering heat—everybody is talking of it, whose lips are not too much parched.

"In the English school, there is a movement which shows that the spirit of truth is at work. The second class boys said, after reading, 'We are all christians, we believe in the Saviour. The trial is leaving all things for Christ.' Poor fellows! it is a hard ordeal, but the Lord will change the face of the earth. His promised time is drawing nigh. Government is giving up all connection with horrid old Juggernath,—another sign of the times.

"Last week I felt much encouraged by the intense attention of the crowd, when I recommended Jesus as the great and good Physician. A stranger would say,

Surely these people are convinced of the truth,' but we are labouring on a hard soil. One thing, however, is clear. We must go on and hammer away; the hardest granite can be broken by continued effort—God will make good His promises.

"The new hymn book is in the press. Banerjeā, whose opinion on it was asked, pointed out six trivial faults in the old hymns, but none in the two hundred new ones, seventy-eight of which are from my pen! I am humbly grateful to God for His help in this. I have completed the Infant School Manual—all the hymns you desired are in it. The Young Cottager is also ready for the press. I shall begin another when the rains set in, but at present, my strength is taxed to the utmost. A couplet of a Bengali hymn is often on my lips:—

'The earth is but a wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress.'

May grace divine keep us both. My heart yearns after the sweet babe."

To Mrs. ——"*May 25th* 1851.—My dear friend, I have just finished the sketch of the eventful life of that dear servant of Jesus, your sainted husband. While putting the finishing touch to the picture, the dear brother, whom I loved as Jonathan did David, stood before my mental vision. I often sigh after him even now. Lately, I said to Boswell, 'What would I give for another Wybrow!' He replied, 'Ah, you must not expect such a thing,' he was like a fine bunch of grapes, after the clearing of the vintage. I trust and pray that a special blessing may attend this little book. It is just the thing to attract worldly people, and to stir up the christian.

"The avenue, for which you inquire, is still alive and flourishing. As to myself, I am just as I was in 1839, only older, and I trust somewhat fitter for a better world, for I often think I have not much of my pilgrimage remaining. Yet my health is pretty good, after so many years rough service.—With true christian affection and esteem, your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To Miss Wybrow.—"The sister of my sainted brother is to me a friend and sister in Jesus. I have read your recollections of him with much emotion. If departed saints visit this earth his spirit has been in this room during the past few days, while I have been recording his short but glorious career in India. His preaching and example were useful to many; and I learned from him lessons which I have not forgotten."

To a student.—"*May* 1851.—My dear young friend, your letter was very gratifying to me. . . . As you have given me an outline of your studies, I can better enter into your position. In Hebrew, if you can read a chapter and translate it with ease, it will suffice for your purpose; so that in translation you may be able to refer to the original. If you begin any of our vernacular languages let it be Hindustani, but do not trouble much about it; you can acquire it with far more ease here from natives. If you can get a Sanscrit grammar and learn the roots you will get on in Bengali with comparative ease. Leave mathematics, and give your attention to the different branches of theology. A course of lectures on medicine will be of much practical use to you. If you have a taste for drawing cultivate the power of sketching; it renders a journal additionally interesting.

"But the great point for the student of divinity is to live near the Fountain, and daily draw from thence. There never was a truer saying than that of Luther, 'Oratos, meditatio, et lentatio, faciunt theologium.' This is the 'theologia cordis,' which sanctifies and consecrates all other knowledge.

"A young man who lays a good foundation in an experimental knowledge of Christ is sure to become a good and faithful missionary. Alas! I have seen many coming and going in this heathen land. Many causes may and will produce spiritual weariness and deadness; but if the heart be sound, and the affections set on the things above, a man will stand his ground. If my scheme be sanctioned, I shall be out the greater part of the year. My time may be short, and I cannot employ it better.—Your affectionate friend,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To the mother of the preceding.—"*May* 30*th*.—My dear friend, Your son's letter gave me much joy. I admire its reflective, pious spirit. I will gladly correspond with him, for I know the value of indirect influence. A word in season, especially when coming from a far country, makes an impression. The temptations of a college life are many; and the tender plant of spiritual life is easily nipped. Yet there is no cause for fear. The Lord Jesus dwells in colleges too, and after earnest prayer we may safely leave the management of the *great work* to Him.

"Ah, how little can I do for my dear children! I feel it very deeply, and I say 'Lord, Thou knowest it;' and He tells me, 'Yea, I know thy works, and thy tribulation, and thy poverty;' and again, 'I know where thou dwellest.' I earnestly pray that the Lord

may make them all truly pious. If He grant me this favour I shall be rewarded indeed.

"I am truly grateful to your husband for becoming sponsor to our little boy. You will both remember him in your prayers; and this spiritual incense shall rise from the east and the west for the same blessed purpose. . . . God is preparing for Himself a glorious work here, and India will at length resound with the praises of Jesus. Who would not joyfully work towards that end, though the consummation be distant. You have sent me a treasure in that book of Cecil's. I never read it without deriving benefit; it is a store-house of intellectual provision.—Your affectionate friend, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

This young man, who was led to form his resolve to become a missionary from personal intercourse with Mr. Weitbrecht when he was in England, entered on the work in South India, where he died, after some years of faithful labour.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### STILL YEARNING FOR SOULS.

*Journal.*—"*July 2d.*—After long waiting and praying for rain it came at last. A copious shower descended for several hours. In consequence of this I had a dream, and fancied myself with some of our brethren, very busy, and rejoicing in the movement around them, many Hindu families having evinced a deep concern for their salvation. All appeared so true, so real, and pure. Oh, that the Lord may indeed shower upon us a blessing!

"*4th.*—Left for our conference at Krishnaghur. We want more of a devout praying spirit. I deeply feel that we missionaries as a body lack spirituality of mind. It saddens me to see how lean and light we all are more or less. Oh, what want of earnestness and prayerfulness!

"A lad of my school has been shut up by his father because he fearlessly affirmed Christianity to be the only true religion, and that he believed in it. Four others called on me under a gracious influence, and read the story of Elijah with me, seeming to feel its force. These things encourage me.

"A letter from Bhugulpur; very encouraging. Three years ago I was there to lay the foundation, and now they have a missionary and twenty-two baptized converts. Doubtless many of them received their first impressions from Mr. Hürter; still, it shows that the field is in some degree ripe for the harvest, and there is cause to pray the Lord to send more labourers into His harvest."

This mission has continued to prosper very remarkably; and if glorified spirits are cognisant of the triumphs of the gospel here below, how will the spirit of our departed brother unite in the angels' joy over these poor idolaters brought to repentance?

*Journal.*—"*August* 14*th.*—I preached from 1 Peter i. 3. 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c. The Brahmins seemed affected by the beauty of the gospel and the prospect it opens of heaven. There will be a great failure in the rice crops from want of rain. May this humble and soften the people, and make them willing to receive the gospel. I often pray that I may not be called away before this takes place. These prayers are gone up as a memorial before God, and will be fulfilled in their season. He is the same God who said to Moses, 'I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears.' By-and-bye His treasures of grace will be poured out upon the Hindus.

"*August* 16*th.*—Called on a native gentleman, who was reading a newspaper. He spoke of the Popish aggression in England. I explained to him how Popery enslaves the mind and soul of man. He is a sensible man, but feels no interest in religion. He has a Bible, but seldom reads it.

"The Rajah of Burdwan has a place of worship like

a chapel, with railings and red velvet cushions. Service is held every Saturday evening, like the Vedantist Dhurma Subhu in Calcutta. The rajah says he wants to find out truth. Oh, that he were earnest and sincere in this. He has invited me, and I purpose to go. I hear he has addressed the congregation himself."

This incipient movement among the educated Hindus has now developed into a wide-spread and powerful religious society—the Bramha Sumaj—the members of which desire to be christians without Christ, to be saved by morality and purity, eschewing the offence of the cross.

To his wife.—"Last week I was out again declaring the love of Christ to sinners, more desirous than ever to give my whole time and strength to preaching during the few remaining years of my pilgrimage. I am like the watchman looking for the break of day, Oh, if I could but witness an interest excited, and a desire for salvation, how amply would my trials and cares be repaid; but the love and compassion of Jesus towards these perishing ones is infinitely greater than ours. His, the sun; ours, a tiny spark. Dear Wybrow truly said, 'One of the principal qualifications for missionaries is *patient endurance* amidst trials and hopes deferred.' May the Lord give us more of this grace, for I sometimes feel as if my patience, and strength, and love were all melting away together. Last Sunday I preached from Heb. xi. 16. "Now they desire a better country,' &c. What a happiness will it be when we are landed there!

"I have been beseeching the Lord to strengthen you for the trial of separation from our dear children. The Saviour will make His strength perfect in your weakness.

He knows we do it for His name's sake. And what are our little sacrifices compared with His?'

"*September* 1851.—My dear children,—Henry's letter is before me with some others. The smallest contributions are thankfully accepted. There are many flowers in Henry's garden. Oh, that he could see them! I keep it as a sweet remembrance of my boy. May he become a pleasant plant in the Lord's garden, full of blossoms that shall bring forth fruit in due season.

"While I miss many sights and enjoyments, I comfort myself with the hope that I shall one day see the heavenly Canaan and New Jerusalem, which will be far more beautiful than the earthly. May my dear children meet me around the throne of God. May He bless you, and may grace dwell in all your hearts!

"I hope you will learn drawing, and when you come to India, you can sketch your papa preaching to hundreds of Hindus, under a banian tree, while the long-tailed monkeys are gambolling in the branches, and the green parrots flying about. . . . .—Your affectionate father, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"*October 12th.*—I felt poorly this week, but my times are in Thy hand. Jesus always remembers His afflicted people. An old pupil called on me, who has been employed by a pious man. I had an affecting conversation with him. He is convinced of the truth of Christianity, and said his aged father was the only hindrance to his publicly professing his faith in it. I warned him of the danger of preferring an earthly parent to Him who redeemed his soul. After three days, he came to me again. We prayed together, and I read him the story of the Ethiopian eunuch and the baptismal service, but he could not resolve to come to Jesus."

A newly-arrived missionary was present on a similar occasion, and was much struck by his earnest appeals to the heart and conscience of the inquirers, and his affecting expressions in reference to them afterwards. We can but fervently hope and pray that these interesting young men may eventually be brought into the fold of Christ.

"*Journal.*—30*th.*—Struck out on an entirely new route, upon ground that has never been touched by the foot of an evangelist. I visited my old friend, Dr. Cheek, and baptized his infant grandson, and collected one hundred and twenty rupees for the Bible Society. I had good preaching in the neighbourhood of Bancura. The amlahs of the magistrate wished to hear me, so I chose Luke iv. 16–19 for my text. I told them these words were a beautiful exposition of the mission of Christ—our God—one with the Father, who came to accomplish the things foretold seven hundred years before his birth,—'to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted,' &c. There were about two hundred intelligent Hindus to whom I said, 'This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears, Jesus is ready to receive you.' The people listened as one man. Oh, that the spirit would come among them.

"The next day I found a young man, a pilgrim, lying ill of dysentery; he had been five days alone under a tree. I gave him tea and medicine, and sent him to the hospital at Bancura. What an untold amount of misery does superstition produce, and yet the deluded victims still cry, 'Victory to Juggernath!'

"At Konoymare I was struck with the name, signifying, 'The damsel's fatal end.' The history is this:—After a wedding, the bridegroom was returning home

with his bride—it was the close of the rainy season—and on passing a large tank with high, slippery banks, the poor bride lost her footing, and, falling into the water, sunk, to rise no more. The bridegroom rushed in to rescue her, but he, too, was overwhelmed by the water. So far the legend is probable, but the conclusion belongs to the marvellous. Both were metamorphosed into stones, which are still seen in the tank; and on certain nights the spirit of the youth is seen and heard bewailing the loss of his bride. We marched on, and crossed a rivulet of pure water which *always flows*, like that 'river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.' I told these poor people about it.

"One day, resting in a lovely spot, I was told that a tiger had recently carried off a cow from that very place, so I pitched my tent nearer the habitations of man. After preaching to about three hundred and fifty, I went to visit their Rajah, who was at first too dignified to notice my salutation. At length he asked me to read from the Bengali Testament. He said the words were good, and I offered the book as a present.

"At a place of ten thousand inhabitants a Brahmin invited us to preach at his house, and one hundred and fifty people assembled. We had met this man before, and conversed with him. I took Luke iv., Jesus' mission, and applied it to the people, who listened attentively. I said, 'a physician may heal a broken limb, but who can give joy to a broken heart?' This illustration, and the opening of the prison, were much felt. Oh, that they would receive the Good Physician!"

At Sunamuki he preached to a numerous audience. "Here," he writes, "dear De Rodt lived two years; surely his devoted labours will produce fruit at last?"

He married some Europeans, and collected one hundred rupees for the Punjaub mission, thus proving himself intent on his Master's work to the end. At another place, a Rajah received him courteously, and, in return for a Bengali Testament, offered one rupee, which he accepted for the Bible Society.

A Bengali speaking of the skill and science of the English, he replied, "Wonderful as their knowledge is, they have not been able to accomplish one thing, which is, to remove death from their country and homes. They, like you, must one day die; but I know of One who 'has destroyed death, and brought life and immortality to light.' I then read the story of Jesus raising the widow's son, and spoke of His grace and power to save. A finer congregation I never saw. My pulpit was the platform of a Kali temple, with a Shiva at her side.

"*November 27th.*—The sun rose as I went on my way. I had a blessed season in my tent before leaving it. What can equal the happiness of lying humble and contrite before Jesus? I am following my dear wife and child with prayers across the Indian Ocean. Oh, how my heart longs for a renewal of that communion and sweet fellowship which two united in the sacred bonds of Jesus' love can hold with each other. I have been reading the Acts on this tour; to-day meditated on the words, 'So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.' When will Jesus manifest Himself?

"*29th.*—Had a refreshing night. My heart felt sweetly alive to the mercies continually renewed to me, a sinful creature."

Thus, while earthly objects of love were removed from him, Jesus, his tender Lord, made up the blank

he felt by His own presence. It was a precious preparation—both to himself and to her who now mourns his loss—for the longer separation, which, though hidden from them, was known by their heavenly Father to be near at hand.

There are continual allusions in his journal to great weariness of body; once he speaks of being "tired to exhaustion with speaking," and there are many similar entries. His physical powers were failing him, but the inward man was so renewed day by day that he did not perceive how the great heat and his incessant labours had exhausted his frame, and prepared him to fall under the final attack. Yet had God so willed it, He could have strengthened him; but he was ripe for His presence, and in a few more weeks he was "to inherit the kingdom prepared for him."

He had been careful both to serve his Master much, and to please Him perfectly; and truly a glorious harvest is laid up for him in the heavenly garner!

There he is now, "receiving the comfort of all his toil and joy for all his sorrow,—there he now reaps what he has sown, even the fruit of all his prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way,—there he can serve Him continually, whom he desired to serve below, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of the flesh,—there his eye is delighted with seeing, and his ear with hearing, the pleasant voice of that Mighty One, who redeemed him to God with His blood."

The Lord had known him in the wilderness; He had watched the progress he was making through it, and knew that he was now near the border coming up from it leaning upon Him. Precious was he in His

sight at this advanced stage of his pilgrimage,—his journey almost finished—his labours, his conflicts, almost over.

December 4th he reached home, and on the 11th left for Calcutta to meet his wife. "Business," he says, "crowds in upon me; but I rise at five, and have a delightful hour for prayer and reading." He also found time to write to his young brother Stern just arrived at Benares. "His kindness to young christians—young missionaries in particular, was," says Dr. Wenger, "ever the kindness of an elder brother,—spontaneous, warm-hearted, wise,—free from all patronising airs, and so expansive as to disregard official and national limits. Some such who preceded him to heaven have gratefully welcomed him to the everlasting habitations."

"*December 16th.*—My dear brother Stern,—I was very glad to hear of your safe arrival at Benares, and to learn that you are to remain there for a time. Nothing can be better for young missionaries—not excepting young gentlemen with an M.A. or B.A. to their names—than learning from those who have spent their lives in the field, for their experience is as valuable as the title of a graduate; indeed, a faithful labourer has purchased to himself a good degree from the Lord Himself.

"May *He* give you grace to live near Him, and *in a spirit of prayer*. Let me advise you as an elder brother to spend at least half-an-hour, if possible an hour, *very* early, and again before bed-time, in reading, meditation, and prayer. This keeps one in that calm, cheerful frame of mind we so much require to fit us for the great work we have to do, and it helps us to act and speak as we should at all times. I have often regretted my own

remissness in that respect in earlier years. It is only private intercourse with God which can feed the soul; and when we neglect it we are empty and starving. And what is worse, sin and selfishness get the upper hand, and we lose the very life of true religion. I shall be glad to hear from you again.—Your affectionate brother, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

"At 6 P.M. on the 17th, the gun announced the steamer, and a large party who had been waiting six hours in anxious expectation, had to make their way on board by the uncertain light of lanterns. The scene amazed me, though I was one of the actors in it. Husbands were looking for their wives, parents for their children, and lovers for their brides, with intense eagerness. The confusion was indescribable, and it was a great mercy that no accident happened."

His deep and thankful joy on his re-union with the objects of his earthly attachment cannot be described. It seemed to him like a foretaste of the reunion of the blessed in glory, and who shall say that it was not? He often exclaimed, "Oh, how happy I am! I hope my friends are equally so in the enjoyment of their treasures." "You may imagine," he said to a friend, "my joy and gratitude when I welcomed my beloved wife once more to Indian soil, with the sweet little boy, who daily cheers the heart of his papa."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE LOINS GIRDED—THE LAMP BURNING—WATCHING FOR THE MASTER.

"*January 1st*, 1852.—One dear friend after another passes away, either by death or retirement. Our time will come at length. May this be a year of grace and mercy to us, our absent children, and our work. I saw several little monuments like Shiva temples, but smaller. I was told that Sutis had been performed on these spots,—horrible memorials of faithful Hindu wives having been burnt on the dead bodies of their husbands. Thank God this diabolical rite is now abolished; and in most places I visit the uselessness and wickedness of idol worship is commonly admitted. Thus an old shopkeeper called his neighbours together, saying, 'Come, hear about Jesus Christ;' and added, 'I heard you some years ago, and like your preaching.'"

To Mrs. D. Wilson.—"*Burdwan, January* 1852.—My dear friend,—My wife has safely arrived with the sweet little boy, and brought me much cheering information. You will sympathise in my feelings of joy and gratitude. If God permit we shall yet labour some years, and witness enlarged result of our labours. Our christian people and the school children were de-

lighted to welcome their mother. 'Our lady is come again,' was repeated all round when we reached home; and one flock of visitors after another came to make their salaam with heartfelt joy. The next day the children were dressed in their new petticoats, supplied by English friends. Many little ones have lately been added to our orphans, owing to the distress caused by the high price of rice and other provisions. The Lord has visited us with drought, and the harvest has been almost a failure. Happily thousands can now find employment on the railways to support life.

"I have been loading two bullock carts with my tent, books, &c., and was about to start, when the arrival of a dear brother, Mr. Clark, and other friends, led me to postpone my departure till to-morrow. We were delighted with Mr. Clark. He seems to possess every qualification for an eminent missionary. He is on his way to the Punjaub.

"Some families in a village near us are disposed to embrace christianity. One mother with three children came to us yesterday; the others have not yet overcome their fears. Should the Spirit of the Lord manifest His power we shall witness a great ingathering, for 'the way of the Lord is prepared,' and many Hindus know that 'there is no other name by which they can be saved but the name of Christ.'

"Last week three native gentlemen were dining with us, and Mr. Woodrow, a valued friend from Calcutta, happened to arrive at the same time. With such a party of educated natives, we must be struck at the great change in Hindu society. I was delighted to hear Mr. Woodrow speak to them of the proofs of the Godhead of Christ, and the Babus hearing from a lay-

man the proofs which I had advanced before! At Calcutta I conversed with Babu Gyanendro Tagore, a most interesting man. I was much affected in hearing of the happy death of his young wife.*

"The Lord has tried you, my dear friend, as gold is tried in the fire; but I am sure you can now say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' Precious fruit grows out of sanctified trials. When eternity with all its reality, and heaven with all its glory are more fully placed before our minds,—when the desire to be with Jesus is more fully developed, and earthly things appear as nothing compared with heavenly,—then our gain is unspeakably great.

"What a sweet comfort it must be to you to know that your departed child is now in the presence of Jesus—beyond the reach of sin and sorrow! She made a good confession, and I feel sure it must have been blessed to young people. I can sympathise with you as a parent. Anxiety sometimes creeps into my mind regarding our dear children, separated as we are from them; but I go to Him who has promised to care for us, and to carry the lambs in His bosom.

"Last month we saw the dear Bishop several times. He appeared well, and kindly invited us to stay at the palace; but, having previously made other arrangements, we only spent a morning with him. The lateness of the hour commands me to stop. May you find your heart's desire realised in all your children. Accept

* This interesting young woman, named Bala Shunderi, died in 1850, desiring in her last moments to hear the christian Scriptures, in which she believed. Her death led her husband to make an open profession of christianity, and was one of the steps towards the opening of Hindu zenanas to christian bodies.

as a remembrance Jer. xvii. 7, 8. May the truth contained in these words be your blessed portion.—I remain, my dear friend, with much esteem, yours in the Lord, J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To Rev. J. Cohen.—"*January 26th.*—My dear friend,—Accept my cordial thanks for your kind note by the hand of your brother, who has passed two happy days with us. A quiet Sabbath in such a retired place must be refreshing after the bustle of Calcutta: and our chief object is that our visitors may take a blessing with them. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel to you for undertaking to look after my boy, and help him in his studies; it cheers me to think that God is thus caring for our dear children when we cannot care for them. I trust my son will be like all his uncles and cousins in Germany, a good classical scholar.

"I have been much encouraged in my preaching tours lately. We want five or six appointed exclusively for itinerating. We have only *begun* to imitate the proceedings of the apostles. We have native brethren who can preach and overlook the congregations at the station. I was told lately, 'You have not one educated man fit for ordination.' I reply, 'Come and see;' but Episcopal ordination places a catechist in a position in which I do not wish to see a native christian preacher. I shrink from anything like display. As soon as we have village congregations I shall propose our good native helpers to be ordained for out-stations. Dear brother, pray for us.—Yours most truly and gratefully, J J. WEITBRECHT."

The subject of a native ministry engaged much of Mr. Weitbrecht's attention. In this and other respects he was in advance of his time. In the years that have

intervened since his removal many of his ardent desires have been fulfilled. The plan of extensive itinerancy has been adopted by other faithful men, though he was not permitted to carry it out himself. He had, however, in fact been an itinerating missionary throughout his whole course.

Here is an anecdote of a blind idolater. "An old man passed who had been fifteen years blind. Thomas read the story of blind Bartimeus, and I showed how idolaters are spiritually blind, and how Jesus can restore their sight. He was all ear. The people said, 'If you come often to tell us these things, it will do us good.' When I quoted the words, 'Beware of false prophets,' the people applied them to the Brahmins, relating anecdotes of their wolfish nature, smooth speech, and boundless avarice. In another place, my audience was so attentive, that any new-comer would say, 'They cannot be far from the kingdom of God.' At Maundpore, my congregation consisted of small farmers. 'We believe every word,' said one man; 'it is as if you had spoken from my heart. We want one to save us who is almighty and kind.' I felt cheered by the simplicity of these poor people, and I believe the gospel will gain a fuller influence among such, than with the grand Babus, or with the rabble of the bazaar in towns. At Purangram also I had a large congregation. All agreed that idol worship was a curse. The state of things among these people fills me with hope—it is so different from former years. O Lord, prepare a way for Thyself!"

To a friend.—"*Colapore, Burdwan district, January 31st*, 1852.—I am delighted to learn that you have engaged to patronise our orphan school. May you receive a gracious reward in the rich enjoyment of the

blessings which Christ has promised to those who give their substance and themselves to His service. I write this from an interesting spot near a large Hindu village. My little tent is just large enough to contain a table, a camp-bed, and my palanquin, which here serves as a cupboard. I have just had a visitor—the Moonsiff—a native Government officer. After admiring my canteen, &c., he went on to say, 'I like to sit and speak to you, sir, for you are a heavenly being, and I am a hellish being. I know your religion is the only true one, and I intend to become a christian as soon as Queen Victoria decrees that native gentlemen shall be equal in society with English gentlemen.' I tried to give him a truer idea of the spirit of our religion; but it convinced me afresh that the pride of the carnal mind is the main obstacle to the progress of divine truth here, as it is in Europe. On the whole, I have been much encouraged in preaching lately. People regret when I leave them, and beg me to come again.

"Some Mussulman farmers said to me, 'Sir, will you not preach to us? We desire to hear as well as the Hindus.' Yesterday, a respectable man asked a question which has often occupied my own mind, 'Why have so few people in this country embraced your religion? I know you have long preached in many places, and yet few have been converted.' I said, 'You know why the farmers have had no harvest this year. It was from want of rain.' 'But,' he replied, 'it may be supposed that when the Founder of Christianity commands His servants to preach the gospel, He will give them success.' 'True,' said I, 'and so He has.' On which I told him the fact that there were more than one

hundred thousand converts connected with Protestant missions in India. Still the man urged me to tell my honest opinion why we have not had more success. 'I will tell you,' I said, 'but you must not be offended. The soil on which we labour is very hard. There are three classes of society in this country. The first is the Brahmin,—haughty, repulsive, and tyrannical. They pretend to divine origin, but are ministers of Satan; they rob the people of their little earnings, destroy all that is good and noble, and are a curse to the country. The second class are the rich people, merchants, &c., whose motto is, "Let us eat and drink," &c., and who seem to feel no higher want. They scorn to hear of a religion which demands repentance, humility, and self-denial as its first requisites. The third class is the mass of the people—low, degraded, ignorant, and deeply superstitious; and yet hundreds of these would be ready to believe in Christ were it not for the Brahmins, who frighten them by their threats and curses. Is it surprising, then, that we have comparatively little success?' My inquirer covered his face with his hands, I believe from honest shame and said, 'You have indeed given a correct statement of our people.' I added, 'Consider the paucity of missionaries; we are two at Burdwan, and there are three millions of people in this district. But I am persuaded that God's truth is making progress, and when Jesus shall take the government into His own hands, it will be a victory the world has seldom, if ever, witnessed; and it will be seen that the efforts of those labourers who fell on the field of battle are most gloriously rewarded; for India is the grandest missionary field in the world, and will present a splendid scene

when her children bow the knee before Jehovah-Jesus. . . . .—I am, dear Madam, yours very truly in Christ,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To Rev. A. M. W. Christopher.—"*Narunpur, February 2d*, 1852.—My dear friend, . . . You have been very kind to my dear boy, and I feel truly grateful for it, it is the cup of cold water given in a prophet's name, and it will not go unrewarded.

"I write these lines twenty-five miles from Burdwan, with the Damudah in front, a pasture ground well wooded on the right, and on the left a Hindu village, with about six hundred and fifty cottages peeping out from between the foliage of mango, tamarind, bambu, and other trees. A large Vishnu temple towers above the dwellings, and the talukdur's house is in the foreground. His factotum and other idlers are chattering before my tent, the officious man begging me to set up an indigo factory as likely to be profitable. I told him he mistook my calling,—that I was the ambassador of a great King, and that I had come to Narunpur to beg the people to become His happy subjects. He did not understand these things, and said, 'While we are in the world, we must care for the things of it; it is time enough to prepare for heaven when we arrive at the gates of it,' a view perhaps, not very unlike to that taken by some people in England. Human nature is the same everywhere—'that which is born of the flesh is flesh;' so I copy Isaiah, and proclaim to them that 'all flesh is grass.'

"The middling class of farmers would I believe, come forward by thousands were it not for the Brahmins; but the time will come when the influence of these haughty ministers of Satan will vanish. Last Friday,

a farmer told me he could not sleep all night; the words I had preached were ever in his thoughts, and he wished to become a believer in Christ. He had received a tract from me four months ago, called 'The True Refuge,' and he had read it so attentively, that he could repeat the substance of it.

"I feel more strongly every month that itinerating is the *great* work of the missionary. It is a rough, self-denying life, but will produce the most satisfactory results—but we want more missionaries. Two men here for three million of heathens!

"Good-bye, my friend and brother, may the Lord give you grace to preach His eternal truth faithfully and successfully. Ora pro nobis.—Yours, with affection,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

To Miss Clay.—"*February 3d*, 1852.—. . . I can assure you, you are often remembered by me. When I open my beautiful little Polyglot, my companion on preaching tours, dear Miss Clay stands before me, and now you have kindly added another valuable token of remembrance. With the Bible in my hand, and a gown on my back, I am ready to go forth to my Master's work, and if I do not look out diligently for spiritual blessings, it is my own fault. Oh, dear friend, it is my humble prayer that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness, and receive wisdom and grace to preach in the full demonstration of the Spirit. It is by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of His testimony alone, that we overcome, and are likely to conquer, this heathen land for Him! You can feel with me in my happiness in having my dear wife again with me; my lovely boy smiled as he saw me for the first time. I wish you could see me in my little tent. It is pitched where no

missionary has ever trod before. I have sketched out this district into divisions of twenty-five miles by ten; and thus I hope to carry divine truth into every village sixty miles round Burdwan. Our friends at home seem disappointed at our limited success. They do not know all the strongholds we have to surmount, and the population is so immense. Let us be found faithful. What can be sweeter than our Master's approbation, what more cheering than the certain prospect of being with Christ when our course is run, and the last enemy conquered! I give you for your encouragement 1 John iii. 1, 2.—Your truly grateful and affectionate friend,

J. J. WEITBRECHT."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE MISSIONARY ENTERING ON HIS REWARDS.

During February, Mr Weitbrecht returned home so depressed in health, as to convince his wife that he was labouring far beyond his strength. A few happy days of intercourse with his beloved family followed, his conversation and prayers were full of heaven, and his time was occupied in reading some seventy sermons and expositions of the native helpers which had been sent to him to examine, before the approaching conference. His last entry in his journal, before returning home, is as follows: "Awoke in a profuse perspiration, with pain and cold extremities. I addressed the people, for it was a large place of eight thousand inhabitants; but feeling quite poorly, I resolved to return home, and was very glad to find myself there."

His last letter was left unfinished. We subjoin it. It is addressed to the Rev. W. Bruce. "*February 21st*, 1852.—My dear friend and brother, it is long since I last wrote to you, and longer still since I visited you; but the remembrance of you and dear Mrs. Bruce, and your loved ones, has been freshened by hearing what a kind interest you still take in us and ours, and our mission too.

"When a voice said to the prophet 'Cry,' he asked, 'What shall I cry?' and the Lord gave him a text, 'All flesh is grass,' the grass withereth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.' In like manner I have been asking myself what shall I write? for when it is late at night and one has a bad cold, the mental powers are not very lively. But I recollect that a simple tale of what we are doing, and how the presence of Jesus is cheering our hearts, and His grace helping us in our labours of love, is what dear friends at home desire to hear from labourers in a heathen land. This has often proved to me a personal enjoyment, rather than a task. While thus communing with those I love and esteem, I feel in spirit transported to dear England or my fatherland again; and I can in a measure realize the happiness of the aged St. John, when he wrote to his brethren, 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ.'

"I hope we shall be permitted to labour some years more in the Lord's vineyard. It is a great honour to do so. I pray that a sense of it may remain fresh and lively on my mind. Poor, sinful, frail creatures as we are, we have not always the same clear perceptions of it; particularly when the body is weak, or affected by a trying climate.

"One of our pious christians, who has often preached the gospel to his heathen brethren, is very ill; and a dear friend, Dr. Madden, who spent a day with us yesterday, saw the patient, and told him he was very ill. I spoke to him lately on his spiritual state, and felt cheered to listen to his calm, deliberate expressions of a firm trust in Christ. He said, 'I feel I may soon be called hence. I cast myself on Jesus, and feel con-

fident that He is an all-sufficient Saviour.' It is a sweet encouragement to see precious fruit here and there, ripening for the heavenly garners. It reminds one of the beautiful lines,—

'Let the Indian, let the negro, let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest once obtained on Calvary.'

"What we want above all things in this depressing climate is the grace of perseverance. We are going to have a conference at Calcutta with our Bengal missionary brethren; and, on thinking on a suitable subject for an address which I am to deliver, the text came to my mind, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' As I advance in years, I feel this must be kept in view; the prospect cheers me up to labour without weariness. Well, my dear brother, we go to the same fountain, we all drink the same spiritual drink which flows from the Rock, and that Rock is Christ."

Here the letter breaks off, and his correspondence with his friends on earth closes; for excepting a hasty line or two, this was the last he ever penned. He was now in the Land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day, and where, as a bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so did his God rejoice over him. His experience during the few last days was like that of Bunyan's pilgrim, who "received tidings that the Master called for her, and expected her to appear in His presence within ten days, in garments of immortality. The token she received with the message was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone." "His mind was being

graciously led to a continued contemplation of the uncertainty of time, and the nearness of eternal things, so that the swift messenger which was appointed to carry him to a world of glory could not at all be called 'sudden death' in the sense of unprepared death, against which we have a guardian prayer in our Liturgy. Himself and those dear to him were to be saved the distress of lingering illness which was not needed to prepare him for the great change; and his desire being to enjoy more of the presence of his Lord, and to know His voice more clearly, he was taken with the least possible delay from pleading his Master's cause on earth to the joys 'which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'"

After preparing his sermon for the conference, he begged his wife to read it, seeming desirous that she should be aware of the peculiar train of thought that was passing through his mind. She was struck with the deep spirituality of the discourse, but she had so long observed his ripeness for heaven, that she had often wondered at his continuance here, and had allowed herself to hope, and almost to believe, that God would graciously spare him some years longer.

He delivered this affecting testimony of his divine Master's grace and faithfulness in his own little church on Sunday morning, and he preached it again in the afternoon in Bengali to his native flock. This was the last time he stood up in his own pulpit; and as he preached, his countenance beamed with heavenly radiance. After the service, he left to enter no more, the earthly temple he had been instrumental in raising, and which we hope and believe is an emblem of the glorious

spiritual temple which is by and by to arise from his devoted labours.

Before leaving home he was engaged in setting his house in order, recording memoranda of everything in the most exact and particular way, so that after his sudden decease the numerous books connected with the secular affairs of the mission-schools, subscriptions, &c., were found made up to the day; and not a rupee was left unpaid in any department, or any bills to be settled. His wife accompanied him to the conference by their mutual wish. This she had never done on any previous occasion.

Thus tenderly and graciously did the Lord permit them to spend their last few days together, and gave *him* the comfort of her presence in his last hours, and *her* the privilege of going with him to the borders of the heavenly Canaan.

As they left home on Monday evening, he was observed looking at the beautiful garden, and all the surrounding objects, as if bidding them adieu; but he could not have had the impression that he should return no more, as he wished his friends at Bancura to be told that he hoped to be there in March. He kissed his little boy on the road-side before handing him to his bearer.

The native christians hoped and prayed for his safe return; but some of them feared, for "he had," they said, "become quite perfect." Arriving at Chinsurah at 6 A.M., he ate a hearty breakfast, and then embarked with his wife in a little boat, which wafted them swiftly down the majestic Hughli against a strong head-wind. They stemmed the torrent, and landed safely at 2 P.M. Six days later his last conflict with sin and sorrow ter-

minated, and he gained the port of peace. As soon as he reached Calcutta, he went to join his brethren. The next morning he rose in a most cheerful frame of mind. He dined that day with several of his brethren, and invited them all very earnestly to come to the next conference, which was to be held at Burdwan, adding, "we will prepare rooms for husbands and wives, and I hope you will all come." Before that conference, not only he, but one of those he invited, were in heaven. In the evening he preached to them. He showed the importance of being faithful to the end, and dwelt on the promised reward, and he broke out in the following rapturous sentences extemporaneously,—"Be thou faithful unto death! Soon we too shall have done with our labours and trials. Yes, dear brethren, I sometimes feel as if I should very soon have done with mine. I feel as on the very borders of the heavenly Canaan. The great thing is to end well. A faithful servant need not fear when his Lord calleth him. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

'Go, labour on, thy hands are weak,
  Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not, the prize is near,
  The throne, the kingdom, and the crown.

'Toil on, toil on; thou soon shalt find
  For labour rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
  The midnight cry—Behold I come!'"

These two verses were from a hymn given him by Miss Suter, which was afterwards found in his desk, with these stanzas strongly marked.

A native christian visited him the next day, to thank

him, and told him that he had felt dull and dead before, but was roused to zeal and warmed to exertion by what he had heard. He related this with unsophisticated joy, and was deeply gratified by the testimony of this humble brother.

On Thursday evening the brethren met at Mr. Cuthbert's, when he read Luke xix., and spoke on the parable of the talents, particularly on the words, "Occupy till I come." On Friday the conference closed. He had taken a prominent part in all the deliberations, and often spoke of the love and harmony which had pervaded the meetings, "which was not interrupted by one jarring word."

In the evening he conversed cheerfully with Mr. Lacroix and others, but there was a peculiarly subdued and chastened spirit and demeanour, which appeared the remarks he made at the close of the evening, on Peter v. He spoke earnestly on the 7th verse, Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." He chose the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," which he sung with holy ardour, and then poured out his soul in a prayer which deeply impressed all present.

On Saturday he went to breakfast with an old friend, Mr. Mundy, of the London Missionary Society, who had laboured for thirty years in India. *He* has recorded his impressions of this visit. He was afterwards occupied in secular business, and returned to tiffin with another dear friend, the Rev. D. Ewart, of the Free Church. The evening was spent at the house of the Rev. H. Thomas of the Old Church. He was full of life, and joined in a Bengali hymn and several German hymns with much animation. Of one he remarked, "I

have not sung that hymn for several years, and do not know if my voice is equal to it. It is nearly worn out, but it will be renewed by and by;" then, turning to Mr. Thomas, he said, "Don't you think we shall sing much in heaven?" He afterwards sung with much fervency—

> "The saints on earth and all the dead
> But one communion make."

And again—

> "And we are to the margin come,
> And soon shall launch as they."

On Sunday he rose in a most happy spirit, full of holy joy in God, exemplifying some words of his own written years before. "He who has found life and peace in Jesus has a festival day with every rising sun, because he knows and lives in Him." At breakfast he expressed his desire to preach, though after such a fatiguing week, for his whole soul seemed bent on proclaiming the love of that Saviour whose heart is a fountain of love. In the morning he attended Mr. Boswell's church, and was observed to sing the Te Deum with great fervency. After service Mr Boswell asked him whether he would preach for him in the evening. "Oh, yes, with the greatest pleasure," he replied. Returning home, he had a long conversation with a young man in whom he was interested, and then settled with Mr. Lacroix the details of an extensive missionary tour which they hoped to take together. He seemed quite elated at the prospect of usefulness which this tour held out, though he was even then under the influence of the disease which terminated his life a few hours later; but he seemed unconscious of indisposition.

The Lord was pleased to arrest the attack for a season, that he might have one more opportunity of engaging in his loved employment, and that he might spend his last evening below, and his last hour of comparative health in proclaiming his Master's grace, and entreating his fellow-men to be ready for His return.

He entered warmly into the devotional parts of the service, and sung with a powerful voice—

> "And oh, when I have safely passed
> Through every conflict but the last,
> Then, still unchanging, watch beside
> My dying-bed, for Thou hast died."

He preached from the words, "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus," (Rev. xxii. 20); and though he did not tell his hearers that they should see his face no more, yet there was everything in his subject, and everything in the earnestness and affectionate warmth with which he dwelt upon it, to make it the suitable close of the ministry of a faithful servant. Many who heard him will not easily forget his words or his appearance as he reiterated the cry, "Come, Lord Jesus!" from his loving heart. His countenance was radiant as he dwelt on the simile of the bridegroom and the bride. "It is," said he, "a subject I love to dwell upon, for it shows the *heart* of Jesus. It is as if He said, 'I know where you are; I see what you are doing. Have patience; wait a little longer. Behold, I come quickly.' We feel this is not our home. It is too old, and worn, and wearisome. We long for heaven; come, Lord Jesus."

After service he conversed cheerfully with some friends, though he looked pale and worn. He spoke of

the journey he meant to take immediately on his return home, and then referred to the tour he had planned with Mr. Lacroix. Mr. Boswell remarked, "Dear Weitbrecht and Lacroix, with God's blessing, may carry all Bengal before them. He took a cheerful farewell of various friends, and then drove home with his wife. As he entered the house he said, "I do not feel well." The symptoms of cholera quickly developed themselves, and two doctors were quickly in attendance. But it was the Master's summons, though he did not appear to recognise it as such, and spoke of it as a slight and passing illness. And although the subject of departure and being with the Saviour was so much on his mind, and in his desires, and even anticipations, when the swift messenger actually arrived to convey him home it took him by surprise. Thus the Lord sometimes fulfils His promise, "If a man keep my saying he shall never see death;" shall have none of that sense of it which is due to sin, but shall be so full of Christ and heaven that the dread enemy is unnoticed, and His presence welcomed in its stead.

Even after his seizure he took tea with his brethren, some of whom approached to speak to him as he sat in an easy chair, but were deterred by his solemn and peculiar appearance. He seemed quite absorbed in Pope's ode, "The Dying Christian to his Soul," which some of the party were singing. It appeared as if it was for him they were unconsciously uttering those beautiful words—

> "Vital spark of heavenly flame,
> Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame," &c.

When they had finished he left the room, and with-

drew for ever from the society he delighted in on earth, to unite a few hours later with the general assembly and church of the first-born, and the spirits of just men made perfect—above.

When he became worse and pain had much increased, his wife said, "Fear not, my beloved husband, the Lord is able to bring you safely through." "Yes," he replied, "I know he is." Complaining of cramp, she said, "Is the pain very great!" "Oh, very, but not like that which Jesus suffered for us. No" he said, "not like that." When she prayed, "Oh, blessed Lord, sustain Thy beloved servant, and raise him up again, if it be Thy holy will," he repeated the words with an "amen." Several times she asked him if "Jesus were near." "Very near; very precious." Dr. Webb had from the first pronounced the attack to be most dangerous, and expressed his wonder how he could have preached, for there was no perceptible pulse even when he arrived. About two A.M. the symptoms were checked, and his medical friends began to hope he might rally, but, at the same time, suggested that if he had any papers to sign it would be well not to delay. This, however, was unnecessary. At three Dr. Madden took his hand and said, "No doubt you are supported in this hour of trial." He replied, "Oh, yes, the Lord is with me." Dr. Madden said, "Ever since you preached to my soldiers, in 1849, and visited my sick in hospital, I have felt a great love for you." The dying saint replied, "That love is the beginning of the communion of saints on earth, to last for ever in glory."

Mrs. Weitbrecht was kindly aided in the watches of

this sorrowful night by several of his brethren, who ministered to his body and soul in the most kind, affectionate manner; and one of the doctors was always in attendance. Prayer was made for him without ceasing; but the Lord will not allow His dear servants to be always "bearing the burden and heat of the day." He was calling him from his toil, and labour, and out-door service here to be present with Himself. That gracious Friend sustained His partner in this hour of need, and not only strengthened her to attend to his wants, but enabled her willingly, yea, joyfully, to give him up to Him. A little of that grace of which He is so full can help the soul of the feeblest to bear and suffer even to astonishment.

At daybreak, many who loved him assembled round his couch; he was then under the influence of the powerful remedies he had taken, but was conscious of Mr. Boswell's voice, and when he said, "I hope, dear brother, you have hold of Jesus," he replied emphatically, "Yes;" and on his adding, "Keep hold of the Saviour; He will never leave thee, never forsake thee," he bowed his head on the pillow in assent. The symptoms just then seemed favourable, and how deep were the yearnings of many for his life, if it were possible for this cup to pass over. Mr. Boswell proposed prayer, and was followed by many into an upper room, where he pleaded for him most touchingly, and ended by resigning him into God's gracious hands. The messenger of the sanctuary seemed to come down on the wings of that prayer to bear hence the redeemed soul. He gave his wife one more look of recognition, and then, while Mr. Boswell pronounced the words, "Well

done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," his breath ceased. The morning, without clouds, broke at once on his freed soul; and it seemed as if those standing around could see the emancipated spirit expand her wings for her upward flight, and his countenance change as his eye caught the brightness of the coming glory.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### VICTORY.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

"THUS did one night's storm," wrote Mr. Leupolt, "fell the goodly cedar which had stood many a blast. The faithful sentinel was found at his post, and he fell with his loved Leader's name and praise upon his lips. Who could wish more honour or more safety for him? Oh, that all who read this record may be as full of desire for the Lord's appearing, and as ready for His presence as he was!"

Yet those who loved him could not but mourn, though with such bright hope. As a friend, as a missionary, as well as in the more tender relations of life, his memory cost many affectionate tears; while as a public loss to Bengal—did the Lord of the vineyard not live?—all felt that they knew not where to look for help over such a loss. When God makes an unexpected breach in the little band of His devoted labourers in a land like India, when a zealous fellow-worker is thus cut down at a stroke, and removed from that place among them which no one else appears so well qualified to fill, it is a severe trial to their faith, and we do

not wonder to hear them express it. Still less do we wonder that his bereaved flock at Burdwan united in one general lamentation, exclaiming, "Why were not two or three of us taken in his place?" But Jesus Christ, the Master, had not departed. The words of the aged Hindu convert, spoken in reference to Mr. Wybrow, are applicable also here, and they felt them so. "Our shepherd, with his staff in his hand, has crossed the Jordan of death to the land of Canaan, leaving us poor sheep in the wilderness. But, blessed be God, the pasture is not quite withered. The rivulets, and streams, and running brooks, are not dried up; and we know that the Fountain never fails, so that while we sorrow for our earthly head, our Heavenly Head still lives, and we in Him."

The circumstances attending Mr. Weitbrecht's removal were most mercifully ordered. He came to Calcutta "to die in the presence of all his brethren" after endearing himself to their best affections by the loving and spiritual intercourse he had held with them. He was not cut off in the lonely jungle, apart from all who could tenderly minister to him; nor was he permitted to taste any of the bitterness of death. He knew not apparently that he was in the dark valley, in his case truly that of the *shadow* of death. When asked about an hour before his death how he felt, he replied, "Much better; quite comfortable;" and though he could not hear others, on account of the deafness produced by opium, he was quite alive to the softest word spoken by his wife, so that his deepest susceptibilities were awake to the last. His gracious Lord and Master dealt so lovingly with him, that nothing interrupted the peace of his dying hours.

The tidings of his removal spread quickly through Calcutta. "We have lost our best and dearest friend in India," exclaimed some; and the mourning was universal. "Give us grace," said his brethren, "so to follow his good example, that with him we may be made partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom." Numbers of all denominations came to Mr. Long's house at once to express their deep sympathy, feeling they had lost a personal friend; and in the evening, when the remains were conveyed to their last resting-place, a large assembly congregated to accompany them.

A friend writes, "The remains of our lamented brother were conveyed from the residence of Mr. Long to the Mission Church at Mirzapore by his own brethren, and placed just below that pulpit from which, four evenings before, he had so solemnly counselled them to be 'faithful unto death.' A large concourse, clergymen and laymen, surrounded the coffin, as well as many native Christians. The service was read by the Rev. R. B. Boswell, and when it was time to remove the coffin into the hearse, the missionaries again performed this service of love. A very long procession followed. At the gate of the cemetery, numerous friends spontaneously came forward to unite with the Church missionaries in the mournful task of bearing the body of their beloved brother to the spot which had been selected for its reception."

This was the more touching, as it was not done from any preconcerted plan, but was a sudden impulse of esteem and love. "As I looked around," writes Mr. Lacroix, "on the clergy of the Church of England, ministers and missionaries of all denominations, with laymen and Hindu believers, weeping around me, I felt

I had never, during my long residence in India, witnessed the like. Though Stephen's death was so glorious, yet the "devout men" who "carried him to his burial made great lamentation over him." So it was now. When the precious dust was deposited in the grave, "in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life," the mourning assembly withdrew, deeply impressed with the feeling that a good man and faithful missionary had that day fallen. Thus was dear Weitbrecht honoured in death as in life. "The memory of the just is blessed." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." God watches over them as a rare thing which He values and protects. "We sorrow not as others who have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

On the following Friday, the venerable Bishop of Calcutta, in one of his Lent lectures, alluded to his beloved brother, John James Weitbrecht, in the most affectionate manner; and in a letter addressed to his widow, remarks, "His bright example will ever be a refreshing thought to you in moments of desolation."

On the following Sunday a sermon was preached at the Old Church in Calcutta, by the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, from the same words which had been chosen by Mr. Weitbrecht, as the text of his conference sermon, "Be thou faithful unto death," &c. Solemn and impressive reference was also made to it in every place of worship in the city. His specially beloved brother, Mr. Boswell, preached at his own church, St. James's, to a very crowded congregation, from St. Matthew xxiv. 44–46, and began his discourse by saying, "Dear friends, another voice addressed you from this place last Sunday

evening. That voice then delivered its last testimony to a Saviour's worth, a Saviour's truth, and has ceased to speak on earth. Our dear friend and brother sleepeth. His dust reposes in its last resting-place, carried there in affectionate honour by many who loved him on earth, while ministering angels have carried his spirit to the presence of One who loved him better than all. Yes, the honoured missionary of Burdwan here gave us his last parting word."

Among numerous letters from sympathising friends, the following, from his early friend, the Bishop of Madras, (Dealtry), is selected:—"I always looked up to him with affectionate regard, and with a feeling of my own inferiority. . . . But, dear friend, '*All is well.*' Infinite love cannot have done wrong; and when you think of the meekness and gentleness of the departed one,—combined, as they were, with zeal and devotedness, the wisdom of the scholar united with the humility and simplicity of childhood, all the union of rare and choice christian virtues, now all escaped from this uncongenial clime, how it must stir you up to become partaker of that faith from which they all arose, and to long to see him again in the glory of permanency, in which, with all his excellency and blessedness, he is now fixed!"

The Rev. G. Mundy, of the London Missionary Society, thus writes:—"The circumstances of my first and last interview with your dear husband are particularly impressed on my memory. The former occurred at Chinsurah in 1833. He was passing through the station, called on me, and introduced himself; and the impression he then left was that of an angel's visit. To you, my dear friend, I need not detail the circumstances of

our last interview, only the morning before he was removed from earth to heaven. . . . How little could I then think his end was so near! Still, there was something about his parting prayer which deeply impressed me. It breathed so much of the atmosphere of heaven, it seemed as if the spirit were even then trying her pinions preparatory to her final flight. . . . All the graces which are lovely and of good report were harmoniously blended in him; and this accounts for the fact that he was looked upon by all denominations of christians as a '*brother beloved.*' We all beheld the reflected image of the Church's great Intercessor; . . . while, as regards my own personal feelings, I can truly say, in the touching language of David over his lamented Jonathan, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been to me."

"It is recorded of Samson that the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life; and something of a similar kind sometimes occurs in connection with the death of Christ's honoured servants,—their removal is made the means of exciting a deep interest in the Church. . . . There are some peculiarly touching incidents, my dear friend, connected with the removal of your beloved husband, which develop the spirit of the man, and will, when fully brought out and illustrated, excite an amount of interest in missions, and of prayer for their prosperity, which will tell upon the future and the final triumph of the truth in our sin-stricken world."

Another letter is from a highly esteemed friend, Dr. Allan Webb, of Calcutta, who attended him both in his last illness, and on many previous occasions. It was written on the receipt of a volume of Mr. Weitbrecht's

sermons, which was published in India soon after his death, with a brief memoir of his life prefixed:—"I hope never to part with this remembrance of my departed friend, except to my children, that they may learn what good and holy men God raises up to manifest His glory.

"We are told that 'one star differeth from another star in glory;' and surely he, whose light shone so brightly in this world, will have a resplendent glory in the world to come.

"The simple record of his life I feel to be *most strictly true!* The noble simplicity, combined with the dignity that wins the heart of opposers, *I have witnessed;* and I regard it as one of the great privileges of my life to have been regarded by him as a friend."

"I only wish," wrote his dear brother Bomwetsch, "that every missionary may die like him. How he will enjoy his rest!"

In the course of the ensuing week, the friends of Mr. Weitbrecht formed themselves into a committee to devise a scheme for a public Testimonial.

A few weeks later, his friends at Burdwan made a similar effort, and raised nearly £200, part of which was expended in raising a tabular monument to his memory in his own church, but the larger part invested in Government security. The interest of this sum is appropriated to the support of a native Protestant christian, educated in the Burdwan district, who will study in the Medical College at Calcutta for two years, at the end of which time he is expected to be qualified as a general practitioner. The first youth sent, was one from the Burdwan Orphan School. This was a plan which had been much in Mr. Weitbrecht's mind,

and his friends were anxious to carry out his wish. The Rajah gave £50, and other native gentlemen and ladies contributed liberally, as well as the native christian, and all the European and East Indian residents.

The following is a copy of the English portion of the inscription —

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JOHN JAMES WEITBRECHT,
A MISSIONARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
WHO, FOR UPWARDS OF 21 YEARS, LABOURED AT THIS STATION
IN THE CAUSE OF RELIGION AND HUMANITY.
HIS AMIABLE DISPOSITION, SOUND JUDGMENT, AND MANLY CHARACTER;
HIS CATHOLIC SPIRIT, DEEP PIETY, AND HOLY LIFE;
HIS FIDELITY AS A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN;
AND HIS UNWEARIED EXERTIONS FOR
THE INSTRUCTION AND EMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIVE POPULATION OF BENGAL,
MADE HIM UNIVERSALLY RESPECTED WHILE HE LIVED, AND
RENDER HIS NAME FRAGRANT NOW HE IS DEAD.

---

THE MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN,
AND OTHER NATIVE GENTLEMEN,
BY WHOM HE WAS HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM,
HAVE JOINED HIS CHRISTIAN COUNTRYMEN IN ERECTING THIS MONUMENT
IN THE CHURCH, WHICH HE HIMSELF FOUNDED,
AND IN ESTABLISHING A MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP, TO BE CALLED AFTER
HIS NAME, FOR PROTESTANT CHRISTIAN NATIVES.
HE WAS BORN APRIL 29th, 1802; ARRIVED IN INDIA IN JANUARY 1831;
AND DIED AT CALCUTTA, MARCH 1st, 1852,
AGED 49 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS.
"FOR HIM TO DIE WAS GAIN."

The substance of this was expressed in Bengali below the English inscription.

The resolution of the Calcutta Corresponding Committee on the occasion follows:—

"That this Committee have learned with the deepest sorrow the departure, in the midst of his years, and of his invaluable labours, of their friend and brother, the Rev. John James Weitbrecht. While they acknowledge with gratitude to God His goodness in raising up such a labourer, and the blessing which has attended his labours, and his happy preparedness for his great change, they cannot but mourn over the desolation to Burdwan, his family, and many friends; and they desire especially to express their heartfelt sympathy with the widow and the family, thus deprived of one who was as distinguished for the graces that bless a family circle, as for those gifts which make his death one of the greatest public losses which the missionary field of India has ever sustained."

The likeness of Mr. Weitbrecht at the beginning of this volume is considered good, though no portrait can convey an idea of his beautiful smile or the beaming expression of his countenance. He was of good height, and, in early life, slight in figure, but became stouter in later life.

A member of the Home Committee thus wrote:—"Our hearts have been much with you, and we trust that, in the abundant grace granted to our beloved missionary, as well as in his abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, you have been enabled to feel 'exceeding joyful in all your tribulation.' Such an end to such a life leaves nothing to desire on his account. I trust you will see his children treading in his steps, and following him as he followed Christ."

The Rev. John Bateman writes:—"Dear Mr. Weit-

brecht was no common man, and his loss is no common loss. I have seen him in every position—sick, and in search of health—vigorous, and in full work—in the pulpit pleading—in society cheerful and edifying. There was always something to love, and an integrity and simplicity which insured respect. He forms one of that noble army of missionaries whose names will render this age memorable. He was a man without a blot, and now he will know neither sin nor sorrow more. Happy man! 'he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.'"

Part of the letter written by the Rev. Henry Venn cannot be omitted.—"My dear Mrs. Weitbrecht,—Three months will have elapsed before you can receive my assurance of sympathy and condolence, but they will not be the less needed; nay, perhaps, you feel your loss more acutely as you perceive that it fades from the minds of others. It is a trial which I well know, to see how soon 'his place knoweth him no more,' though to us every stone on the ground and every leaf on the tree has a tongue to remind us of our grief.

"It is well if this bitter experience drives us nearer to the God of all consolation, in whose presence we seem to meet again those who have been parted from us. The best advice I can give you is to make full use of Christ. In seasons of special desolation remember His word, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if if any man will open unto Me, I will come in unto him, and will sup with him.' Oh, infinite condescension!

"We feel our loneliness most acutely at the social circle, the table, the room they once occupied. The Saviour offers to supply this place, and He can supply

it, not always because of our unbelief; but sometimes the soul is so occupied with thoughts of the infinite blessedness of union with Christ, that we can be content to let our beloved ones go to be with Him, and to wait, so as to become more fit companions for those who at the period of separation were far in advance of us in Christian graces.

"The contemplation of the character of your departed husband has been much on my mind. It was a noble character. True nobility was stamped upon its every feature; his comprehensive grasp of every subject, the force of his argument, the fire of his spirit, the sweetness of his temper,—all combined to form a first-rate missionary. When we look for one to fill his place we can only say, 'The Lord liveth.' There must be abundant material for presenting such a character to the Church of Christ. Will you at once begin to put such papers in order as may serve for memoirs to the glory of the grace of Christ.

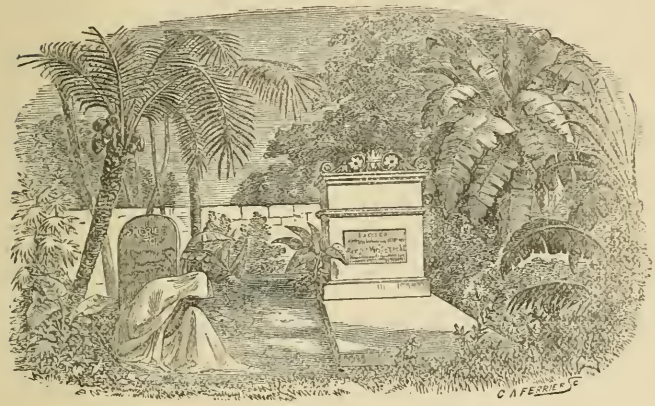
"You will receive an official letter by this mail, complying with your request to remain at Burdwan for some months and to superintend such parts of the mission as you are able to do. As for the future, I find it impossible to fix my thoughts upon any plan. . . For your dear children you need not fear. I intend putting parts of your letter in the *Record* of next month. I trust that it may be effective in calling men of the same stamp to come forward and man the breach. The Lord Himself must form, and prepare, and endow such for His own service. . . . In cordial Christian sympathy, most sincerely yours,

HENRY VENN."

The grand aim in presenting the memoirs of a deceased missionary to the christian public should be to edify souls, and to stir us up to more vigorous efforts in that holy enterprise which is still carried on so sluggishly and inefficiently in comparison with the wants of a fallen world. May this truthful record be owned of God to produce such an effect, to the honour of His name, and the glory of the grace of Christ.

Mr. Weitbrecht now speaks to us with the solemnity of a voice which is for ever silenced on earth. Let us listen and learn in the spirit which he would desire from his place of rest. He yet pleads for the souls lying in darkness—for India's benighted sons and daughters. Did He ever repent of having become a missionary while on earth? He tells us He never did. Does he repent now that he sees things in the light of eternity? We may rest confident he does not; nor will any repent who with firm faith in God are led to follow his example. Oh, may He stir up many to supply his place, with all his firmness of purpose, and all his persevering devotedness of spirit. We will lift up our hearts for this desired consummation, and we cannot doubt that He has His hidden ones, whom He is Himself preparing for this holy service. What God did for Mr. Weitbrecht He can do for others, and we would remember that "the time is short." Opportunities of serving Christ resemble, so to speak, a set of dissolving views—while we behold them they vanish, and we pass away too. Let us then be up and doing, for "there is placed before us in this noble employment a vocation, great beyond the power of language to express; for the privilege of engaging in which we may well

deem all opposition and trifles too small to prevent us."



MR. WEITBRECHT'S TOMB.

He thoroughly understood the value of India as a missionary field, and from his grave on the banks of the Ganges he is inviting others to assail its wasting superstitions, and spread the savour of the Redeemer's name among its teeming myriads.

THE END.

DUNCAN GRANT AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

LIBRARY
APR
19
1970

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

BV
3705
W4
1875

Weitbrecht, John James
Memoir of the Rev. John James Weitbrecht of the Church Missionary Society

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 09 13 03 08 014 1